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FROM BENGUELLA

TO THE

TERRITORY OF YACCA.

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FROM BENGUELLA

TO THE

TERRITORY OF YACCA.

Description of a Journey into

CENTRAL AND WEST AFRICA.

COMPRISING NARRATIVES, ADVENTURES, AND IMPORTANT SURVEYS OF THE SOURCES OF THE RIVERS CUNENE, CUBANGO, LUANDO, CUANZA, AND CUANGO, AND OF GREAT PART OF THE COURSE OF THE TWO LATTER;

Together with the Discovery of the Rivers Hamba, Cauali, Sussa, and Cugho, and a detailed Account of the Territories of Quiteca N'bungo, Sosso, Futa, and Yacca.

BY

H. CAPELLO AND R. IVENS,

Officers of the Royal Portuguese Navy.

EXPEDITION ORGANIZED IN THE YEARS 1877—1880.

TRANSLATED BY

ALFRED ELWES, PH.D.

WITH MAPS AND NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London:

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,

CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

1882.

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TO THE

PORTUGUESE NATION.

This is my happy land, my home, my pride,
  where, if the Heavens but grant the prayer I pray
for glad return and every risk defied,
  there may my life-light fail and fade away.

CAMÕES. *The Luciads*, Canto III. v. 21.
(*Captain Burton's Version.*)

THE EXPLORERS.

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TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES

JOÃO DE ANDRADE CORVO

AND

THE VISCOUNT DE S. JANUARIO,

MINISTERS AND SECRETARIES OF STATE,

IN TOKEN OF

THE VALUABLE ASSISTANCE RENDERED BY THEM IN INITIATING AND COMPLETING THE EXPEDITION,

THIS PAGE IS DEDICATED

WITH RESPECT AND GRATITUDE

BY

THE EXPLORERS.

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TO * * *

Among the circumstances of moment that should be recorded in this work is one which, from the lofty feeling that dictated it, is worthy of our sincerest and warmest expressions of gratitude.

We refer to the act of that noble and distinguished lady who, instigated by a delicate and patriotic sentiment, set herself the task of embroidering a banner, "that beautiful symbol," to use her own poetic phrase, "formed of the hues of heaven and the memory of Jesus," whose presence in the most trying ages was a pledge of success in arduous undertakings, and beneath whose shadow so many heroes have won immortal fame.

It being impossible for us to address the illustrious donor in person, inasmuch as owing to a strict reserve on her part we were kept in ignorance of her name, and are still, from the same cause, unable to offer her our respectful acknowledgments, we venture to annex to these lines the characteristic letter that accompanied the honoured colours entrusted to our keeping, and which was superscribed,—

The Portuguese Geographical Expedition.
S. de G. de L.—1877.

We do so in order that the world may know how ad-

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mirably the lofty endowments of a woman may be allied to the most perfect love of patriotism.

"Most Illustrious and Excellent Sir,—I learn that the illustrious explorers who are about to start for Africa, intend to carry over, for the purpose of being borne before them, the banner of their country, that beautiful symbol formed of the hues of heaven and the memory of Jesus.

"I likewise learn that the African expedition is due in great part to our honoured Geographical Society.

"I have therefore dared to make and venture to offer to Y. E. and to your worthy colleagues, the banner I send herewith, the humble work of inefficient and untutored hands, and which from an impulse, arising out of my original temerity, I will beg you to deliver to the noble explorers, if they and Y. E. out of a generosity which must be extreme, and must be inspired by the evangelical example of the widow's mite, will deign to accept the trifling and valueless offering of a poor and weakly woman. I have, Y. E., still another favour to ask of you, and that is, not to reveal my name, which I set down here simply because the deep respect I feel for Y. E. prohibits my addressing to you an anonymous letter.

"I remain, your Excellency's most obedient servant."

Pardon, lady, from the two solitary labourers in the field, this spontaneous testimony, arising from the profound respect which virtues such as yours can never fail to inspire in our minds.

H. Capello and R. Ivens.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Benguella, its geographical position, the wards into which it is divided, its buildings, its bay—Aspect and inner life—Establishments, *quintaes*, fluctuating native population—*Tableau*—Scenes at early morn—Climate, sanitary condition, inhabitants and spoken language—Articles of trade, markets in the interior, and renowned traders—The day of departure and final adieux—Quipupa, geological peculiarities—Rio Copororo or Rio de S. Francisco—Mineral wealth—*Unfounded apprehensions!*—Valley of the Dombe Grande, picturesque scenery, productions, geographical position, geological formations—The *Ban-dombe* and the *Ban-cumbi*, their habits and customs—The fatal banana-tree—The *itambi*—First misgivings—An encampment in the interior—Six days in the desert—The baobab *kitchen*—A negro residence—Quillengues, general idea, wealth, fertility—A bronze cannon of the sixteenth century—Geographical position—The *gongo*—Close of the year 1877 10

CHAPTER II.

Vissécua, Munda, and Chella—Fauna and geology of Quillengues—The first day of the year and the choice of route—Quipangula, mountains, entomology, forests, contiguous valley, temperature, and the baobab—Mining wealth and native exaggeration—The *ossi* and a curious incident—Caluquembe and Quipongo—Useful plants—Mount Catanha—Six troublesome donkeys—N'gola and the ant-hills—A dangerous fly and the *thugs* of the district—Chimbarandungo—First visit of the Sova—His

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PAGE

family—Curious episodes and an undignified retreat—Across the territory of Caconda—Plantations, drinks, game—Position of the residence—Fertility and salubrity of the territory—Anchieta—Matheus Gomes Pereira and an excursion to the Cuene—A noteworthy reptile—Lake T'chicondi—Notes upon the river—Legions of rats—Game—Hippopotami snares—Return 42

CHAPTER III.

The journey resumed—A morning of tribulations—Capulca, the *demon*-cook, and Capello in a new character—A *leaden* sky—Banano, its aspect, customs, and destiny—The territory of Quingolo and the divisional line of the waters flowing to the Atlantic and Indian oceans—Table of vegetation and an army of ants—The explorers' beards and their favourable impression—The *abba* and native explanations—An ox in trouble—The Huambo territory—The donkeys again—Inundations—The Canhumgamua and a novel bridge—The Sova of Caputo—Absurd pretensions—The roll of the drum—A pantomimic war and a wonderful termination—The bridge over the Cunene and another victim—Cassanhe and the death of the Sovas—Cubango and the Funda aborigines—Mount Bundor or Quiliba—Chimbuioca—Ganguellas tribes, their industrial ingenuity and love of music—A plague of insects—A camp in the woods and an uncomfortable night—Aloma—Bihé—Belmonte—Fever 72

CHAPTER IV.

The country of the Bihé and the trade roads—General configuration of the land, its population and fertility—Native invention—The rains and vegetative power—The lord of creation and his long pipe—*Babié* or *Binbundo* and original legends—*Banano* and relations of the great family with the coast tribes—The physical and moral indifference of the African populations—Woman, her type, manners, dress, qualities, and position—Form of worship—Paganism, idolatry, and fetishism—Want of religion and false notions of the Deity—*N'gana N'zambi* and a curious relic—The idea of God and of a future state—Habits, customs, and industry of the Bihé—Quilemo—

Digitized by Google

PAGE

Limits of his jurisdiction, his family, succession, and exactions—The *Macotas* and their pretensions—Overrated present and an unforeseen attack—Visit to Cangombe—*M'bala, Muicanze*, the Sova's harem and a curious episode—Vague information concerning the Cuanza and extract of a diary across the Bihé and Ganguellas—Obstacles to further progress 101

CHAPTER V.

Last promise of the *ca-jagga*—Across the Bihé country—The soil, water, aspect, and wind at that period—*Hypnosia* and an extortionate Sova—The Coimbras in Quionja and the Sova of the Garanganja—Quitece and a musical composition—A funeral and war camps—The grand *quissongo* and the *libambo*—Cuanza, its velocity, bed, banks, course, and affluents—A Luimbe master and the *Ptyelus olivaceus*—A rebellious *quissongo* and an African *Venus*—Mongôa, exactions, thefts, and a bloodless campaign—The river Luando and its fisheries—Cha-N'Ganji and Candeeira—A genealogic tree and the dynasty of the Bihé—A council of four—Arrival at T'chiboco—Cha-Cupinga and a ghastly encampment—Our reception at Cangombe—Apprehensions excited by the appearance of the white man and probable causes—The price of popularity and an amusing way out of a difficulty 134

CHAPTER VI.

The quiet of early morning and the Babel of the camp—N'Dumba's suite and his pony—The Sova in peril—His garments and mechanical ingenuity—The probable effects of a bad cold—The oration of the *m'puca*, the chief's allocution, his dominions and first present—Female curiosity and an extraordinary request—Native exaggeration, and the dissipation of unfounded fears—Our offering to the chief—Description of the *t'chitaca*—Visit to the Sova and the speech of the *mu-zumbo*—N'Dumba's discourse—A queer secretary and an unexpected journey—Muene Quibau—Trip to the sources of the Cuango—Splendid country—The country of the bees and honey and wax crops—The inhabitants of T'chiboco, their dwellings and costume—An important discussion and a final resolve 172

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CHAPTER VII.

PAGE

Cha-N'ganji, the pretender, and an audience in the *m'bala*—N'dumba's toilet—The great *quissongo* and the calabashes of *quingunde*—An unhappy pretension and a fit of temper—Reduced resources and painful sacrifices—A trusty servant—N'Dumba's carriers—An excursion into the country and the hunter of the T'Chiboco—Native agility—Bees, wax, and honey—An African cemetery and a hunter's grave—A novel remedy for a bilious attack—The Endoa rivulet and the Atlantic Ocean—Native intelligence as travellers—The hunters' encampment—A prehistoric scene—A camp breakfast and a "Chamber of Horrors"—Beautiful prospect—The African rhinoceros—A forsaken child—Scraps from the diary—The last dance, and division of the Expedition . . . 202

CHAPTER VIII.

Itinerary of the western caravan between Mogongo and the river—Vegetation, aspect of the country and divisional line of the Cuanza and Congo-Zaire affluents—Muene Coje or Mazul—The *itambi*—The bee-country—Muene Lhinica and his magnates—Moi-Chandalla, the female Sova—Sketch of a *cumaghia* or senzala—Illness and death of a *mu-sumbi*—Muene T'Chicanji and Muene Pezo—a grand *battue*—The Cuango at parallel 10°27′ and some remarks upon its course—A wonderful fetish—A traveller from the interior and an abstract of his journey—How a rain-charmer came to grief—Our casting-net and a narrow escape—A trying journey and the end of our rations—A true oasis—A noteworthy quadruman—African parrots—Rest at last 228

CHAPTER IX.

Departure from Catunga—Sterile aspect of the country—Vegetative power—Tala Magongo and the plateau of Cassange—Brigham Young and a problem for mothers-in-law—Revelation of a cataract—Muene Nama's hearts—Bananas and mosquitoes—A council and a flight—Nocturnal march and the Sova's envoys—Nature of the soil and the Caparanga or Louisa falls—Wild animals—A dangerous and an useful plant—The panthers—Lost in the plain and imprisoned on the

Digitized by Google

PAGE

river-bank—Firing the forest—The honestest of men belies his assertion—The *Cucus indicator*—A strange bee-hive—Native voracity—A den of thieves—The salt-river and the territory of the Quembo—A dangerous ant—Native salt—The fair of Cassange—A kindly reception and interesting revelations 261

CHAPTER X.

Journey of the eastern caravan and causes of its delay—N'Dumba Mughande—His dwelling—The *mu-quiche* as a traditional occupation—His influence and objects—An envoy—A tempestuous night and incidents of the march—Muene Catuchi—The *ma-quioco*, the *django* and scarcity of tobacco—Value of salt—The *ulo* and *clarias anguillaris*—Sport and sportsmen—A doubtful honour and the advantages of exercise—N'Dumba T'chiquilla—Propensity for drunkenness and pretensions to grandeur—T'chinguri, the prime minister—His Majesty's nose and the general consternation of his people—Capulca in a new character—Muene Caengue—The caravan from Cassange and departure for the north—A happy escape—The river Cu-cumbi—The halket-boat—A prisoner set free—Ceremonies among the Ban-gala—*Banzas*—Cutièques—Arrival at Cassange 291

CHAPTER XI.

The Quembo—Yongo and Holo—The fair, its importance, decline and causes of decay—The Ban-gala; their fondness for travel; their pretensions and quarrels; their mode of fighting—Fetishism and plurality of wives—Drunkenness—Dwellings of the Ban-gala—The occupations of their men and women contrasted—Unhealthiness of the climate of Cassange—The *jaggado* and the families in which it resides—The *ma-numas* or insignia of rank—Tyranny of the *jaggas* and peculiar formalities—The ceremony of the *human boat*—The banquet of the *Quinguri*—Irresponsible power—The Cuango and the delights of the unknown—Doubts and apprehensions—Five days of sore trouble—A fresh start—A romantic situation—How we passed Christmas Day of 1878 320

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CHAPTER XII.

PAGE

Banza e Lunda—The river. Navigation. Inhabitants and affluents—A tempest—The first roll of the drums and a picture of a little deluge—Semi-circle of demons and a handful of poltroons—The parley and a sudden transformation—The greatest coward of the caravan—Three uninvited visitors—A scorpion sting, and native remedies—Unexpected desertion and a labyrinth of *papyrus*—Ineffectual attempt to reach the river—A dangerous reptile and the snakes of the Cassange—Ornithological fauna—The return march—Fuche-ia Cacalla—The Cavunji—First appearances of scurvy—African mode of life—A quiet afternoon and the Ban-gala caravan—Some notes about the interior—Rausom of a young nigger—The *maculo* and its treatment—The mosquitoes again—Cassange in sight 344

CHAPTER XIII.

Cassange in the months of the *quinagala*—The sky, soil, heat, rains, and fever—Serious condition of the chiefs of the expedition and a curious pathological study—Desertions and inconveniences of our stay in Cassange—Petty Sovas and the trials of the traders—Important information and native circumlocution—Under the sycamores, at the old work—A funeral in Cassange—Native therapeutics—The *itambis* and scenes thereat—Opinion of a *quinbanda*—A *jinvunje*—Funeral ceremonies—Indifference of the native to death—The oath or *m'bambu*—The Cassanje-Cambambu and a frightful ordeal—The Lunda, *cabeba*, and *mu-sumba*—The Muropôe and the Yanvo—The heirs and the Lucoquessa—The Muene *cutapa*—Dynasty of the Yanvos—Tributary peoples—Perils attending default of payment—Receptions in the mu-sumba—the natives of the Lunda 373

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LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

	PAGE
Hospital at Benguella	12
Cavaco Road in Benguella	17
Departure of the Expedition	20
Cabinda	24
Woman of Novo Redondo	25
Women of the Dombe Grande	28
Dombe Carriers	29
On the Slope of Mount Tama	33
The Baobab Kitchen	35
Vendors of Charcoal	36
Binda (gourd)	41
Residence in Quillengues	46
Chimbarandungo	51
La Favorita of Chimbarandungo	55
Interior View of the Settlement of Caconda	58
A young Negress of the Cuse	64
Woman of Caconda	65
The Cunene in Galangue	68
The closing Festival in the Cuse	69
A Hunter of the Cunene	71
Capulca, our Chef	76
Novel Steeds	78
Native Man of the Huambo	82
Olochi (*Barbus Kessleri*, Steind.), Fish of the River Calae	84
The Canhumgamua Rapids	86
Bridge over the Cunene	91
Native of Galangue	92

Digitized by Google

PAGE

Ganguella of the Banks of the Cubango 93
Ganguellas Tools 96
Young Ganguella 97
Eurotys Anchieta 100
Our camp in the Bihé 105
Woman of the Bihé 110
Women of the Bihé, with Products for Sale 111
N'gana N'zambi 113
Native Bellows and Hammer 115
A Ganguella, aged six 119
Reception by Quilemo 120
Woman of Cangombe 123
"There go 400 lbs. of Meat!" 127
The *Oryx Capensis* 129
A Native of the Bailundo 132
Barros 133
Across the Bihé 135
An African Professor 136
Marimbas 139
The Cuanza at N'jamba 141
U-cumbi 143
Woman of Luimbe 145
A Native of the Songo 148
The Luando at Mongôa 149
Mu-ghande 153
F. Cyprimidæ (gen. *Barbus*, Gthr.), River Luando . . . 154
Ctenopoma Multispinis (Peters), River Luando 154
Passage of the Luando 157
They were divining 159
Cha-quessi, the guide 163
Articles of Native Workmanship 166
Butessa, Native Powder-flask 171
First Visit of N'Dumba Tembo 174
N'Dumba Tembo 176
A Muata of the T'chiboco 180
Woman of Cangombe 181
The T'chitaca, or Market 184

Digitized by Google

PAGE
The Mead-seller 185
Quissanja 189
Muene Quibau's Secretary 193
Field-labourers near the Cuango 195
His Majesty's Hand 201
A prospective Minister 203
N'Dumba was giving audience 204
N'Dumba's Hall of Audience 208
A Hunter of T'chiboco (Quioco) 214
A Hunter's Grave 215
The Hunters' Encampment 219
A Trap 220
The Dance became still more animated 226
The Goître of the Plateau 227
More free than welcome 231
Visit of Muene Coje 232
An African Senzala 236
Chanfana 238
Filippe's Funeral 240
In a circle of Steel and Fire 244
The N'guvo 250
M'peixe (pipe) 260
Otubo 264
Hyena Fusca 271
Caparanga or Louisa Falls 274
The Panthers 276
The honestest of Men! 279
Through the burning Wood 280
An escaped Convict 282
The Fair of Cassange 287
T'chiquecula (*Bulimus Rucifex*) 290
The Mu-quiche 294
A second Mu-quiche 295
Ébande (fish of the Cuango) 301
The Wild Boar was lost 302
N'Dumba T'chiquilla 305
It was a Herd of Buffaloes 312

Digitized by Google

PAGE

Antelopes 313
A poor Man bound Hand and Foot 314
Cassange Ca-Cambollo 316
N'poco (Native Knife and Sheath) 319
An old Mungala of the Quembo 322
Articles of Bangala Workmanship 326
Missalo (sieve) 327
Ant-hills in Cassange 328
Gongolo (*Spirostreptus Gongolo*, Matozo), a new Species . . 329
A Visit of Ceremony 330
Fish of the River Cuango 339
A Serenade of Howlings 340
Tobacco-box 343
Surrounded by the Ban-gala 346
We endeavoured to plead our Cause 349
A Gazelle rose 356
The Reptile was put to Death 357
Native Sandal 361
The Punishment of the forked Log 363
Fiscus Capelli 368
Colobus Angolensis 370
Penthetria Hartlambi 372
Administering the Oath 384
The Yanvo in Gala Costume 387
An Inhabitant of the Lunda 391
Cassai, our faithful Companion 395

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PREFACE.

THE time has at length arrived for us to pay our debt to the Geographical World. The present work, in which we attempt to do so, is a brief but faithful narrative of facts and adventures occurring in the course of some 600 days, mingled with a few scientific results from which, we venture to hope, both geography and natural history may derive some slight advantage.

Fully conscious, however, of its inherent defects, arising mainly from the want of colour in our language and our own defective skill in composition, we must crave the indulgence of our readers, as we can assure them we never for a moment entertained the notion of presenting a finished literary work to the scientific world.

The vast African continent which, during these latter years, has absorbed so much of the attention of civilized Europe has now, in consequence of the multiplicity of problems there waiting for solution, become a great field of labour for all those who take an interest in the development of science and in the well-being of their fellow-creatures.

To tear away the veil from African mysteries by travers-

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ing the dark continent wheresoever the foot of man can tread, to rescue thousands of unfortunates from the iron yoke of slavery by a systematic onslaught upon so detestable an institution, constitute at once the sum of our own desire and the great humanitarian-scientific aspiration of the civilized world.

A great deal has doubtless been done in this direction, but much remains to be effected. It has taken ages to acquire what is at present known of these savage regions, and many years more will yet be needed ere our knowledge can be held complete.

From the Transvaal to the Tibesti, from the Somalis to Senegambia—how vast a field of novelties for science to master, how great a multitude of new elements wherewith to enrich it!

Numerous rivers furrowing the surface of the huge continent run their course unknown to modern geographers. Lakes, mountains, and peoples, whose customs fill us with dismay and of whom we possess the vaguest of notions, require analysis upon the spot, if we wish to form scientific and correct opinions. Between the Hottentot and the Berebere, the Lunda and the Tuaregg, the Cachellangue and the Obongo, the Zualamavumo and the native of New Guinea there are infinite differences in habits and in modes of existence which render them totally distinct from each other. Any data, therefore, however simple, which are added to the store already acquired, constitute an extra service rendered to the African cause, and throw one more ray of light upon the dark continent.

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The journeys of Speke, Grant, Burton, Baker, Livingstone, Lacerdas, Monteiro, Schweinfurth, Cameron, Stanley, and Brazza—all sturdy labourers in the field of progress—have laid the foundations of the great study. Their writings, with the result of the observations they have made—faithful records of the vast continent and of what they had to undergo to attain their ends—are perused with interest by all reading people; and now, beside them we venture to place our own experience embodied in the present volumes.

Our readers will find in our pages a confirmation of those ideas we have already expressed at various public meetings, and will discover also, how defective is the point of view from which people in Europe generally regard explorations of this kind. The dangers and labours which meet the explorer at every turn render his existence hard indeed to endure, and yet the fruit of his toils, gathered at such hazard to himself and by dint of such enormous sacrifices, can only be relatively small. The African field is about the very worst wherein the investigator can devote himself to assiduous study; and he who labours in it and succeeds in making any addition to the great work may esteem himself fortunate. The best mode of studying the African at home is to open roads. Let us, therefore, devote ourselves to that object with all our might, for to every man who succeeds in doing so will belong the glorious title of a pioneer of progress.

As regards ourselves, we have the consciousness that although but humble labourers in the cause of civiliza-

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tion we have used our best efforts to implant the seeds of European culture in those untutored regions. And if the judgment of the scientific world prove favourable to our work, and if we can prove that it was our aim, whilst labouring for science, to aid in throwing open the door of those vast regions, where so many thousands of unfortunates are dragging out a miserable existence, we shall be satisfied that we have not laboured in vain.

Let us now be permitted, since we shall have to play the most important part in the scenes hereinafter described, to furnish a general idea of our persons, of the motives which determined the expedition and of the difficulties we met with in its accomplishment, owing partly to the natives, or perhaps still more to our ignorance of the necessary means to make it successful; and we promise that we will not, by long-winded explanations, abuse the indulgence of our readers.

It was in the middle of the year 1876 that we landed at Lisbon—one of us (Brito Capello) arriving from the Naval Station in the Chinese Seas, and the other (Roberto Ivens) from a voyage to the United States of America.

Our position as officers of the Royal Navy of Portugal compelled us to proceed to different parts of the world on board her vessels of war. A taste for and interest in the study of strange countries and peoples necessarily spring from frequent voyages where a sailor must always be picking up knowledge, though he may not have the time or inclination to commit his notes and impressions

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to paper. Every singular episode, at least in certain minds, becomes magnified to his imagination; the desire to compare new countries with those he has already visited constitutes a craving, and in a moment we find him ready to depart upon any adventurous errand, without a thought bestowed upon the difficulties or dangers he may meet with on his way. Thus it happened that when we reached home, and heard the projected expedition spoken of, we volunteered to join it.

All Europe was at that time resounding with the just fame of Cameron; his laborious journey across the huge continent from east to west, from Zanzibar to Benguella, was enthusiastically applauded. Vague rumours were afloat of the famous results likely to ensue from the explorations of Stanley, for upwards of two years an inmate of equatorial Africa. It was stated that Belgium was about to become the centre of the great international movement for the civilization of Africa, and that France intended steadily to pursue her labours in the same direction. It was affirmed that Germany was not indifferent to the great question, and that by despatching Schutt, Buckner, and Dr. Holub to the scene she displayed her interest in the task; and Portugal decided to put in practice the project, more than once discussed, of joining Europe in the great African crusade, and resuming, so to speak, the glorious work in which she had once led the way.

Bernardino Antonio Gomes, one of the most brilliant scientific lights of our country, and who had furnished exuberant proof of his desire to serve the cause of Africa

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by the mode in which he had encouraged the phyto-geographic labours of Welwitsch, the celebrated naturalist, became the ardent supporter of the geographical expedition to the centre of Africa.

Aided by the approval of that enlightened statesman Sr. João de Andrade Corvo, who requires no eulogium at our hands, so well-known is he both at home and abroad for his valuable services to civilization and African progress, Sr. Gomez got together men willing to proceed to Africa and to become chiefs of the geographical expedition which it was desired to organize.

By the medium of the distinguished Director of the Infante D. Luiz Observatory, who was first consulted on the matter, that gentleman received our proposals, which corresponded with the project he had been some time maturing.

The public mind was not, however, as yet impressed with the necessity of immediate departure, and therefore another year elapsed before the Minister of Marine and the Colonies presented his bill asking for the indispensable means to carry out so useful an enterprise. His Excellency at the same time asserted that he had officers at hand who were ready to organize and execute the important mission: two belonging to the navy and one to the army —the latter being captain, now Major Alexandre Alberto da Rocha Serpa Pinto, who had likewise volunteered.

The moment at length arrived, and the Cortes sanctioning the bill, voted the sum of 30,000$ or 6600*l.* for so laudable an undertaking, while we received our desired appointments.

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We found ourselves thus, within a brief space of time, transformed into explorers of the African Continent, at the head of an expedition of undoubted difficulty but of a highly honourable character to ourselves on account of the confidence thus reposed in us.

His Majesty's Government delivered to us the strictest instructions, embodying, as it were, a general plan of exploration that we were to adhere to. The king D. Luiz, desirous of giving us a true pledge of his interest in journeys of the adventurous nature of the one on which we were about to embark, was graciously pleased to send us a few articles of immediate necessity in the forest, and among them was a rifle, a reflecting circle, and a boat specially constructed for the crossing of rivers.

This rapid sketch represents part of the promised narrative, but we will kindly ask for a few more minutes' attention in order to add certain considerations that are indispensable to make the matter clearer to our readers.

The journey which forms the object of this work was mainly intended to thoroughly survey the great artery, which—a tributary of the Congo-Zaire—runs from south to north between 17° and 19° east of Greenwich, and is called the Cuango, as also to determine all the geographical bearings between that river and the west coast, and make a comparative survey of the hydrographic basins of the Congo-Zaire and the Zambese.

We lay some stress upon this declaration in order to prevent people from imagining that we were at liberty to go wandering into the interior wheresoever the whim

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might carry us, and direct our steps to the eastward or northward.

We were fully aware that the crossing of the continent was a labour of a nature to make an impression upon Europe. We were even persuaded that if we attempted it, the Government of his most Faithful Majesty and public opinion would not condemn such a deviation from our instructions, dictated by a pardonable ambition. But our naval teachers, Baptista de Andrade and Thomas Andrea had impressed upon us from early youth, as a basis of discipline, the necessity of a blind respect for superior orders; and there were staring us in the face the clear and definite instructions of his Majesty's Government, which had exclusively organized the Portuguese African expedition, and granted a subsidy to carry it out. Those instructions opened thus:—

"The expedition is to have as its main object a survey of the River Cuango in its bearings with the Zaire and with the Portuguese territories on the west coast, together with the whole of the region which comprises to the south and south-east, the sources of the rivers Zambese and Cunene, and extends northwards as far as the hydrographic basins of the Cuanza and Cuango. . . ."

There was, moreover, another reason, which we are bound to proclaim aloud, and which we here record as having likewise a great influence upon our minds to repress any inclination or attempt to deviate from our way; and that was, the interest of our country.

In penetrating into the African continent we felt more and more the great necessity of completing the maps of

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our provinces, of surveying the bordering territory, traversing the important roads, and, in a word, making ourselves thoroughly acquainted with what belonged to us.

And let it not be imagined that it is only in crossing a continent that one makes any real progress; that it is only in journeys from one ocean to another that an explorer's endurance is put to the test; that it is only when his face is turned to the east that his manhood is tried. In traversing some 2500 miles of African soil we really covered a greater distance than lies upon the direct route between Benguella and Sofala, with the simple difference of having to tramp under more disadvantageous circumstances, inasmuch as we could not keep to the high table-land 5500 feet above the sea-level, but had to make our way through the basin of the Congo, the most pestilential region in Africa—so Stanley asserts—at an altitude of 1000 to 1200 feet, where the insalubrity was such, that we found it at last literally impossible to go on.

The territories of Quiteca N'bungo and Yacca, as the reader will learn as he proceeds, are the most unhealthy that can possibly be conceived. To mount the Cuango, therefore, under such circumstances, and slowly push one's way through hostile tribes, was a task of such magnitude that, as it appears, it recently baffled Von Meckow, although the conditions under which he worked were most favourable to success, since he had an enormous boat at his disposal.

After all, our maps are the most eloquent proof we can give the indulgent reader of the extent of our toil. We

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beg to apologize for the disappointment we cause to those friends who would have wished to see us push our way across the continent, and, taking all circumstances into consideration, we venture to congratulate ourselves on having brought our persons and labours in safety out of so many vicissitudes.

Before closing these preliminary remarks, we would fain express our sincere respect for the distinguished explorer whose intimacy we had the good fortune to enjoy.

The name of Stanley ought not to be forgotten at a time when, on our return from the African wilds, and on the completion of our labours there, we attempt to marshal our investigations in order, for the purpose of submitting them to public appreciation.

He was terminating his brilliant exploration at the very time that we were preparing to set out on our own journey. Our meeting with the African hero, now so well-known and admired throughout the world for his magnificent enterprise in equatorial Africa, was a most happy circumstance to ourselves, for as he had just descended the Congo-Zaire he relieved us from the temerity of going up it by following one of its banks, an attempt which, but for him, we should not have hesitated to make although it must have resulted in failure, judging from the many perils undergone by himself notwithstanding the advantages he enjoyed and his making his approaches by sea.

This eminent man, now labouring in the African forests on behalf of science and humanity, casting aside all those comforts to which his brilliant position entitles him in Europe, granted us the honour of his company during

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the forty-five days we passed in Loanda, immediately after his most important surveys of the Congo-Zaire.

Those days were spent in conversations we shall never forget, and the leisure hours were frequently enlivened by pleasing anecdotes and most curious stories heightened by his fertile imagination, and by a fluency of speech and happy turn of expression that few possessed in a more eminent degree than Stanley.

As we drank in his words, the love of heroic adventures grew stronger in our minds; our interest in African discovery increased; and little by little the hesitation which, almost as a matter of course, accompanies those who are about to penetrate into the interior of the mysterious continent, was gradually dissipated.

The wise counsels of Stanley relative to the dealings of an explorer with the natives, ever dwelling on the necessity of prudence in all transactions with the *Sovas* or petty kings, always sordid and grasping; the precautions we should take to guard against the pernicious influence of the climate, evidently proved the interest which Stanley took in our undertaking, and indicated a degree of kindness and attention for which we are very grateful. We trust, therefore, that the illustrious traveller will accept this simple but sincere tribute of the admiration and respect with which he inspired us.

It now behoves us, in the very first place, to express to his Majesty the king, Dom Luiz, and to the royal family, our sense of the high honour so graciously conferred upon us by a personal expression of approval of our labours.

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We beg also to record in this place our warmest thanks to the Geographical Society of Lisbon, and more especially to its distinguished president, Dr. Barbosa du Bocage, and its secretaries, Luciano Cordeiro and Affonso Pequito, for their activity and efforts on our behalf in urging upon the Portuguese Government the definite organization of the expedition, and in lightening all difficulties which might arise in the interior.

We have recorded on a separate page our obligations to those illustrious statesmen, Counsellor João de Andrade Corvo, the instigator of modern Portuguese explorations in Africa, and to whom we owed the hónourable distinction of being placed at the head of the expedition, and the Viscount de S. Januario, who so kindly used his influence to enable us to complete our labours.

His Excellency Francisco Joaquim da Costa e Silva, Director-General at the Ministry of Marine and the Colonies demands a tribute at our hands for the protection so constantly and powerfully extended to us.

We offer, too, a testimony of our gratitude to the corporation of the Royal Navy, to which we have the honour to belong, for their brilliant and sympathetic reception on our return to the capital.

Nor can we pass over in silence the names of his Excellency Rear-Admiral Francisco Maria Pereira da Silva, from whom we received a costly gold pen wherewith to sign important documents, and which we reserve for the purpose of inscribing the volumes that are dedicated to him and subsequently delivering it, according

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to his wish, to the Geographical Society of Lisbon; of his Excellency the Count de Ficalho, who rendered us such great assistance, or of the able geographer and conscientious professor, M. Antoine d'Abbadie, of the French Institute, who furnished us with such valuable hints and sage counsel.

To the commercial associations of Lisbon and of Oporto, the Instrucção Portuense, and the Commercial Society of Loanda; to the Euterpe and the Commercial Geographical Societies of Oporto; to the Royal Naval Association of Lisbon; to the Fluvial Portuense Club, which by conferring upon us diplomas of honorary members gave us the highest evidence of their approval; to the Serpa Pinto Society, established in Pernambuco, which awarded us a gold medal; to the Gabinete de Leitura of Rio de Janeiro; to our compatriots whose friendship we had the honour to enjoy in the province of Angola; to all the Scientific Societies which forwarded to us their congratulations; and to the Portuguese Press generally, we beg to express our deep gratitude for their commendation and sympathy.

And, in conclusion, we beg to offer our warmest acknowledgments to the Geographical Society of Paris, to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and, in fine, to all who have spoken and thought of us kindly, and whose names from their very number we are compelled to omit.

H. Capello and R. Ivens.

Lisbon, *April* 13*th*, 1881.

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A FEW WORDS OF EXPLANATION.

THIS volume was almost all in type when the work of the illustrious Major Alexander Serpa Pinto, which he had kindly forwarded to us, reached our hands.

On turning over its pages, which are full of interest, we came here and there upon certain vague assertions, which, from their very bareness, might continue to engender erroneous conclusions similar to those we met with in one of the numbers of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and which certainly could never have entered the mind of our former comrade.

We even think we shall be correctly interpreting his sentiments by amplifying and clearing the points in question, under the conviction that if the major did not do so himself it was owing to the hurry in which his book was composed, or the difficulty which he found in putting his materials together in England when surrounded by so many other occupations. Considering, therefore, that we owe (not to two or three persons, but to the world at large) some sort of explanation, we proceed to give it in as brief a form as possible.

The first point where we are at issue, is the serious

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and disagreeable accusation of our having abandoned him in Caconda, in a dangerous and hostile country.

The major says in the first volume of his work, in the chapter entitled *Twenty days of profound anxiety*,—

"It was only their imperfect knowledge or utter ignorance of the interior of Africa which could excuse my friends in acting in so strange a manner."

"Capello and Ivens must have been deceived by some false counsellor, for of a certainty their loyalty would never have allowed them, knowingly, to abandon me in so terrible a position."

Most undoubtedly our loyalty and our honour as gentlemen would not have permitted us to abandon any one, far less a fellow-countryman, in the interior of Africa and under perilous circumstances.

But who could have imbued the major with the notion of the existence of such perils in that territory, which was besides well known, and into which he had penetrated voluntarily, without a word of explanation to either of us, as the reader will learn from the documentary evidence which follows? Was it Castro, Aguiar, or Bandeira? We cannot tell, nor do the facts throw any light upon the matter.

One thing, however, is evident enough, namely, that Serpa Pinto transferred into his printed work his *impressions de voyage* as they were jotted down in his journal, written day by day, under divers influences and according to the judgment proper to the occasion; it being, however, easy to observe that the pages reveal at the outset the timidity natural to a man not as yet

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inured to the difficulties, obstacles, and privations of a life in the forest, and which, it is true, is so altogether strange to him who enters upon it for the first time. For none, we assert boldly, can fail to experience, during his early residence in the interior, a certain fear and even repugnance to so primitive an existence, which it requires an apprenticeship of months to get over. We, therefore, having acquired such knowledge by personal experience, would be the first to explain the matter in all sincerity, from this point of view.

But the truth is, we did not consider ourselves at that time precisely in hostile territory, nor do we even now look upon the road between Caconda and the Bihé as dangerous, inasmuch as every one is aware that the traders constantly used it, and that only recently it has been neglected for the direct track through the Supa Pass. And it is but a short time since the whole of the Bihéno *m'bacas* bound for Benguella came by the way of Quillengues and Caconda; so that a commercial track of this kind should not, and cannot present the alleged dangers.

On a reference to the diary of our journey, we find proof positive of the slender apprehension which such a road excited in the breast of the major himself. We transcribe the passage of greatest interest.

"PORTUGUESE AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

"*Caconda*, 4th February, 1879.

". . . . Convinced of the impossibility of getting together here the necessary number of carriers, since our last resource (Bandeira of Vicête) has failed us, we have decided to separate and scour the

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neighbouring countries, and try and obtain at Quingolo, in the Huambo territory, porters who are inclined to come to our own place to fetch the baggage of the expedition, and advancing by degrees, and by different routes if it be necessary, do our best to reach the Bihé country.

"Serpa Pinto has at once offered to go and engage some in that direction, to which arrangement we have willingly acceded, determining to procure others ourselves elsewhere. . . . ."

It will be readily gathered from such a decision, that it was to the interest of all of us to reach the Bihé, where we had goods waiting, and that neither the major nor ourselves entertained the slightest apprehension about the peoples who were scattered all over the territory, and who, for the greater part, treated us in a friendly manner enough and who, in fact—saving in special cases, such as war—were not likely to inconvenience us.

We arranged together the mode of solving the main problem of "how to get on," and with this object in view we determined, in case of need, to go each in his own direction, and obtain what he could, never giving a thought as to any possible struggles or obstacles, which in point of fact never presented themselves, unless the comic episodes like that of Caputo on account of an ox and that of Chaquimbamba with Serpa Pinto for stealing a sheep and a goat can be ranked in that category.

The natives with whom he had to deal are not of that warlike character to take up arms on the slightest provocation; nor is the major of that timorous nature, whom we can suppose capable of troubling himself about trifles, or considering himself abandoned when he was accompanied by the best men of the expedition, such as Verissimo, Barros (the *chefe*), Augusto (the hunter),

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Camutombo, Rufino, Cossusso, Cha-Cahanga, Manuel, Catraio, Miguel, and ten *bansumbis* who went with him as far as the Bihé, irrespective of a lot of carriers, forming a regular caravan, infinitely better protected than we with our sixteen men, with whom we intended marching on as a vanguard.

The reader may therefore judge how great was our astonishment when we perused his book, to learn that such fears were entertained by him, and how immense our surprise in reflecting upon what the major's own thoughts must have been when, later on, he compared his position there with what befell him in Lialui, in the midst of difficulties apparently unsurmountable. But to proceed.

Things having been arranged in the manner above explained, and Serpa Pinto having started, we set ourselves to work in Caconda, or its neighbourhood, to engage porters; and as on the 9th of February we had succeeded in obtaining a few, on condition of our going directly on, we took advantage of the opportunity thus presenting itself, and wrote him the following official note,—

PORTUGUESE AFRICAN EXPEDITION.—Official No. 1.

"Dear Sir,—We beg to inform you, that having engaged part of the carriers we required, we have decided to go straight to the Bihé, as we understand that it is not advisable to proceed directly from your place. The loads which remain here are sixty in number, intrusted to Lieutenant Castro, and for which you will endeavour to obtain carriers where you are. We have handed to Barros for delivery to you, with this note, the following: one load containing mess articles, and one ox for

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yourself, and one piece of cloth for barter. The natives are to accompany Barros to the Sambo, in case he should fail to meet you in the Huambo.—At Bihé, our place of rendezvous, we trust to see you at the house of the trader, Silva Porto—we remain, &c.—Caconda, February 10th, 1878.—To the Illustrious Sr Alexander A. da R. Serpa Pinto.

"H. CAPELLO—R. IVENS."

As, however, on the 12th, carriers came in from Quingolo with a letter from Serpa Pinto, and informed us that he was well advanced in the Huambo, near Sambo, in fact, and consequently half-way to the Bihé, we suspended our march in order to give him time to receive goods, and after these were delivered over by the *chefe* of the district, Sr. Manuel Sertorio de Aguiar, we again summoned the native chief of the expedition (the guide Barros), the most experienced of the lot, and entrusted to him the following official note:—

"PORTUGUESE AFRICAN EXPEDITION.—Official No 2.

"Dear Sir,—By way of supplement to our note of the 13th inst. we beg to state that at this very moment the fifty carriers are starting with the remainder of the goods which were deposited in garrison under the care of Lieutenant Castro.

"These men will go to Quingolo accompanied by Barros, in order to find you in the Huambo, and have been paid in Caconda as far as Quingolo; from that place, however, they are to receive fresh payment for the journey to the Huambo. We further beg to observe that the difference in payment as between these carriers and those engaged by us is so great, that we did not desire in any way to have them about us for fear of exciting future cupidity. We are about to proceed direct to the Bihé, and you will therefore make your way thither by such route as you may think proper.—We remain, &c.—Caconda, 14th February, 1878.—To the Most Illustrious Sr. Alexander A. da R. Serpa Pinto.

"H. CAPELLO.—R. IVENS."

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"List of Articles delivered by the Chief of the District of Caconda to the Carriers leaving for Huambo and Sambo.

N'Gonga, 1 bale of cloth RR.
Capuca, 1 bale of cloth RR.
O'lumbe, 1 bale of cloth RR.
O quitaço, 1 bale.
Ui Sé, 1 bale mixed goods.
D'jingumbelle, 1 hamper.
Bambe, 1 sack G.
Cuzo Sosomma, 1 keg.
Muana, 1 keg.
Vatai-cumenda, 1 hamper.
Uolundo, 1 bale of cloth.
Soma Ca-t'chungué, 1 bale of blue cotton.
Quinhama, 1 bale of cotton.
Ca-t'chirumo, 1 bale mixed.
Ba-sobaba, 1 bale.
Quipumbe, 1 bale.
Ca-ungala, 1 trunk and case.
Xinguè (guide).
Elomba, 1 keg.
Ucuma, 1 hamper.
Ulundo, 1 sack K.
Munda, 1 sack K.
Vuidinde, 1 case of tins.
Ca-ita, 1 case of leaden bullets.
O Aparaça, 1 load of beads.
Quissongo, B of steel.
Maijima, 1 sack B.
Ca-lucluca, 1 case Serpa Pinto.
N'hamaceti, 1 case tools.
Ca-zuco, 1 hamper.
Uquizamdumbo, case photographic apparatus.
Ca-bijeballa, 1 load of beads.
E-pomba, 1 hamper.
Ca-rita, 1 hamper.
T'chipala, missing.
Gondo, missing.

Engaged at eight cloths.

Xumuno, 1 hamper.
Ca-lungo, medicine chest.
T'chiuembe, 1 hamper.
Quibangurula, 1 trunk.
Manuel, 1 trunk.
Quiumo, a sack.
Tabuca, Zoological case.
Quimuco, Zoological case.
Misunde, Medicine chest.

Engaged at four cloths.

Ca-xinguel, net palanquin.
Ca-inge, net palanquin.
Jai, net palanquin.
Ca-tebe, net palanquin.
Jai, net palanquin.
Numumo, net palanquin.

"N.B. These carriers are to receive 13 *cazungueis* of maize flower, and one more at the end.

"Caconda, *February* 13*th*, 1878.

"Manuel Sertorio de Aguiar.
"*First Lieutenant—Chefe.*"

The major, therefore, according to the foregoing list, was excellently provisioned for his journey, and was

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quite as well off in the way of resources as ourselves, inasmuch as with the twelve bales forwarded, and two of cotton, sent off at the last moment, not to speak of beads and *aguardente*, he possessed a total of more than 250 pieces of trade cloth (some of the loads containing twenty, as is shown by notes in our possession), or approximately from 7000 to 8000 yards—an amount that would have enabled him to meet the most extravagant claims.

Under the conviction that our comrade was already well advanced upon his journey, we set off in the same direction, presuming that he would consider, from the official note, that he had ample time to survey at his leisure, the countries he passed through, and which survey we could complete with our *quibuca* composed of sixteen men, and forty-four additional carriers obtained in Caconda from a trader there. We mention this latter circumstance in order that we may enlighten our readers upon a certain article translated from a French journal, *Le Tour du Monde*, which, for some cause or other, has treated us in any but a gentlemanly way.

We refer more especially to a period in that article which begins somewhat in this wise,—

"Capello and Ivens, in company of a convict, &c. . . . ."

and purports to be a translation of a paragraph in the chapter of the major's book already alluded to, entitled "Twenty days of profound anxiety." It then goes on:

". . . . left Caconda for the Bihé, accompanied by the ex-*chefe*, Ensign Castro, and by the convict Domingos, who had assured me of the impossibility of obtaining men

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in Caconda, and yet managed to do so the day after I left that place."

In the vast districts of our province of the west coast, (and not only in such districts, but at the very seat of government itself,) one frequently meets with men who, although condemned by the law and expelled from the metropolis for crimes, carry on business under the sanction of the authorities.

This was the case with the man referred to, and who happened to be the only person in Caconda capable of supplying us with the necessary articles, as the *chefe* himself informed us on our arrival at that place.

Having been so supplied by him during our stay, we urged upon him, after certain difficulties and apprehensions were dissipated, to use his influence with some *Sova* or with his godfather Bandeira, to engage the necessary carriers so that we might push on to the Bihé.

After many pros and cons, this man made up his mind to let us have the greater part of his own band, amounting to thirty men, and engage twenty more in the environs, explaining to us that he had not done so for Serpa Pinto, because the major talked about 120 porters —far more than he possessed. He made, however, one special condition, viz., that in letting us have carriers for our purpose, he must accompany them in person, as he was apprehensive of their deserting on the return, and besides that, he had an interest in proceeding to the Bihé, on account of some business there which required his attention. He moreover stated that it would give him great pleasure to act as our guide by the Sambo

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road, as we might have some trouble by the way on account of our limited experience, whilst there was no fear of the major getting through, accompanied as he was by Verissimo, Barros, Augusto, Rufino, and others, all men of courage, and accustomed to the hardships of the interior.

Grateful for so important and kindly an offer, we communicated the facts at once to the *chefe* of the district, and as he approved of the proceeding, we made our preparations for departure.

Thus it happened that this man became incorporated in the caravan of which we were the heads, in the capacity of guide to his own people; and his services during the journey, both in the way of arranging carriage and removing difficulties, were so valuable that we should be guilty of the basest ingratitude if we omitted to make mention of them here.

His name was Domingos da Silva, and at the present time of writing, his term of banishment has expired, and he is a free man.

In the Bihé, the major himself, as he relates in his work, besides purchasing of him an ox, entered into contracts with him. Domingos furnished him with sundry articles, just as he supplied us, and when he left he proceeded to the neighbouring countries on matters of business which he carried on with Castro, his partner.

The fact of our availing ourselves of his assistance is in no way discreditable to us, and can scarcely be considered strange, in a country where a man like Baptista de Andrade, an honourable old gentleman of our ac-

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quaintance, retains in his service at the Bembe mines, as cook, a certain José de Telhado, who is undergoing a sentence of banishment for life.

From the banks of the river Cubango onwards, Domingos always kept with us, whilst the caravan was a day's march in advance.

The foregoing are the simple facts of the case, narrated as briefly as a clear understanding of the circumstances would allow, and the truth of which, exempt from all ambiguity, will, we trust, be accepted by all fair-thinking minds.

Looking back at the affair from this period of time we have no hesitation in asserting that no danger whatsoever threatened the progress of the caravans, by different routes; nay, we ourselves, later on, and separated from each other, spent more than a couple of months in the arid wilds of the Quioco, where one of us in a journey of thirty-three days of constant marches, through uninhabited regions, covered more than 250 miles; and we, moreover, consider that the separation was a positive advantage, inasmuch as it enabled us, for part of the way at least, to lay down and determine two distinct tracks.

Let us now go on to the Bihé and take note of what passed among the three former comrades after they were again united.

Serpa Pinto arrived two days after ourselves, weakened by fever and suffering from rheumatism. As he required doctoring, and his case appeared somewhat serious, one of us, notwithstanding his being himself far from well, offered to accompany the major to Benguella, in case

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his malady should increase and he were unable to proceed—a fact he himself records. As, however, such an idea was absolutely repugnant to him, we did not urge it further, and Capello took his treatment in hand.

But it must not be imagined that we had ourselves escaped the effects of the climate: very far from it. In our summary of chronometric comparisons we were accustomed, on daily winding up the instruments, to register in a separate column our febrile condition. We append, for the information of the reader, a copy of our register, showing the days on which he who had charge of the chronometers was suffering from fever; that is to say, during the three months and upwards spent between the departure from Caconda and leaving the Bihé. The record will show him that we too had our troubles to bear.

We were now, however, fortunately in a place where we had all resources at our command, more than enough indeed to work upon a large scale, and to this our attention was directed. Our country had set us a certain task to perform: science demanded of us all we knew: and a just ambition urged us on. One wished to adhere blindly to instructions, another took pleasure in suggesting modifications, and a third, perchance, even then meditated crossing the continent. However this may be, the diversity of opinion was such, that the only agreement at which the three explorers at Belmonte could arrive was, to part company, a determination that had at least this advantage in its favour, that it would enlarge the area of discovery.

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PORTUGUESE-AFRICAN EXPEDITION

Months.	Capello.	Ivens.	Differences.		Capello.	Serpa.
			Firsts.	Seconds		
1878	h m s t	h m s t	h m s t	s t	h m s t	h m s t
January. 28..	5.32.00.00	1.58.50.30	3.33.09.30	0.30	5.32.00.00	1.58.06.00
29..	5.03.30.00	1.30.22.30	3.33.07.30	2.00	5.03.30 00	1.29.25.00
30..	5.14.00.00	1.40.49.30	3.33.10.30	3.00	5.14.00.00	1.39.44.00
31..	5.14.00.00	1.40.37.30	3.33.22.30	12.00	5.14.00.00	1.39.30.00
1..	5.40.00.00	2.06 28.30	3.33.31.30	9.00	5.40.00.00	2.05.17.00
February 2..	5.26.00.00	1.52.18.30	3 33.41.30	10.00	5.26.00 00	1 51.03.30
3..	5 07.00.00	1.33.07.00	3.33.07.00	11.30	5.07.00.00	1.31.47.30
4..	5.28.00.00	1.53.5.630	3.34.03.30	10.30	5.28.00.00	1.52.36.00
5..	5.22.00 00	1.47.49.00	3.34.11.00	7.30	5.22.00.00	1.46.25.00
6..	5.56.00.00	2.21.40.30	3.34.19.30	8.30	5.56.00.00	2.20.12.00
7..	5.30.00.00	1.55.32.00	3.34.28.00	8.30	5.30.00.00	1.53.59.30
8..	5.14.00.00	1.39.27.00	3.34.33.00	5.00	5.14.00.00	1.37.51.00
9[1]..	5.33 30.00	1.58.47.30	3.34.42.30	8.30	5.34.00.00	5.24.28.30
10..	5.38.00.00	2.03.09.30	3.34.50.30	8.00	5.33.30.00	5.30.02.30
11..	5.22.00.00	1.47.01.30	3.34.8.30	8.00	5.22.30.00	5.11.36.00
12..	5.23.00.00	1.47.56.00	3.35.04.00	5.30	5.23.30 00	5.13.17.00
13..	5.35.00.00	1.59.46.30	3.35 13.30	9.30	5.35.30.00	5.26.50.00
14..	5.46.00.00	2.10.36.30	3.35.23.30	10.00	5.46.30.00	5.35.04.30
15..	5.05.00.00	1.29.27.30	3.35.32.30	9.00	5.65.30.00	4.52.16.30
16..	4.51.00.00	1.15.20.30	3.35.39.30	7.00	4.51.30.00	4.36.23.30
17..	5.00.00.00	1.24.13.00	3.35.47.00	7.30	5.00.30.00	4.46.59.30
18..	5.02.00.00	1.26.05.30	3.35.54.30	7.30	5.02.30.00	4.51.18.30
19..	5.08.00.00	1 31 57.00	3.36.03.00	8.30	5.08.30,00	4.59.36.30
20..	5.07.00.00	1.30.47.00	3.36.13.00	10.00	5.07.30.00	5.01.44.30
21[1]..	4.58.00.00	1.21.36.30	3.36.23.30	10.30	4.58.30.00	4.54.57.30
March.. 1..	5.08.00.00	1.30.28.00	3.37.32.00	6.00	—	—
3..	5.08.00.00	1.30.06.00	3.37.54.00	11.30	—	—
4..	5.21.00.00	1.42 55.00	3.38.05.00	11.00	—	—
18..	5.30 00.00	1.49.46.00	3.40.14.00	7.00	—	—
27..	5.45.00.00	2.03.26.00	3 41.34.00	11.00	—	—
April .. 1..	5.43.00.00	2.00.32.00	3.42.28.00	7.00	—	—
2..	6.04.00.00	2.21.15.30	3.42.44.30	16.30	—	—
3..	5.16.00.00	1.33.04.00	3.42.56.00	11.30	—	—
12..	—	—	—	—	—	—
16..	—	—	—	—	—	—
17..	—	—	—	—	—	—
18..	—	—	—	—	—	—
25..	—	—	—	—	—	—
29..	—	—	—	—	—	—
May... 4..	—	—	—	—	—	—
7..	—	—	—	—	—	—
8..	—	—	—	—	—	—
9..	—	—	—	—	—	—
10..	—	—	—	—	—	—
11..	—	—	—	—	—	—

[1] The comparisons with Serpa's chronometer ceased, a chronometer watch

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REGISTER OF CHRONOMETERS.

Differences.		Ivens.	Serpa.	Differences.		Remarks.
Firsts.	Seconds.			Firsts.	Seconds.	
h m s t	m s t	h m s t	h m s t	h m s t	m s t	
3.33.54.00	12.30	2.00.00.00	1.59.16.00	0.00.44.00	13.00	
3.34.05.00	11.00	1.32.00.00	1.31.03.00	0 00.57 00	13.00	
3.34.16.00	11.00	1.42.00.00	1.40.55.00	0.01.05.00	8.00	
3.34.30.00	14.00	1.42.30.00	1.41.22 00	0.01.08.00	3.00	
3.3 :.43.00	13.00	2.08.00 00	2.06.49.00	0.01 11.00	3.00	Fever.
3.34.56.30	13.30	1.54 00.00	1.52.45 30	0.01.44.30	3.30	
3.35.12.35	16.30	1.35.00.00	1.33.41.00	0.01.19.00	4.30	
3.35.24.00	11.30	1.56.00.00	1.54.40.00	0.01.20.00	1.00	
3.35.35.00	11.00	1.49.00.00	1.47.36.30	0.01.23.30	3.30	
3.35.48.00	13.00	2.24.00.00	2.22.32.00	0.01.28.00	4.30	
3.36.00.30	12.30	1.57.30.00	1.55.58.00	0.01.32.00	4.00	
3.36.09.00	8.30	1.40.30.00	1.38.54.00	0.01.36.00	4.00	
0.09.31.30	—	2.00.00.00	5.35.11.00	3.25.11.00	—	Fever.
0.08.27.30	1.04.00	2.04.30.00	5.30.52.00	3.26.22.00	1.11.00	Fever.
0.10.54.00	2.26.30	1.47 00.00	5.12.05.00	3.25.05.00	1.17.00	High Fever.
0.10.13.00	41.00	1.49.00.00	5.13.51.30	3.24.51.30	13.30	
0.08.40.00	1.33.00	2.01.00.00	5.27.34.00	3.26.34.00	1.43.30	
0.11.25.30	2.45.30	2.12.00.00	5.35.59.00	3.23.59.00	—	
0.13.13.30	1.48.00	1.30.30.00	4.52.49.30	—	—	
0.15.06.30	1.53.00	1.17.00.00	4.37 32.00	—	—	
0.13.30.30	—	1.25.30.00	4.47.46.00	—	—	
0.11.11.30	2.19.00	1.27.00.00	4.51.43.00	—	—	
0 08 53 30	2.18.00	1 33.00 00	5 00 10.00	—	—	High Fever.
—	—	1.32.00.00	5 01.58.00	—	—	Fever.
—	—	1.23.00.00	4.55.51.00	—	—	Tremendous fever.
—	—	—	—	—	—	Continued fever.
—	—	—	—	—	—	High fever.
—	—	—	—	—	—	,,
—	—	—	—	—	—	,,
—	—	—	—	—	—	Constant fever.
—	—	—	—	—	—	,,
—	—	—	—	—	—	A little improvement.
—	—	—	—	—	—	High fever.
—	—	—	—	—	—	Fever during the day.
—	—	—	—	—	—	,, ,,
—	—	—	—	—	—	,, ,,
—	—	—	—	—	—	,, ,,
—	—	—	—	—	—	Light fever.
—	—	—	—	—	—	High fever.
—	—	—	—	—	—	Less fever.
—	—	—	—	—	—	High fever.
—	—	—	—	—	—	Fever during the day.
—	—	—	—	—	—	,, ,,
—	—	—	—	—	—	,, ,,
—	—	—	—	—	—	High fever.

being substituted.

[2] The comparison with the watch ceased.

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The major gave his entire assent to the decision, and settled with us the mode in which our goods were to be distributed. It was determined that the scientific apparatus should be divided into three lots, whereof Serpa Pinto took one. Cloth, beads (of which 103 loads were still upon the way), and all other articles were similarly apportioned, and we moreover engaged to let the major have, upon this same footing, everything else he might consider necessary for the complete outfit of his caravan.

Under these circumstances we, very reasonably, insisted upon the formation of two different encampments, so as to prevent confusion among our people and proceed with our division at greater ease.

To the east of Belmonte, and at only a couple of miles distance from it, so as to be able to render each other assistance in case of need, we constructed a compound, to which we repaired, leaving Belmonte to Serpa Pinto as being more comfortable and convenient for him. We then seriously set to work to make a division of our belongings, beginning with the instruments. The major already possessed a few with which he had made the journey from Caconda to the Bihé, and among these figured a capital sextant, a horizontal thermometer, compasses, tables of logarithms, &c., to which we added the following,—

1 casella telescope.
1 normal thermometer No 2.
2 hypseometers 57—112.
1 Duchemin circular compass.
4 eye-glasses.
1 small needle.
1 glass horizon.
1 azimuth needle.

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3 almanacks of 1878, 1879, 1880.
1 case containing paper, pencils, pens, and inkhorns.
1 small sextant.
1 album.
1 case of fine powder.

And we subsequently sent him,—

1 fishing-net.
2 piggins.
1 piece of boat-line.
2 pairs of boots.
1 skein of yarn.
3 filters.
1 india-rubber sheet and bed.
10 blue camisoles.
1 net-palanquin for invalids.
1 uniform with gold lace.
1 embroidered cap.
2 pistols.
Brass-wire.
7 cases of provisions.
7 loads f.w.c.[3] and 100 pieces coming from Benguella.
1 load R.R. and 50 pieces coming from Benguella.
1 load of uniforms.
1 load of powder and 6 ditto from Benguella.
1 load of chintz and 50 pieces coming from Benguella.
1 load of trade cloth.

We also gave him, to complete his share, the right to select with his own hand, out of the loads that had yet to arrive, 50 pieces of blue cotton, 50 pieces of Benguella prints, and 100 pieces of printed handkerchiefs, 4 *cazungueis* of salt, 1 bag of rice, ½ a pipe of *aguardente*,[4] 1 load of cowries, together with 5 Benguella assorted, and 1 load of beads, to which were added by way of bonus, as shown by a memorandum in our possession,—

1 load of roncalha.
5 Winchesters packed up.
1 mackintosh boat.
1 sun-hat.
11 Snyder rifles.
12 muskets, various.
1 trunk with washing-apparatus.
1 trunk of instruments.
1 small portable organ.
2 musical boxes.
1 small musket.

[3] Fine white cotton.

[4] As great part had been stolen by the Bailundos the major got less of this than he probably desired.

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These articles, therefore, added to those he already possessed, furnished him with resources for a very considerable time, inasmuch as he had more than 400 pieces of cloth, besides 200 pieces of handkerchiefs, which, at the rate of forty persons to 10 yards, represented a sufficiency for 800 days: the quantity indeed was such that during the last few days of his stay he returned us several pieces as he really had no use for them.

On the 4th April the major sent us the following official note,—

"Official No. 3. Dear Sirs,—It is my duty to inform you that in my official note of the 16th ultimo, addressed to his Majesty's Government, I communicated the route I proposed taking, and mentioned that I would advise you of my projected journey, which I take the opportunity of doing hereby.

"So soon as I am in possession of certain loads of which I am in need, that I have ordered from Benguella, and which I expect will arrive here by the 15th or 20th of May, I intend starting in an E.S.E. direction, and making my way to parallel 15° south, which parallel I propose to follow until I reach the meridian of the Zumbo; thence descend to the Zambese, and follow the course of that river till I arrive at the Mazaro.

"You are now, by this official letter, made acquainted with my projects, as I informed the Government I intended to do—and I remain, &c.—Belmonte (Bibé), 4th April, 1878.—To the chiefs of the Portuguese Geographical Expedition to the interior of South Central Africa.

"Major Alexandre Alberto da Rocha Serpa Pinto,
"*Geographical Explorer.*"

Under the supposition, therefore, that we were mutually satisfied, as we had reason to believe from the private notes interchanged between us and which we transcribe, we took leave of each other and went our several ways.

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"Ivens, Belmonte, 20th April, 1878.—There go the oranges, lemons, and the tent. Do come and dine with me to day, I am quite alone, and perhaps a change of food and a few hours' rest will do you good. Yours faithfully, SERPA PINTO."

He received the goods he expected from Benguella, and took out with his own hands the articles he wanted, as the following letter will show.

"Ivens, Belmonte (Bihé), 27th April, 1878.—Yesterday I obtained thirty-two loads out of the 103 that are to come, the cloth has not yet arrived, there being only eight bales of fine cotton and two of ordinary. I have taken out thirty-six pieces of fine cotton, two kegs of *aguardente*, one tin of oil, two bags of cowries, one of beads, and twelve packets of candles; and directly the other goods arrive I shall take possession of ten bales of cloth, six of powder, and three of salt, and a private load intended for me personally; the rest I shall send on to you.

"I do not forward you the list as I have only one sent me from Benguella privately by Silva Porto, and I require it to check the things as they come in, but I will let you have it directly they are all arrived.

"I have given in payment three *quiranas* to each carrier of a bale, and six trade cloths in addition to the *canjenso* (agreeably to Porto's advice), whilst I have paid the porters of articles not being cotton goods, such as kegs, cases &c., eighteen cloths and two *atas*.

Memorandum of things sent herewith.

6 bags of beads and cowries.
11 kegs.
3 tins of biscuit.
2 bales (30 cloths) payment 1 package containing 2 tins of oil and 1 case of 23 parcels of candles (this is already paid for).

"The two bales were paid for at the rate of thirty cloths, and the remainder at twenty, as I mentioned to you.

"These Bailundos are great rascals, and very troublesome about the measurement of the cloth, &c., but be cautious and don't frighten them, as we have a good many things yet to come up.

"I wish you would let me have a few Maria segunda beads, for the three loads of them are at your place. The common ones that have arrived are of no use to me, as the natives don't care for them at the Zambese. I will write you more at length another time. Adieu. SERPA PINTO."

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The foregoing is a simple narrative of the facts. Those terrible struggles, that abandonment in the midst of frightful forests, peopled with wild beasts, which the public (and mainly the foreign public) conjured up owing probably to an incorrect reading of the pages of the illustrious Serpa Pinto, must be dismissed from their minds, in presence of the documentary evidence thus exhibited by the writers who, above all things, cherish a jealous notion of what is due to their character as gentlemen.

As for the rest, the public—by doing us the bare justice of supposing that we are incapable of leaving any one in the lurch, and far less a fellow-countryman, without resources—will grant us a great boon; and we believe the gallant major himself will rejoice that the evil impression—due to a simple misunderstanding—created by his work and to our disfavour, should be dissipated for ever.

H. Capello and R. Ivens.

Lisbon, *June 12th*, 1881.

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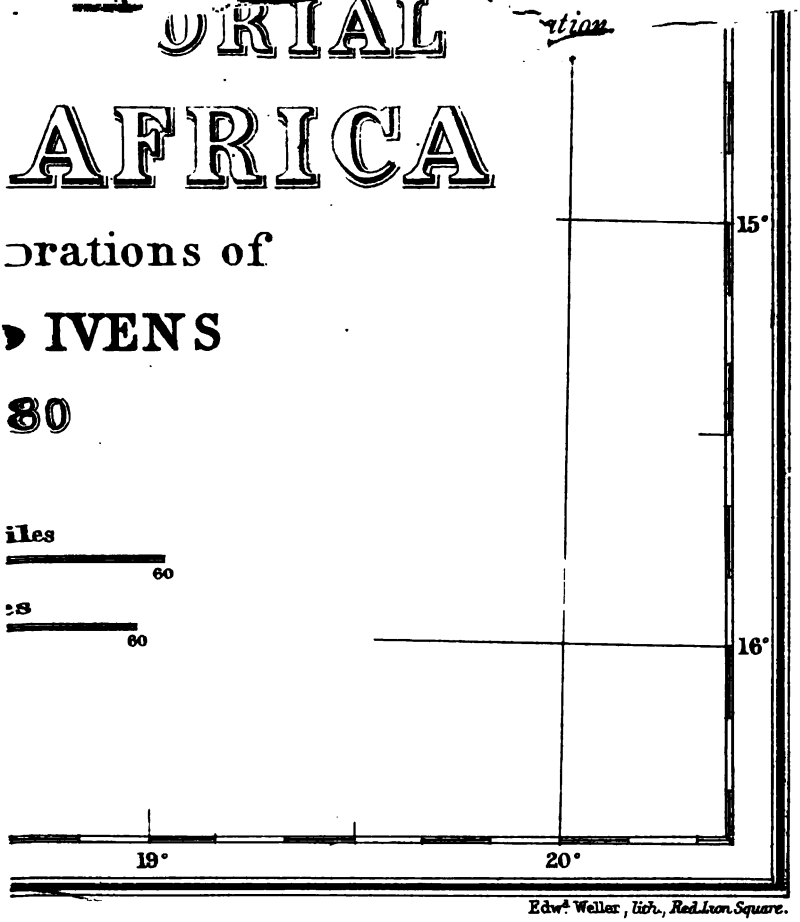
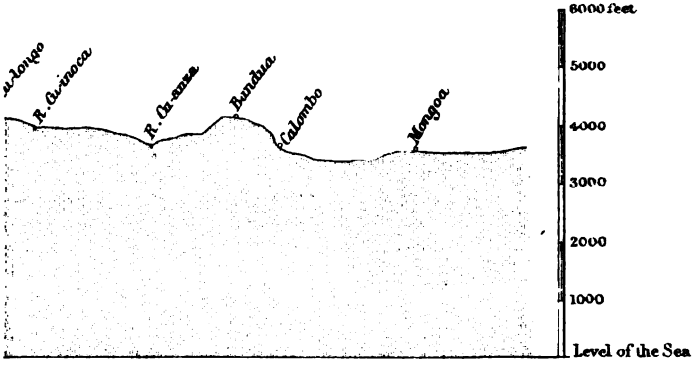


Edwd Weller, lith., Red Lion Square.



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FROM BENGUELLA TO THE TERRITORY OF YACCA.

INTRODUCTION.

It was in the month of September, 1877, when the sun in crossing the equator begins to raise the temperature of the southern hemisphere, that we found ourselves in the city of Loanda, capital of the Portuguese province of Angola, desirous of pushing forward as rapidly as possible into the interior, on account of the near approach of the rains, that are always dangerous to those embarked upon expeditions similar to our own.

Our whole attention was taken up with the arrangement of material. The making up loads of the necessary weight, and accommodating them to suit the inclinations of the natives, were troublesome, though completely novel operations.

The life of an explorer, during his first few days' experience in Africa, is truly of an extraordinary kind. In an immense warehouse, where are huddled together all the articles he has brought from Europe, the distracted traveller passes his time amid trunks, cases, bales, arms, instruments, and objects of all shapes and kinds, perspiring at every pore, stopping at intervals to get his breath, and bewildered as to what he shall do next. On one

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side he sees a bulky package hailing from Paris, that no two men can lift; on another, a more ponderous one from London, that only a steam crane was able to extract from the hold of a vessel of 1500 tons; close by, 100 bales of trade cloth, weighing 150 pounds each, at which the natives, who have been called in to assist, point with their finger and grin.

The unhappy wretch, the owner of all this treasure, would gladly produce order out of the chaos, but the harder he works the less he seems to get on. At last by dint of cutting, dividing, and arranging, the day arrives when he believes that things are in proper trim, but only to find that he has to commence another kind of labour, that of rushing to and fro, from north to south, to find men to carry his goods.

Those are sad early days to him who for the first time treads the soil of the grand and mysterious continent with a view to its exploration! Bitter are the *disillusions*, numberless the obstacles and disappointments that there await him when he sets about organizing the caravan, by whose means alone he can make his way into the interior! Let all those who have recently journeyed in Africa bear witness to the truth of this. Strong in frame, robust in health, determined to surmount every difficulty as it arises, armed with the courage imparted by the responsible duties he has undertaken, which serve him as a stimulus and guarantee, the explorer sets out in his pride from Benguella or Zanzibar, with his material complete and in perfect order, convinced that a few short weeks only lie between him and the old-world desert, the future field of his glory, and where await him for solution the most varied problems and the thousand-and-one mysteries which it will be *his* fortune to reveal to admiring Europe.

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But oh, the cruel awakening from this delicious dream! He finds his most complicated calculations, his most extravagant offers, his wildest promises of extraordinary recompense, vanish away before the reluctance of the negroes to accompany explorers. The ill-faith of some and the indifference of others, still further aggravated by the exigencies and deceit of contractors who, as a rule, break their promises with a shamelessness that is perfectly original, compel the unfortunate to waste precious days in making fresh arrangements, and to consign to oblivion the time employed in his former elaborate combinations. And if these second efforts do not run the same course and produce the same results as the first, he may esteem himself a lucky man.

It would be unfair, however, to say that the rule has not some exceptions. In giving a history of our adventures in Africa, we shall have occasion more than once to speak in praise of native customs and qualities.

We have certainly no intention of exaggerating the notions that even at the present day are formed of the aborigines: on the contrary, we shall always be among the first to endeavour to inculcate a just distinction between their acts and their natural tendencies, so that the preconceived opinions which the troubles springing from transactions on the sea-board have created in the minds of many may be dissipated once for all.

The hiring of carriers is perhaps the very gravest question that has to be grappled with at the outset of an African journey. An explorer not unfrequently succeeds in obtaining a certain number of hands which he deems sufficient for immediate necessities, and he perhaps reckons upon the assistance, later on, of the native chiefs of the territories through which he proposes to travel, to procure him the carriers he requires. But he is not

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long in discovering that this pleasant arrangement is a fallacy, for in the interior the difficulties are not less formidable, the annoyances are not less great, the obstacles are not less constant, and the results are even more uncertain; for, to the series of contrarieties above hinted at, must be added others that it would be difficult to foresee.

In his almost total ignorance of the requirements of a journey into the interior of Africa, questions such as the following not unnaturally present themselves to the mind of an explorer. What money and goods ought I to take with me? How many guns? What is the best class of goods? What ought to be the weight of each load? &c.

These and other queries of minor importance cannot be answered off-hand. The information obtained from the aborigines in fact increases the difficulty of solving them, so that amid the diversity of opinion the traveller's mind gets confused and valuable time is thus at the outset frittered away.

For instance, referring to the question of weight, the advisers who are called in will begin by declaring that the loads should be eighty pounds each, but when the carriers are consulted they affirm that they will not lift a load heavier than from forty to fifty pounds. And in respect of goods, some authorities will assert that such and such cloth will be most convenient for barter, and others will as stoutly aver that the tribes through which the caravan has to pass will not look at it.

It not being easy to ascertain the exact truth, our explorer will probably think he errs on the right side by dividing his loads, and when he has done so he cannot find a sufficiency of porters to carry them. He then determines to abandon the least valuable of his belong-

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ings, and cannot make up his mind as to which of them deserve that name. So things go on, until amid confusion and perplexity, advice on this quarter, counter-advice on another, and plenty of deception through all, he is obliged to keep his object steadily in view to prevent throwing up the undertaking altogether.

It is really singular to observe the reluctance of the negroes to accompany explorers into the interior of the country. There is no possibility of convincing them that Europeans may be desirous of penetrating into the African wilds for other purposes than those of trade. The idea that some may wish to do so with the object of admiring and studying its remarkable features, of transcribing them with pen and pencil upon paper, of talking with the native kings, of establishing relations between the latter and the population of the coast, of describing new routes which may in future most probably become more lucrative to trade, never enters their minds, and the natives have therefore no sympathy with any such pursuits.

In some cases indeed their repugnance is of a more positive character, for not a few among them believe that the objects of the explorer, so far from being favourable to commerce, are precisely the contrary; that they are adverse to its progress, and are likely to be injurious to those who travel thither with an eye to trade.

Another and a powerful reason is the suspicion engendered by the circumstance that the explorer does not follow the beaten tracks, but persistently endeavours to avoid them in his search for new paths, and rushes with his people into the territory of barbarians, completely alien in customs and feeling to the habits and sentiments of *civilized* people, for by such designation do the negroes living in the neighbourhood of the coast style themselves

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and their own tribes; and they entertain no little fear that the natives of the interior are ever disposed to take up arms against them and even make a meal of those who have the misfortune to fall into their hands.

Cannibalism seems in Africa to be feared considerably beyond the region where it is actually practised, so that few negroes venture willingly into regions where, from a latent fear or conviction in their minds, anthropophagi are to be found willing to knock them on the head on the smallest provocation and make a feast of them afterwards. With these prepossessions, it is not wonderful that expeditions into Africa should be difficult to carry out.

The books of later travellers, as Stanley very pertinently observed in his work entitled "How I Found Livingstone," teach nothing with respect to the practical organization of African caravans. There is plenty of geography, abundance of ethnography, a great many anecdotes, but no useful information respecting the value of goods, their quality and quantity, the load of each carrier, the articles of greatest utility to the traveller—all those things indeed that refer to the first necessities of an expedition bound for Central Africa.

This defect being so widely recognized, it becomes a duty to try and remedy it, and we therefore propose to note down here certain scraps of information, some of them obtained from the explorer above referred to, and others resulting from our own experience, with respect to the expenses to be incurred with a determinate number of carriers.

The calculations we present are based upon the presumption that two pieces of gingham of eighteen yards each are sufficient for 100 carriers per day on the march, reckoning according to the value of goods in places most removed from the coast.

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The data furnished by the illustrious Stanley with regard to the price of various articles, although referable to the eastern territories, may be applied generally with equal justice to those in the west.

The following are the current prices in the eastern districts :—

A hen	2 to 3 ketes of beads.
Three eggs	1 kete of beads.
A sheep	10 yards of cloth.
An ewe	10 yards of cloth.
An ox	25 to 40 yards of cloth.
A pig	15 to 20 yards of cloth.
Five roots of manioc .	1 necklace or 1 kete of beads.
Cereals (2 pounds) . .	1 necklace or 1 kete of beads.

It is well to explain that one *doti* is four yards; one *upanda*, two yards; and one *kete*, the distance from the end of the forefinger to the hollow of the thumb.

With respect to the number of yards proper to maintain 100 carriers, we are likewise of the same opinion as Stanley. He states that ten *dotis* or forty yards are sufficient for the expense of 100 persons, a quantity which we select as a medium for the same purpose.

As to the most useful articles and prices current in the western wilds, we are in a position to state from personal knowledge, that the articles which are best adapted to the countries of the Bihé, Quiôco, Cassange, Peinde, &c., are: cottons, ginghams, trade-cloth,[1] coast-cloth,[2] coloured handkerchiefs, zuarte,[3] flowered chintz, and beads of various sorts, bearing in mind that the white is but little valued in the south, and is only appreciated in the Lunda. The explorer may, however, take

[1] A kind of linen with rectangular blue stripes.
[2] Cloth with coloured spots.
[3] Cotton cloth, dark blue.

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with him large red beads, small beads, *Maria segundas*,[4] which are indispensable, *cassungo*[5] of various colours, and striped *almandrilha*[6] or bugles.

Brass wire and plates, no copper, a little powder if convenient, salt in abundance, will always be welcome; *lazarinas*[7] in the south, *rauinas*[8] in the north, musical boxes, harmonicons, &c., should be preferred as presents to the Sovas, who, nevertheless, will want some cloth into the bargain, as they look upon all other articles as simple gifts.

In the territories here referred to the prices of the most indispensable articles may be set down as follows :—

A hen	1 yard of striped cloth.
Three eggs	1 load of powder.
A sheep	7 to 10 yards.
An ewe	5 to 8 yards.
An ox	60 to 70 yards.
A pig	25 to 35 yards.
Six roots of manioc	10 bagos Maria segunda.
One quinda (2 pounds) of maize flour .	½ yard of striped cloth.

Certain articles are of course liable to vary somewhat in value at different places, but generally it may be assumed that the difference is not very great.

Cotton goods are readily accepted by all the peoples of the interior; some, however, prefer certain goods to others as being better fitted for barter.

To sum up, therefore, the traveller who wends his way to the Quiôco should carry with him abundance of powder, brass wire, and native tobacco, which may be purchased in the Bihé; and he who is proceeding to Lunda should be provided with a good store of small red beads and large white ones.

[4] Small red beads, white inside, 0·003m. in diameter.
[5] Beads for embroidery.
[6] An elongated bead, 0·01 in length.
[7] The name of a fowling-piece.
[8] The name of an old flint musket.

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As may readily be conceived, we did not escape the difficulties arising from a want of special knowledge, or the vicissitudes which ever attend undertakings of this kind, entailing, as they inevitably do, the most sickening delays to those who are anxious to push forward. Being thoroughly decided, however, to proceed with our enterprise, and seeing the precious time that was being wasted without making any real progress in contracting for carriers, we resolved to quit Loanda, where a longer stay seemed prejudicial to our purpose.

Embarking on board the Portuguese gun-boat *Tamega*, which was kindly lent us by the governor-general of the province, Rear-Admiral Caetano Alexandre de Almeida e Albuquerque, we proceeded to Novo Redondo, where we met the greater part of our staff and all such persons as could be of any service to our mission. These had been got together by the aid of special contracts, and were all taken on board the vessel, which then steamed southwards, and in due course cast anchor at Benguella.

In this city, the capital of one of the chief districts of Angola, and the place where the illustrious explorer, Cameron, terminated his adventurous journey, we proposed to organize the remainder of the staff which was destined to partake with us of the dangers and fatigues of the long journey we contemplated.

The chapters which here follow, wherein we endeavour to describe whatsoever appeared to us most interesting and important, and the annexed letters will give an idea of the mode in which, during two years of wandering, the various problems that were presented to us were solved.

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CHAPTER I.

Benguella, its geographical position, the wards into which it is divided, its buildings, its bay—Aspect and inner life—Establishments, *quintaes*, fluctuating native population—*Tableau*—Scenes at early morn—Climate, sanitary condition, inhabitants and spoken language—Articles of trade, markets in the interior, and renowned traders—The day of departure and final adieux—Quipupa, geological peculiarities—Rio Copororo or Rio de S. Francisco—Mineral wealth—*Unfounded apprehensions!*—Valley of the Dombe Grande, picturesque scenery, productions, geographical position, geological formations—The *Ban-dombe* and the *Ban-cumbi*, their habits and customs—The fatal banana-tree—The *itambi*—First misgivings—An encampment in the interior—Six days in the desert—The baobab *kitchen*—A negro residence—Quillengues, general idea, wealth, fertility—A bronze cannon of the sixteenth century—Geographical position—The *gongo*—Close of the year 1877.

In latitude 12° 34′ 17″ of the southern hemisphere and longitude 13° 22′ 30″ east of Greenwich, lies upon the west coast of Africa, at the bottom of a spacious bay, the ancient and well-known city of Benguella.

The capital of a vast territory, it possesses as subdivisions the districts of Dombe Grande and Dombe Pequeno, Egito, Novo Redondo, Catumbella, Quillengues, Caconda, &c.; embracing an approximate area of 15,000 square miles of the southern portion of the Portuguese province.

Its custom-house revenues amount, at the present day, to some 25,000*l.* A delegation of the central government, the seat of which is at Loanda, its administration

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is entrusted to an official, who can only be appointed by the government of the mother country.

A traveller, on arriving there, may, in the course of a day's wandering about the city and its environs, get a general impression of the place, which the following narrative must, to a certain extent, reproduce.

A sufficiency of houses, among which rise the public buildings, somewhat larger than the rest, without any pretension to elegance, but spacious, clean, and set in right lines in broad streets, bordered with trees, and connected together by garden-ground, constitute the commercial ward, properly so called, where the authorities and numerous merchants have their habitations.

A custom-house, a hospital, barracks, a palace (the residence of the governor), and a fortress on the sea-shore, where, in the evening, the tired wayfarer can breathe the pure air of the ocean, observe the splendid spectacle of the setting of a tropical sun, and watch the waves as they roll into the beautiful bay, closed in at the south-west by a lofty mount called the *Sombrero*, constitute the most remarkable features of the landscape, and form altogether an agreeable picture.

Scattered here and there, the observer will note a good many isolated establishments, where the most important business of Benguella is carried on. The aspect of these buildings is singular and antiquated. In the foreground appears the classical wooden balcony, either blackened by time or painted blue, surrounded by massive benches piled up with every kind of cotton goods, striped stuffs, beads, caps, and mirrors; the whole crowned by well-ordered rows of bottles containing various liquors, all of them articles of a nature to excite the cupidity and warm the imagination of the aborigines. On penetrating farther in, the curious traveller will find

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spacious store-houses, where the first object that meets his eye, suspended from a beam, is the old wooden balance, supported by eight ropes, with square scales. These magazines are full of the most varied products of the interior, among which prominently figure wax, india-rubber and ivory; and waiting their turn at the weighing-machine, stands a numerous band of natives, who, lank, bony, and emaciated, suck at the long and traditional

HOSPITAL AT BENGUELLA.
(*From a photo. by Monteiro.*)

calumet, the while their roving glances are turned incessantly to the coveted European goods.

This quarter of the town has other features of a less agreeable character. These are tortuous lanes, lined with miserable huts, amidst which are vast enclosures, called *quintaes*, surrounded by walls of a sufficient height to intercept the heat and light, within which are frequently huddled together some hundreds of negroes

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who have travelled from the interior. The utmost disorder and squalor exist in these enclosures. Calcined stones upon which are still standing the earthen pipkins that have been used for cooking the recent meal; wretched old rags serving as beds; gourds scattered all over the place among tobacco-pipes, bows, and assagais; the inevitable black glass bottle, with a small cord round the neck, by which it is suspended in the long country-basket called a *muhamba;* two or three dozen negroes in the garb of our first parents, with long tresses reeking with oil and *tacúla* (a vermilion powder obtained by triturating tiny morsels of the trunk of an acacia), lying asleep in every direction, are the more salient objects which distinguish these habitations of the natives' ward. And if we throw in some five or six hundred Ban-dombes, Bailundos, Bihenos, and Ganguellas, promenading the streets, with skins hanging from their girdles, some far gone in intoxication, others well upon the road, talking, gesticulating, shrieking; if we frame in the town with a belt of thin and wiry vegetation; draw a line of blue mountains at some twenty to twenty-five miles' distance from Benguella, and set the whole in a clear, grey atmosphere, we shall have the general aspect presented by this celebrated city on one of its busy market-days.

The effluvia emanating from this accumulation of black humanity, from monstrous head-dresses anointed with rancid oil, from reeking pipes, and the fumes of *aguardente,* must be taken into account to make our sketch complete, and which, out of a feeling of delicacy, we have reserved for the close, though the aroma thus created is perhaps the first thing which strikes the recently arrived traveller from Europe.

Shortly after sunset the profoundest silence falls upon the place, broken only by the occasional tramp of a couple

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of natives carrying their master in a *muchila*,[1] through the deserted streets, or a group or two of aborigines, directing their steps towards the *quintaes*, where the reflection of ruddy light hints at the preparation of some meal.

The darkness is, otherwise, complete; the silence interrupted only in the manner we have stated, or by the occasional roar or howl of a wild beast, followed by the barking of the dogs, becomes, in the intervals, supreme; until the obscurity is gradually dissipated, the terrors of the night begin to vanish, and within an incredibly short time one of nature's most brilliant aspects, the break of day, entrances the observer.

The earth reacquires all its brightness and freshness, and dons its verdant mantle; the birds fill the air with melodious song; the limpid atmosphere and soft temperature invite the traveller abroad, and the general stir of humanity recommences.

The negro is on foot, armed with his fishing-tackle; the trader opens his store; the women proceed to their washing-places; the thirsty souls, rousing themselves from their beds of foul rags, where they have been shivering with cold, shuffle off to the neighbouring tavern, there to imbibe the fiery *aguardente*.

The climate of Benguella is mild during a great part of the year; still, it must not be considered as fine, and is very far from being the best on the coast. The improvements effected during these latter years, the irregularity of the rains since 1870, and the more restricted gathering of the natives within its precincts, in consequence of the diversion of many of them to the mart at Catumbella, somewhat more to the northwards,

[1] A sort of elongated chair, suspended from a pole, having a rectangular tester, from which curtains fall all round.

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are the causes of the alteration in climatic circumstances; so that Benguella finds, mainly among the merchants and traders there established, numerous advocates of its salubrity.

Still, the fact remains that there are many victims to various fevers, but as the dead cannot offer an opinion upon the subject, the causes which brought about their end are soon forgotten amid the hurry and absorption of trade. The Ban-dombes, who are always seen about Benguella, are almost exclusively the inhabitants of a good part of the district. Long accustomed to dealing with Europeans, they are of infinite service to the latter, chiefly as regards transport, for they are not much given to trade.

The language spoken in the town is very different to the *n'bunda* of Loanda, and is known by the name of *n'bundo* [2] of the Bihé, which is understood in the neighbouring districts and in the regions extending eastward as far as the Ganguellas, where it begins to undergo alterations in consequence perhaps of the introduction of *lulundo* words and phrases.

The life of a European in Benguella is purely and exclusively a commercial one. The caravans which come in, the tidings which arrive, the products that are brought forward, the prices made through the competition of others, and his negotiations with the natives absorb every moment of daylight. It is no uncommon thing for the latter, after haggling, for two or three hours with a merchant, suddenly to break away and carry the rest of the troop with them, to seek a more liberal purchaser elsewhere.

In the Benguella market, where the trade is in the

[2] A dialect of the *lu-nano* language, generally denominated *quinbundo* (*t'chinbundo*).

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hands of the Portuguese, almost all the important products of the interior of Africa are exposed to view, and ivory, wax, walrus's teeth, *abbuda* (unicorn) horns, gums, resins, *licomte*,[3] skins, feathers, india-rubber, and canes appear in considerable quantities, and are bartered for arms, powder, cotton goods, and other similar products.

The Bihenos, the great African traders, are, not unnaturally, the chief habitués of the market, as they are exactly upon the line which connects this city with the inland producers. On completing their transactions, they carry off with them their European wares, travelling in caravans into the interior, where they again exchange their purchases in still remoter regions.

These men know how to drive very hard bargains, and having learned how much is to be gained by competition among the Europeans, they have gone on constantly raising the standard of value until they have succeeded in establishing the following prices upon the sea-board :—

One pound of ivory	standard	6*s.* 9*d.*
	medium	6*s.* 1*d.*
	small	4*s.* 0*d.*
One pound of wax, clean		0*s.* 9½*d.*
A quarter hundredweight of india-rubber		38*s.* 3*d.*
A panther's skin		9*s.* 0*d.*

In times not so very remote, travellers or *aviados*, as they were called, were despatched by firms established on the coast into the interior; and inland traders, generally styled *funantes*, still make their way thither on their own account.

The marts in the interior that were most frequented by these enterprising men were: *Alucusso*, one of the earliest travellers to which was Candimba (Gonçalves),

[3] Fibre of the *Adansonia digitata.*

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a Portuguese from the main, recently deceased :—*Garanganja ; Canunguessa* and *Catanga*, to the west of Bangueolo, frequently visited by José Alves, and recently by the sons of Major Coimbra, Tiberio and others ; *D'jengi*, the valley of the Zambese, and finally *Liniani* for many years frequented by Silva Porto, that old and honoured Portuguese citizen, long established at the Bihé in Belmonte, and whose journeys are so well known that

CAVACO ROAD IN BENGUELLA.
(*From a photo. by Monteiro.*)

his itineraries may be seen traced upon many maps published abroad, where the name of the veteran traveller figures so justly, as a testimony of his merit.

We spent with this old gentleman several agreeable hours, during which he had the kindness to read to us the most important portions of his diaries, containing facts which though now no longer new, had all the charm of novelty then. They proved in the most conclusive manner how great was the industry of this bold traveller

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in collecting data that he might some day turn to account, notwithstanding the difficulties which his business as a trader entailed upon him, amid peoples hotly opposed at that period to the advance of any European, and frequently at open hostility to himself.

It was this Portuguese who had the honour to meet, in the heart of Africa, with David Livingstone during his first journey across the continent, and whose friendly services the celebrated English explorer could not at the time accept.

In this place we may also name as worthy of special mention, a remarkable Portuguese *funante*, João Baptista Ferreira, who for many years scoured the country, and was well known for the boldness and venturesomeness of his journeys, until, some years ago, they terminated in his destruction at the hands, it is surmised, of some petty sovereign of the interior or of the Arabs, either Janima Mericani or Sheik Abed-ben-Salim in the north.

He was the first European who, as it would appear, starting from Benguella, arrived at the dominions of the Cassongo Calombo, and became acquainted with Imbarri, the residence of Tibu-tib, Sheik Hamed-ben-Mohammed; subsequently crossing the Samba, passing through Quilemba, and penetrating nearly to Niangué.

Tired of wandering about the Garanganja, and presuming this region to be in great part commercially explored, João Baptista began to turn his attention to the Samba, where, during one of his journeys, he was informed that there existed in the territory of Ulua, to the east of the Lunda do Muata-Janvo, a track which would lead him to the markets of the north, which abounded in ivory.

Adventurous and fearless, he determined at once to follow it, notwithstanding the objections raised by his native followers, and towards the close of 1870 and

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beginning of 1871 he entered Cassongo's territory in company with a son of Major Coimbra who, two years later, elected to reveal to José Alves this identical route.

After rendering important services to Cassongo, João Baptista returned to the coast, in order to procure a further supply of goods, as had been arranged with the king, and subsequently return to his dominions with a view to barter.

José Alves, however, started on the same occasion, and Coimbra having, as above mentioned, undertaken to guide him by a track known at that time only to himself, the former accepted the offer, and the two great traders met one another in the coveted territory in 1874.

Nowadays the travellers or *aviados* of European houses are few. The death of some, the flight of others, have so disenchanted the merchants on the coast with the system of sending goods into the interior, that they have given it up almost entirely, so that the trade at this present time is almost exclusively carried on by the natives themselves, working on their own account.

The time of our departure now drew near, and after a sojourn of a fortnight in Benguella, the Portuguese expedition was in readiness to start upon its journey into the interior.

The staff being in a great measure complete, there remained the task of selecting the most convenient route —a matter which occupied a great deal of our attention during the last few days of our stay.

After much hesitation we laid down a definite track which was to take us by the way of Quillengues, Caconda, &c., and having got through our many and varied trials, such as the flight of some of our people, the faithlessness of others, and the drunkenness of half of them, which only the patience of men determined to put

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up with everything could possibly have resisted, we finally started at six o'clock in the afternoon of the 12th of November, 1877; and the last rays of the setting sun illuminating the path which leads southwards from the city of Benguella, shone upon the long line of carriers who accompanied the expedition into the heart of Africa.

Men, women, and children, all intoned at the same time the monotonous chant of the march, fired by the courage with which their recent libations had animated them. Asses breaking away, sheep refusing to stir, dogs yelping and barking, helped to make the confusion greater; but the guide Barros, having marshalled his men in order, assumed the head of the caravan, and the whole troop gradually disappeared over the brow of the eastern hills.

Silence having at length taken the place of all this hubbub of noises, we returned to the residence of our good friend, the Governor, his Excellency Sr. Alfredo Pereira de Mello, and having shaken him heartily by the hand, and expressed to him our gratitude for the numerous services he had done us, we took our leave.

Hasty farewells were subsequently exchanged with the more notable men of the district, and we started just as the sun dipped below the horizon, and the outlines of the distant mountains became absorbed in the dusky atmosphere of night.

We first crossed the arid and deserted region which lies between the hills running parallel to the coast, and came to a halt at midnight, at a place called Quipupa, at some thirteen miles' distance from Benguella, where caravans upon the march usually encamp, near the source of a chalybeate spring.

The darkness did not allow us to form any reliable

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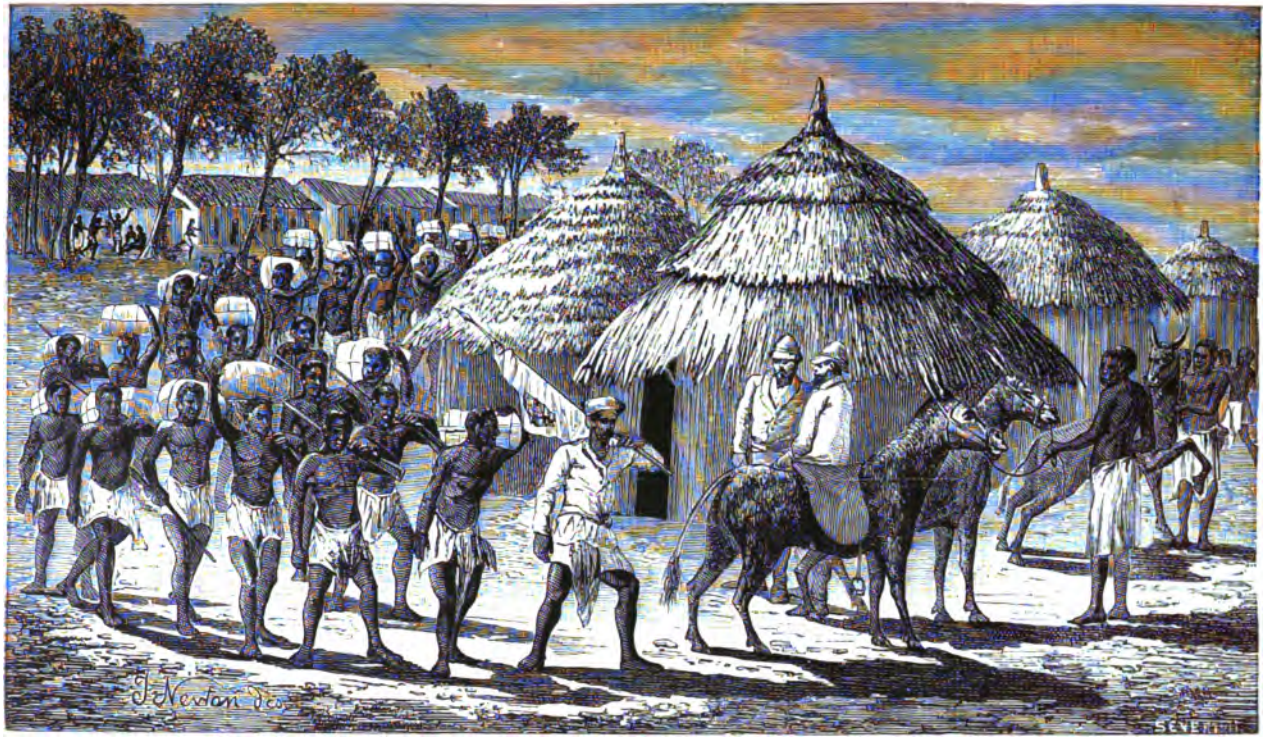

DEPARTURE OF THE EXPEDITION.

Page 20.

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opinion of the country we had passed through. Judging, however, from great part of the road, the ground seemed to be entirely devoid of vegetation and water, and became undulated in the vicinity of our resting-place.

A series of blackened hills, laid bare by the combined influence of the sun and rains, runs eastward along the track, to which, during the day, it must impart a dismal aspect enough.

Its geological formation must be in every particular similar to that of the region lying to the north. Tertiary deposits, generally sulphate of lime, sandstone and others, mingled with the primitive rocks of gneiss, mica, and quartz in abundance, constitute throughout this portion of the littoral.

Nude of habitations, it is frequented during the night by the panther (*ongue*), the hyena (*quimalanca*), and the wolf (*n'bungo*), whose cries and howlings are often heard by the traveller on the march, and which, in their nocturnal excursions, not unfrequently make a raid in the immediate vicinity of the encampments.

At two hours after midnight, the signal of departure having been given, we took our way southwards, ourselves in our respective *tipoias* (net hammocks), each carried by ten *Ban-dombes*, who, to the sound of special chants, heightened by the occasional blowing of antelope horns, are substituted at intervals by twos at the pole of the *tipoia* called *bordao* (a branch of the *Raphia vinifera*), in such wise that they never stop; while the regular swinging motion of the hammock is very easy to its occupant.

It was about half-past five that, with the first glimpses of dawn, we sighted the sandy bed of the river Copororo, or S. Francisco, which at this spot intersects the road in a north-west direction, and subsequently runs westward

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into the sea at Cuio. At that particular time, however, the bed of the river was nearly dry.

The region of Dombe Grande, which the river crosses, is rich in copper, sulphur, and other minerals, which lie principally on the right bank of the stream. At some fifteen miles from its mouth there are, it is stated, important mines which show symptoms of having been worked in remote times.

We say important, but it behoves us to be careful how we take common fame for granted, inasmuch as from the reports that have been made upon some of these mines by efficient engineers, they offer but little inducement to serious working.

Native copper does not appear to exist, but there is carbonate of copper, both green and blue, mixed with grey and fragmentary quartz, forming a sort of conglomerate, and always alternating with calcareous matter. At other times the carbonate, and occasionally the silicate, appears mixed with schist, and forms veritable rocks among the primary. In the beds of sulphate of lime, sulphur is met with, almost pure, alternated with chalk and sundry calcareous substances.

The Copororo runs from that spot to the ocean, for the most part between high and precipitous banks. A favourable opportunity offering, we stayed our march for a brief space to indulge in the luxury of a bath by the light of the rising sun.

How many and fond were the imaginings that then crowded upon us! How beautiful everything around us appeared in our eyes! How full of life and health we felt in presence of such novelties! How teeming were our ideas of the unknown future! Our imagination presented to us, depicted in the liveliest colours, all those regions of Central Africa, in the midst of which we

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trusted soon to wander. The primitive stamp of this new existence raised our spirits and tempered our minds. The fresh breath of morning dissipated all latent apprehensions, and "Onwards!" was our sole motto and desire. No longings for the ease and comforts of Europe then troubled our hearts! The desert and the forest formed the sum of our aspirations. Unknown rivers, lakes, and mountains, filled our heated fancy, until we began to fear that the note-books which were to contain the narration of our wanderings would be a world too small to hold the record of our discoveries.

Continuing our way southwards, we descended at seven a.m. the steep hill which shuts in the valley of the Dombe Grande on the north. Here the aspect of the ground becomes completely changed. At a height of 393 feet, the mount and its slopes are bare of vegetation; but below, in the valley, which is not less than from four to five miles in extent, there is a rich carpet of verdure. On the western side there is another chain of hills which, running parallel to the coast, encloses it completely.

Extensive plantations of sugar-cane (*saccharium officinalis*) cover the level ground, which owes its fertility in part to the existence of a lake, about five-eighths of a mile in length, standing in the very midst of it, and called Tumba. This similarity of name to a Portuguese word, which has anything but an agreeable sound to the ear is, to say the least, rather curious; inasmuch as the pretty lake may be styled a veritable *tumba* or "bier" to any unfortunate who tumbles into it, owing to the numerous and voracious crocodiles with which it is peopled.

Cotton flourishes well in the district, and the production of *aguardente* is large. Various land-owners have set up stills for its manufacture, and at the house of ono

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of them, Sr. J. Reis, we were most hospitably entertained during the few days of our stay, before starting for Quillengues.

We deduced, from the various observations we made, that the Dombe lies in latitude 12° 55′ 11″, and in longitude 13° 07′ 44″ east from Greenwich, at an altitude of 321 feet. Its mean temperature is 81° Fahrenheit. The climate cannot be considered particularly healthy, as we were immediately attacked by fever, caused no doubt by the proximity and influence of the plantations, and the peculiarity of the soil.

CABINDA.
(*Photo. by C. Moraes.*)

The nature of the land has remained unchanged, and we there met with the first fossils in the shape of what appeared to be a *Cyrena Fluminalis*, and fragments of *Phasianella Heddingtonensis*, in the oolite.

The region of the seaboard in this part of the continent is of trifling importance, and we were now on the slope of the mountainous ridge we should have to climb on our way to Quillengues.

Three days after our arrival, a disagreeable incident, unhappily but too common on journeys of this kind, somewhat disturbed our equanimity. A dozen carriers from the Celli, obtained at Novo Redondo, being but little inclined it seems to encourage explorations in the interior of the country, decamped with arms and baggage, and in spite of our utmost efforts to capture them, the fellows got clear off, and by so doing considerably

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damped the courage of the Cabindas, who formed the most timorous portion of our caravan.

The tribes which people this district are still the *Ban-dombes* and *Ban-cumbis*, already referred to, and we selected a certain number of them to join our company.

Scattered about in little hamlets, they live a miserable existence enough. Their dress is composed of a dirty cloth suspended from a thin belt fastened round the waist; on the right leg appears an anklet made of the seeds of some plant, which, in walking, rattle against each other with a peculiar sound; a bead collar round the neck, and four brass rings upon their wrists complete their costume. Some among them dress their heads in a quaint fashion, lay on a lot of rancid butter, and finish off with beads and feathers; and very proud they seem of the result.

WOMAN OF NOVO REDONDO.
(*Photo. by C. Moraes.*)

The women are generally ugly, dirty and repulsive. Their hair, surcharged with clay, and their faces occasionally painted with white and red stripes, increase their natural hideousness. Their eagerness to become mothers is so great that, as we were informed, it was a custom among the *Ban-dombes* to plant a banana on the occasion of a marriage; if it yielded fruit in due course, the event was accepted as a happy omen of the wife being blessed with children; but should it turn out fruitless or wither away, the good lady would be at liberty to abandon her spouse.

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Their bed-places are constructed in the interior of their *cubatas* or spherical huts, in the shape of coffins, being of rectangular shape, about six feet two inches in length by a foot and a half wide, formed of beaten clay. Bed-clothes they have none, unless the smearing themselves all over with horridly rank butter can be termed a covering.

Extremely superstitious, they readily accept the most extravagant theories. For instance, it is a common thing to see them, when drinking *aguardente*, to pour a small portion on the ground, as a libation, it would appear, to the *zumbi* or *n'zumbi* of the other world, by and with whom they always deem themselves surrounded and connected, subsequently stroking their heads and breasts to complete the ceremony.

Their burial ceremonies are not unfrequently used as a means to despoil some wretch of his little property. Having daubed the corpse all over with palm oil, and wrapped it in a mat, they place it on a kind of sledge and drag it with great ceremony through the village. They question it again and again as to who caused its death, and the *quinbanda*[1] replies, on behalf of the dead man, whatever comes into his head. In the majority of cases he declares that the cause of his death was his dislike to life; but there are times when the *quinbanda*, as the mouth-piece of the corpse, suggests that such a one was the sorcerer who did it all, and the unhappy creature who is thus named is irremediably lost, for if not sooner or later put to death, all his property is confiscated and his family is dispersed. The *itambi* (a prolonged banquet) then follows, all the guests shaving their heads in sign of mourning.

These customs, thanks to the intervention of the

[1] Pronounced *t'chinbanda*, the medicine-man, diviner, &c.

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Portuguese authorities, have nearly disappeared, but their complete suppression is not easy; for we learned that although not intruded on the public eye, they are clandestinely still resorted to.

Having at length recovered from the fever which had prostrated us for some days, and from whose influence no European can hope to escape after a fortnight's residence upon African soil, more especially when he is exposed to the ardent rays of a tropical sun, we resolved on the 4th of December to continue our peregrinations.

Getting on foot by eleven o'clock in the morning of that day, we commenced scaling the abrupt flanks of the southern mountains, which rise to a height of not less than 984 feet. Our opinions, as we toiled on, were evidently undergoing a considerable change respecting a life in the African wilds. The weakening effect of the climate and the persistent character of the fever tended considerably to abate the convictions we had hitherto held.

"By Jove!" exclaimed one, as with bent back and woe-begone countenance he stopped to support himself on his staff; "for a good half-hour I have been fagging up this hill, with fever burning me like a hot coal, and I don't seem to have advanced a bit. I never felt so done up in my life. This climate regularly upsets one, and the sun is blazing like a furnace."

"I have been looking about everywhere for water," said the other, "but not a blessed drop is to be seen."

"Is all Africa likely to resemble this? If so, I should say nothing but a salamander could stand it."

"They say it will be better when we get to the top."

We turned this consideration over in our minds, but for the time drew little consolation out of it; indeed, on comparing notes, we found we had arrived at the con-

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viction that central Africa was very near the coast, so far as comfort and habitableness were concerned.

We at length reached the summit of the mountain, and glancing down it with an air of contempt, drew out our

WOMEN OF THE DOMBE GRANDE.

(*From a photo. by Monteiro.*)

aneroids that we might wring from them the secret of the altitude. "Nine hundred and eighty-four feet!" was our exclamation, "why, it seems incredible. It didn't appear half that height from below!"

Seating ourselves upon the softest stones we could

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find, out of the many that were scattered about, our hands resting, after the fashion of the natives, upon our staves, we took a rest to recover our strength ere recommencing our onward journey.

DOMBE CARRIERS.

(*From a photo. by Monteiro.*)

Then, whilst the carriers were straggling, one after the other, to the top of the ascent, with the trifle of seventy pounds' weight upon their backs, commenced one of those scenes which were frequently repeated as our journey went on.

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One of us, who was jotting down in his note-book the observations of altitude, had the mortification to see them half effaced in the act by the drops of perspiration falling upon the page from the tip of his nose; and as he read the last observation of the aneroid, not without difficulty, on account of the reflection of the light in the upper glass, and regarded the instrument as he held it in his left hand, with admiration, broke out in praise both of the aneroid and its inventor, adding however by way of final remark, to which he was doubtless urged by the burning heat of the sun,—

"What a pity it is that it doesn't register automatically upon a sheet of paper all the heights as we scale them, so as to save us the trouble of doing so!"

This, translated, simply meant that his inclination for work was not quite so keen as it used to be.

His companion, after a deep contemplation, first of the ground and then of his boots, muttered, as though giving vent to some deep meditation,—

"When shall we have railways in this part of the world?"

Which signified pretty clearly, "I have no great opinion of the *present* system of travelling in Africa."

In the talk which followed on the above remarks about half an hour was expended, and as by that time the whole of the caravan had reached the summit, we resumed our march towards the south, halting at last on the right bank of the river Cabindondo, about eight miles' distance from the point of departure.

Here we made our first attempt at the construction of an encampment, and the operation turned out a more serious one than the uninitiated would suppose, on account of the absolute absence of vegetation. Not a tree or a shrub was visible. Apart from this, our men, who

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were as yet new to the work, and had very hazy notions on the subject, contented themselves at the outset with scoring out upo the ground the particular spots where they proposed to sleep.

Having then raised the canvas tent at a given spot and stacked their loads just opposite the entrance, they endeavoured to make it the centre of a circle whereof the circumference was formed by groups of themselves, collected round their fires. This done, they lit their pipes; the conversation became general, and preparations were made for their meal, consisting of *infundi* (a kind of dumpling formed of maize flour produced by pounding the grain in wooden mortars after previously wetting it), and the flesh of a sheep, which was divided amongst them.

The Ban-dombe tribes of the valley, never live on this lofty region, at least upon the line we followed. The want of water, as we learned, was the main cause of their avoiding it, so that the route, particularly in the dry season, is very little frequented.

Fatigued by the day's march, under a scorching sun, we retired to our tent after a light meal, and having made the customary observations, soon dropped off into a refreshing sleep, willingly leaving to the next day all considerations about our track, with the greater readiness as we knew that it would be over rough ground, measuring some ten miles at least in length.

We could not help remarking before we lost consciousness how soon the murmur of voices in the camp was succeeded by deep silence, made the more noticeable by the slight interruptions caused by the crackling of the wood fires, an unusually loud snore from two of the sleeping groups, and the remote and mournful cry of the jackals. The last sound of which we were sensible was that of

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a mizzling rain falling softly on the parched and stony ground.

As day broke on the 5th of December, we roused ourselves and sprang to our feet, not at all displeased to quit a place which had not a single feature of interest to recommend it. Orders were given to raise the packs, the lazy fellows among the troop were bullied into active motion, and we were once again *en route* directing our steps still southward.

The ground was at first nearly level, partly covered with stumpy grass alternated with sparse vegetation. Euphorbia of various kinds, with thick, juicy leaves, aloes, and leguminous creepers, were the plants which lent the most special character to the whole of this region, which sensibly changed in appearance as we travelled on.

Long undulations crossed our road at right angles, making the march a very toilsome one. Masses of granite, blackened by the action of the sun and rains, were scattered all over the ground, and imparted to it a cheerless and arid aspect. The track, itself, covered for the most part with sharp fragments of granite, severely punished the feet of the carriers. It took us seven days of steady tramping to get through this uninhabited region.

With early morning we were again astir, and desirous of showing our people that Europeans were not such milksops as they seemed inclined to believe, we put on a bold front and marched with the rest of them, crossing craggy mounds and pushing our way through ravines. But when the sun, gaining power as he rose, dissipated the veil of mist which had hitherto sheltered us, and sensibly raised the temperature, the perspiration burst from every pore, the handkerchiefs with which we mopped our faces were soon reduced to wet pads, our

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limbs began to tremble, and, much against our will, we were compelled to come to a halt at the most exposed portion of the road.

We camped at the close of the first day at a spot called Taramanjamba; on the second at Tiué, by the Ganga rivulet; on the third at Chalucinga, near some lofty rocks, among which was found one of those deposits

ON THE SLOPE OF MOUNT TAMA.

of water formed by the recent rains, which they style *cacimbas;* on the fourth at Caluculla, on a rivulet then dry, an affluent of the Capullo Dionzo; on the fifth on the slope of Mount Tama, part of a chain which runs from that place in a north-westerly direction, and belongs to the systems of Chella and Munda; on the sixth at a spot where a gigantic baobab with hollow trunk presented

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a vast conical recess, capable of holding half a score of people, and which Capulca, our *doctor of culinary sciences*, converted into a kitchen, in consequence of the rain which was then falling; and finally, on the seventh day we reached the Tui rivulet, on the left bank of which we sighted the residence of the Sova Nanja.

Here we found ourselves enclosed between two chains of mountains, which, running parallel to each other, afterwards diverge towards the north, forming thus the basin of the river Calunga, an affluent of the river Copororo. These chains are the Tama, of which we have already spoken, and the Vissecua, which runs north and south till, in the far distance, it is lost in the Caluquembe territory.

It was the first time we had seen what in Africa is called a *senzala* or *banza*, and therefore, impelled by curiosity, we bestowed upon it a degree of attention that we never afterwards gave to the same class of habitation.

The hamlet that lay before us was, no doubt, to a certain extent in harmony with the country round it. Built on a muddy plain, and partly denuded of vegetation, it presented to the eye an outer stockade, nearly square, each side being at least 170 feet in length. Within this enclosure were a dozen dingy and miserable thatched huts.

The outward appearance, formed of small stakes driven into the ground close together, bedaubed with clay, and terminating in a conical top of grass—blackened by the smoke which is constantly filtering through it, and leaving, in the shape of deposit, all the varied products of combustion—is singularly unattractive; whilst a nearer approach reveals the presence of a dozen or two creatures of the weaker sex, half naked, with long hanging breasts and wrinkled skin, and babes sitting astraddle on the left or right hip—lean, mongrel dogs of

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savage aspect—pigs with long snouts, constantly turning up the boggy soil in search of dainties of the most problematical character, and a few fowls just as busily engaged—the whole forming a picture which, to the newly arrived traveller, is at once strange, repellent, and pitiful.

The Sova, a man advanced in years, and dirty in attire, came out to meet us; and compliments, such as we afterwards found were customary on such occasions,

THE BAOBAB KITCHEN.

having been exchanged between us, he began firing off a series of questions through the medium of an interpreter. "Whence came we? where were we going? what were we doing? were we traders?" and similar queries, not to one-half of which had we time or inclination to give an answer.

A present of a very lean hen and a calabash of *garapa* terminated the interview, we presenting him in return

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with four yards of gingham, which he carefully rolled up and put under his arm. It was amusing to observe the old fellow as he retired, carefully lifting up at intervals the dirty rags which formed his clothing, so as to prevent their catching in the long thorns of the *stramonium* or other brambles that stood in the way.

VENDORS OF CHARCOAL.
(*From a photo. by Monteiro.*)

On the morning of the 12th, after marching the six miles which separated us from the residence of Quillengues, we arrived at that place at eleven o'clock, and were received by the principal authority.

Quillengues forms a ward or division of the vast district of Benguella. Bounded on the north by the Dombe, on the north-east by Caconda, on the south-west by Quipungo and Umpata, on the south by Huilla and Jau,—it has an area of about 4000 square miles, and a population of not less than 10,000 souls, packed into 5000 habitations, thus giving on an average two persons per dwelling or square mile, or 300 *senzalas*, admitting that each of the latter contains from twenty-five to thirty huts.

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This immense surface, shut in on the eastern side by the extensive Vissecua chain, is in great part covered with immense forests. The people who inhabit it vary from each other somewhat in appearance. The Quillengues, who are on the whole of rather a finer type, seem to have suffered from some adverse influence, which may perhaps be attributed partly to the soil on which they live, and in part to some admixture with the people of the interior, the *Bananos*.

The native chiefs, or *sovas*, are as plentiful as generals in certain modern armies, and appear to enjoy, or at least to claim, a relative independence. We heard of a pretty smart reply being given by one of them, Quendengongo by name, which amused us immensely. The *chefe* having sent a delegate to him, with a request that he would come over to the residence to have some conversation, the sable prince replied, "That it was the same distance from the residence to the enclosure as it was from the enclosure to his house, and that if the *chefe* doubted the fact he had better make the experiment."

The abundance of provisions and cattle we saw about us fully justified the information that had been given with respect to its agricultural wealth. Maize, beans, massambala (*sorgho*), manioc, potatoes, ground-nuts, sugar-cane, various indigenous fruits, such as melons &c., with a variety of pot-herbs, are met with in abundance. Its climate may be considered bearable, and not unhealthy to a careful European. The heavy rains of the winter season ensure a constant fertility.

Its commercial importance, as a stopping-place for the caravans coming from the interior, has diminished since the opening of the direct road from Supa to the Bihé. Formerly, all the caravans, or *n'bacas*, passed that way, and bartered not a few articles with the establishments then in existence.

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The residence of the *chefe* of the ward is composed of a vast rectangular palisade, about 557 feet in length, with a bastion at each face mounted by a piece of artillery, and having some ten or fifteen habitations within its precincts. Among the cannon we fell in with was one piece that really deserves notice from its antiquity, as it was founded in 1593.

Situated on the left bank of the river Calunga, whose sources lie to the south of the slopes of the great range of mountains, and not far from a place called Socobala, Quillengues is supplied with water from this river and its tributaries. The panorama unrolled before the eyes of the traveller when, from the centre of the enclosure, he ascends to the top of one of the bastions, is really charming. A vast plain running from north to south, covered with luxuriant vegetation, is, for the most part, surrounded by mountains and hills in every direction. To the east the Vissecua, visible till it merges into the Munda range; on the north, Mounts Sumbo and Bango, close to which the Calunga flows; on the west, Mount Cope, and on the south-west, Mount Borbulo soaring above the heights of Tama, form the limits of the horizon, and compose an immense amphitheatre of which the observer occupies the centre.

The Portuguese expedition, encamped within the enclosure, devoted its immediate attention to the engaging carriers, in order to proceed upon its journey. The miasmatic influence, however, of the climate, would not allow this question to be solved so speedily as we desired, for three or four days after our arrival, we were all more or less severely attacked with fever. Happily, by means of regular treatment and nourishing food we soon pulled through, and were enabled again to resume our investigations.

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Having determined astronomically the position of the place, we were enabled to set down Quillengues at 14° 03′ 10″ south latitude, and 14° 05′ 03″ longitude, east from Greenwich, making a wide difference from the co-ordinates of the existing maps, where the error of latitude is as great as thirty-seven miles. The mean temperature we found to be 27° centigrade, or 81° Fahrenheit. The prevailing winds at the period of our stay were from the north-west, and the height above the sea level is 2850 feet.

The abundant vegetation is increased by numerous adansonias and by the celebrated *gongó*, a graceful tree, whose fruit, somewhat of the same shape as a walnut, but of smaller size, yields a liquor, which after fermentation is intoxicating enough, as the drunken state of those who are addicted to its use too clearly proves.

The profusion of cattle throughout the Quillengues territory has not unfrequently excited the cupidity of the warlike Bananos, whose raids have caused considerable loss to the people, carrying off their goods, and slaying the owners who venture to offer any resistance.

It must be a strange sight, according to the testimony of eye-witnesses, to observe the dexterity with which these border-robbers convey the numerous heads of cattle over mountains and through valleys, by striking one of them repeatedly with a couple of small sticks, called *muchi*, while crying out *mongôa*, *mongôa*, so as to attract the attention of the beasts, which seem to follow as a matter of course.

But these human marauders are not the only pests from which these poor people have to suffer. The wild beasts, with which this region abounds, commit great and constant havoc among the flocks and herds, and a good deal of sport is afforded the traveller in popping at the panthers, which, over and over again, attempt to get

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through the enclosures behind which a goat or calf is sheltered.

Our stay here until the 1st January, 1878, was passed agreeably enough amid various occupations, saving at those times when we were down with fever. For instance, during the morning we devoted ourselves to study within the precincts of the residence, and in conversation, and collecting information, more especially with regard to the southern regions; during the day we were employed in designing maps and making calculations, and at night we amused ourselves with listening to the wonderful stories narrated by the aborigines. We made excursions in various directions, to determine geographical positions, and spent any leisure time in hunting up carriers and arranging their loads.

Thus passed the remaining days of the year 1877, the saddest among them being Christmas, when one of our number was so seriously ill as to occasion great anxiety to his companions. To this source of trouble was superadded the dulness caused by our separation from family and friends, and all those comforts which in Europe make this season one of special joyousness.

The idea that all those we love and esteem are united at so vast a distance from ourselves—the air of sadness which sits upon all the objects that surround us, still further intensified by the presence of half a dozen beings to whom such feelings are utterly unknown, and who are therefore rather inclined to scoff at, than sympathize with, our melancholy aspects—would almost seem to invest with a character of insanity expeditions that are fraught with so much individual discomfort, and that are carried on amid a thousand difficulties and dangers.

Let us cast aside, however, considerations of so dull a nature, and resume the course of our narrative.

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The fever having for a time left us, we were enabled to see to our preparations for departure, and as carriers were forthcoming we put our hands to the work in good earnest. The last day was taken up with packing and distributing trunks and loads, registering the readings of the instruments, and giving gratuities to those who had lent us assistance in our operations.

And now that the first faint glimmer of the approaching day is visible in the eastern horizon, ushering in the month of January of the year 1878, and that the confused noises attending the starting of the caravan are ringing in our ears, we ask you, friendly reader, to bear us company in our journey westward, on our promise that, whatever the obstacles and annoyances that may start up by the way, we will endeavour to be cheerful and entertaining companions.

BINDA (GOURD).

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CHAPTER II.

Vissécua, Munda, and Chella—Fauna and geology of Quillengues—The first day of the year and the choice of route—Quipangula, mountains, entomology, forests, contiguous valley, temperature, and the baobab—Mining wealth and native exaggeration—The *ossi* and a curious incident—Caluquembe and Quipongo—Useful plants—Mount Catanha—Six troublesome donkeys—N'gola and the ant-hills—A dangerous fly and the *thugs* of the district—Chimbarandungo—First visit of the sova—His family—Curious episodes and an undignified retreat—Across the territory of Caconda—Plantations, drinks, game—Position of the residence—Fertility and salubrity of the territory—Anchieta—Matheus Gomes Pereira and an excursion to the Cunene—A noteworthy reptile—Lake T'chicondi—Notes upon the river—Legions of rats—Game—Hippopotami snares—Return.

To the east of Quillengues extends, as we before menticned, the vast chain of the Vissécua, which, running in a north-north-east direction, passes to the west of the Bailundo, parallel to the Huambo and Sambo Mountains, and form, with the utmost regularity, the last steps to be scaled in order to reach the upper table-land.

The mounds and scarps of these mountains, in great part precipitous and covered with luxuriant vegetation, present to the traveller an obstacle which he is forced to make serious efforts to overcome. It would seem as if this extensive and imposing line of serried heads must be due to a depression of the country on the west. The separation of the enormous masses, furrowed vertically by deep ravines, arose no doubt from the fracture of the marginal soil, which, in breaking, became depressed.

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Extending on towards the south, under precisely similar circumstances, the huge cutting advances under the denomination, first of Alundu and Tama, and subsequently of Chella, until it meets the river Cunene, the difference of level gradually diminishing towards the adjacent lower lands, as far as the vast plains of the Ovampo territory, into which it then merges.

The broad mantle of verdure which clothes these vast slopes and the lofty table-land, are a perfect paradise to a great variety of antelopes and other animals, which feed habitually upon the abundant grass. Herds of the *strespsiceros cudu*, the *Oreas canna*, the *Catoplebas taurina*, the *Cephalobus mergens*, and the *Cervicapra bohor* roam at will, and give great animation and beauty to the landscape.

The geologist would here find an extensive field of study, and numerous and important questions would detain him long. Rocks of immense variety, represented by granite with an admixture of gneiss, alternate with beds of flaky mica in course of disaggregation; fragmentary quartz covers in good part the calcareous matter, stained red by the oxide of iron which is met with throughout the district.

It is doubtless to the vicinity of these mountains that the fertility of the Valley of Quillengues is due, not only on account of the abundance of water poured into it during the rainy season, but likewise through the continual condensation of steam which, accumulated in the upper part, refreshes the lower ground.

With the setting sun of the last day of the year we had a general meeting, the object of which was to determine the route we should follow on the morrow.

Right opposite our position extended a line of lofty hills, and the discussion once set going, we looked atten-

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tively at the numerous arms stretched out with forefinger extended, as they swept along the heights, from north-east to south-west, and traced imaginary curves in space. "That way!" exclaimed one. "No; this!" cried out another. "Which?" inquired ourselves, who, in the midst of the babel of talk, could not, with all our efforts, succeed in making one man speak at a time.

Finally, after an hour's disorder, we were enabled to come to the following conclusion: that the summit of the ridge was accessible by two tracks on the western side, indistinctly frequented by the Quillengues on their way to Caconda; that the more southerly one, however, had the preference in the eye of the aborigines for the transport of heavy burthens.

When day broke on the 1st of January, 1878, the whole troop made their preparations in wonderful spirits to commence the march; and, during the first part of it at least, the utmost gaiety was paramount. The chants usual upon such occasions were intoned by the carriers, who always managed to refresh their throats rather extensively on the day of departure, whatever precautions might be taken to prevent it.

We noticed on our way that the vegetable kingdom was represented by adansonias, acacias, urticaceas, euphorbias, and other plants, alternated with vast plantations of bananas, orange-trees, papaeiras, pine-apples, &c., and in proportion as we mounted the slope, we found vegetation to be of a more vigorous and tropical character.

Numerous rivulets, tributaries of the Calunga, ran their serpentine course through the extensive plateau.

Notwithstanding the intense heat, we continued our march to Quipangula, on the flank of the mountain, where we camped at 1.30 p.m. The aneroid, on being

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consulted, gave us the height of 2985 feet. Here, for the first time, we fell in with a remarkable berry, perfectly similar to coffee, and known among the natives under the name of *oriungo*.

On the 2nd of January, being a fine summer morning, we began the ascent of the Vissécua. The vegetation, which had been getting gradually wilder and more abundant, rendered our progress extremely slow. Legions of insects hummed and twittered amidst the foliage upon the damp and slippery ground. Ants of various shapes scampered at our approach in different directions; black wood-lice, three inches in length, less nimble in their movements, and which rolled themselves into a ball at the slightest symptom of danger, fell victims to the unaccustomed tread of the European boot; beetles of strange aspect fled their different ways; caterpillars, with long yellow fur, most dangerous to the touch from the inflammation they cause, wriggled themselves into the underwood; the active termites, whose insidious attacks upon the giants of the vegetable world were visible in the grand specimens that were lying prone upon the ground, were still busy at their destructive work; and scores of nameless things rustled in the thick jungle or fluttered in mid-air.

Beyond the narrow path, which was difficult of passage, so encumbered was it with obstacles of every kind, the forest was simply impenetrable. The traveller has to pick his way with the utmost care through a perfect tunnel of verdure, lined with bindweed and convolvulus.

Here and there he comes upon an acacia laden with white blossoms, or an erythrina with clusters of red flowers, hanging from lofty boughs, which form a delicious contrast with the vivid green by which they are surrounded; while in the distance a tall burseracea, or

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an elegant plant of the madder tribe, covered with a network of creepers, makes the background of the picture.

The track, after penetrating for some time through the very thickest of the forest, emerges on to the flank of the mountain, where an abyss of unseen depth lies perpendicularly beneath the feet. The sudden change from the sylvan tunnel, almost dark from its density, to the open air and light is very remarkable, for there bursts

RESIDENCE IN QUILLENGUES.

at once upon his view the splendid panorama of the Valley of Quillengues, with its cultivated fields, its scattered hamlets, and the lofty mountains of Alunda and Tama, seared and furrowed with defiles and ravines.

The valley, properly so-called, enjoys a very different climate to that of the hilly region to which we had climbed, for at the elevation at which Quillengues stands, namely 2353 feet, the temperature is higher, the atmo-

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sphere less humid, and the currents of air are very different. Vegetation itself undergoes a considerable change, and trees like the baobab, which are profusely scattered over the valley, disappear at an altitude of 3900 feet.

At ten o'clock we reached our culminating point, 4800 feet above the sea level, and the last half-hour had been spent in a thick mist, which hid the peaks from view. The cold appeared intense after the climate to which we had got accustomed in the valley; the humidity pierced to our very skin and left our clothes literally wet through.

We remarked that the mineral wealth of the place was considerable, and that strata of various ores existed on that virgin soil. The presence of magnetic iron was shown by the movement of the needle. On the banks of the *Obaba-tenda* rivulet the deviations were so great that all readings became impossible. The aborigines, who are fond of exaggeration, affirmed that some of the rocks, like the famous loadstone mountain of Sinbad, had the property of attracting the heaviest muskets, so that it was very difficult to get them away again!

From that place the lofty table-land slightly inclined to the eastward; the forest was less dense and terminated at an extensive plateau covered with grass where vegetation became scarce. Game was so abundant that a buffalo paid us an early call, and though we fired at, we unfortunately missed him—a circumstance of no favourable augury to those who might have to trust to their aim to procure them actual food.

We passed the night of the 2nd of January beside the *Cuverai* rivulet. We were then in the very midst of the watershed of the river Cunene, of which this little stream was one of the tributaries.

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About eleven at night we were suddenly awakened by a hoarse roaring at no great distance from our encampment. There was no mistaking the voice of the king of the forest—the *ossi*, as the natives call him—who is pretty frequently heard in these remote regions. While lying awake after this disturbance, we noticed a kind of heavy breathing within our very enclosure, and a munching sound as of some large ruminating animal. Having no suspicion, however, of anything wrong, we fancied it must be the donkeys and turned round to try and sleep again, when a regular hullabaloo roused us up completely.

It was found that a huge buffalo (*m'pacaça*) (*Bubalus caffer*), alarmed probably by the lion's roar, had made his way into the *quilombo*, and was ruminating quite close to the tent when he was discovered. There was no peace for the poor beast from that moment, for to the hue and cry of a score of voices were added the reports of muskets fired off at the retreating animal, which, to our consternation and disappointment, leaped the fencing and disappeared in the darkness.

In spite of the disturbance caused by the foregoing episode, we managed to get seven hours' sleep, which brightened us up considerably, and by break of day we were again upon the road.

We crossed one after the other all the affluents on the right bank of the Cunene. These take their rise in the north-west, on the slopes of the Chinhinga range, which divides the Caluquembe country from Quipongo, and flows in a south-east direction to swell the main streams.

Being extremely anxious to push on, we urged our carriers to the utmost by promises of extra pay, directing our course east-south-east in the direction of the large village of N'golo, the most important in Quipongo, where we trusted to arrive on the 4th.

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The ground we were then passing over was almost flat, extending for 100 miles at least to the river Cunene, and was covered with profuse vegetation. Among the plants were noticeable the *umenganga*, the fruit of which, closely resembling the European cherry, has a very pleasant flavour; the *ussamba* (acacia), whose bark is used by the natives for the making of ropes; the *ucha*, with a rich red fruit smaller than a walnut and of a delicate taste; the *ulemba* and the *ussolo*, from which are extracted a gummy substance, applicable to different uses; the dragon's-blood tree; an immense variety of euphorbias, such as the aloes and the cactus (the pulp of the latter employed to cleanse the teeth); the *oriungo*, or coffee plant, of which we have already made mention, and a species of wild grape (*amplidea*), so excessively astringent that the injection of a minute quantity would produce a powerful contraction of the membrane of the pharynx.

On the south ran the lofty Catanha range, which divides Quipungo from the Huilla country, so that we were marching between two chains of mountains, which, at a considerable distance, ran parallel to our course. It was noteworthy to observe how carefully the track had been studied by the natives, who here, as elsewhere in Africa, had, with a view to greater comfort, carried their path near the sources of the rivers, so as always to have water at hand and not to be compelled to cross broad torrents.

On the 4th of the month the caravan reached the Quipungo territory, on the right bank of the Quicúe rivulet, a bare slope with a muddy valley below. We reached this spot after considerable delay owing to the difficulties which half-a-dozen donkeys, brought from Benguella, occasioned at every moment, and more par-

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ticularly when fording any stream. Under the persuasion that these animals would be of great use to us in the way of transport, we had brought them on to Quillengues without a load, intending from that place to make them carry our baggage. Never was there a greater mistake. These beasts, the offspring of a degenerate race, seem, owing either to extreme stupidity or malice prepense, created for no other purpose than to tire out the patience of the traveller; in fact, to take a laden donkey through the interior of Africa appears to us an insolvable problem, or solvable only by telling off a man to each ass.

The tiniest blade of grass, three or four leaves lying by the roadside, are quite enough to distract their attention; and when you think they are trotting on with all due decorum, they will suddenly break away in search of some real or imaginary dainty.

And the mischief they get into is beyond all bearing. Now it is some bog, into which they flounder and sink up to their knees, and never make the slightest effort to get themselves out; next they jam themselves and their loads between a couple of trees, with the same resignation to fate; then, if they approach any cultivated ground, off they go with a rush to make inroads among the standing maize, and cause us to be mulcted in heavy damages if we do not want to quarrel with the natives; and finally, in crossing a river they always manage to fall and wet their burdens, and entail upon us no end of trouble to save their lives. These and other experiences induce us to advise all those who think of taking donkeys upon African expeditions to abandon the idea, and erase their name from off the list of useful objects.

Luckily, in our case, their very perversity became the means of ridding us of them for good and all. Natu-

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rally bad swimmers, they were carried off one after the other in the most stupid way in crossing the larger streams, so that only one solitary specimen of the race reached the Bihé country; nor would he have done so but for the attention and care of our men, who, because perhaps he was the last, in difficult positions almost carried him along.

The progress of the Portuguese expedition, therefore, was recorded along this section of the route by the bones of five unfortunates, whose most important part in life was played at its close, by supplying a banquet to the aborigines, who, to tell the truth, found roasted donkey a most *recherché* dish.

CHIMBARANDUNGO.

Leaving the Quicúe, we crossed a cultivated plateau, whence at 8.30 a.m. we sighted the village of N'gola, belonging to the Sova Chimbarandungo, built upon the Cutota rivulet, an affluent of the Que, surrounded by a strong stockade.

The aspect of the ground was really remarkable. Covered in every direction by ant-hills, from six to ten feet in height, it resembles at daytime, the camp of an army, and at night, under the moonbeams, an enormous cemetery with pyramidal tombs.

The termites were not the only important insects of

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the district, for we soon found an abundance of a huge fly of a light grey colour, flat in shape, and with a large head, called the *populo*, which, though attacking the cattle by preference, does not spare human beings, upon whom it inflicts wounds from which the blood flows freely. The only way to keep off these pests was to make large grass fires, which, by being kept constantly fed, scared away the terrible enemy.

Shortly before mid-day all our men were hard at work erecting an encampment, at about half a mile north-west of the residence of the native chief, their operations being hurried on in consequence of a threatened storm from the southward. We kept a sharp eye upon the aborigines who had flocked to the spot, for these Quipungos, vassals of N'gola, have not the best reputation for honesty or scrupulousness.

They seem in fact to be a kind of African *Thugs*. Never attacking in force, they disperse themselves through the forest, and waylay any travellers who incautiously venture alone or in small numbers into the defiles of the Catanha or Munda, and strip them to the skin. They occasionally join the Bananos in their wars, and despoil the neighbouring lands, but they prefer murdering and robbing on the quiet. They cause great apprehension to the traders, who will only venture to pass through their territory in strong companies, and few or no trading operations are therefore effected between the two.

At one o'clock the sova left his residence with his suite to pay us a visit at our *quilombo*, and as it was the first time we had been so honoured by an African sovereign we deemed it right to put ourselves in an attitude appropriate to so memorable an occasion. After consultation upon the subject, and not knowing whether it

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would be the proper thing to receive him standing or sitting, we came to the conclusion to sit down, as being more comfortable; then, buttoning up our coats, cocking our helmets a little on one side to give ourselves a bold and jaunty air, and assuming the gravest aspect we could summon under the circumstances, we awaited the coming of the sable potentate.

We found him to be a man of middle height, strongly-built, and with well-marked features. He wore a suit of gingham, if suit it could be called, and on his head an elegant *cajinga*, or cap, woven of *mabella* or palm-leaf; from his shoulders fell a leopard skin, and in his hand he carried a long assagai.

He advanced towards us with a smile, and in the frankest way shook us heartily by the hand in European fashion. His vassals, black fellows with hang-dog looks, armed with bows and assagais, stood all round, and by their aspect, their long-greasy locks, and restless rolling eyes, gave us but a sorry prospect of any future visits of African dignitaries still further removed than Chimbarandungo and his people from European influence.

The sova set himself down surrounded by his *macotas*, or head-men, and conversation at once commenced, the subject being very naturally our journey and the motives which led to it. After this we talked of different matters, and our guns and revolvers were keenly examined and admired. His sable majesty, however, appeared restlessly looking for something else, when some one suggested that we doubtless had amongst our stores such trifles as kegs and bottles, for the contents of which, as it was further hinted, the sova had a marked predilection.

With a view to satisfy him in this weakness we ordered the precious liquor to be brought out, and filling

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a glass we offered it to the potentate. Every countenance at once lit up with animation, and Chimbarandungo eagerly took the proffered drink. Mindful, however, of the custom of his country, he passed it on to the interpreter, ordering him to take a sip by way of proving that there was no poison in the glass; and satisfied with the result, he emptied the contents at a gulp, smacked his lips, and exclaimed in a sonorous voice, *Quiambote n'gana* (Good, Senhor !), and returned the empty vessel.

After this, various excursions were made to the keg, the sova having, it would appear, a right to a royalty upon every glass, as no one was permitted to raise it to his lips until a portion of the liquor had gone down his chief's throat.

Being desirous finally of giving us a proof of confidence, he went off to his house to fetch his wife and daughters, whom he desired to introduce to us, and begged for a bottle to bear him company. He came back in about half an hour with the ladies of his establishment, and an ox, of which he made us a present on the express condition of its being slaughtered before him.

It was not surprising if by this time Chimbarandungo should be quite drunk. His extravagant behaviour in presence of his august spouse, his comical gestures, and the capers he occasionally cut before his court there assembled, engendered a very secondary idea of him as a monarch, except perhaps, in the eyes of his vassals, who perchance, habituated to similar scenes, either attached no importance to them, or deemed them the vagaries of a superior being.

The wife was a remarkable woman, who, however, in the way of beauty owed nothing to nature, whatever she may have done to art. Her well greased locks hung down to her hips; her neck was encircled by an enormous

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collar containing every kind of shell and bead to be met with in the stores on the coast, intermingled with antelope horns and other equally outlandish objects; her body was completely enveloped in a cloth, the original colour of which one could not even guess at; and her great goggle eyes stared about in an idiotic way, as if her mind were incapable of forming any notion of what was going on around her, her conversation being limited to interjections, such as "*Eh! Oh! Oah!*" which she jerked out when anything really did fix her attention.

LA FAVORITA OF CHIMBARANDUNGO.

Just at this time a thunderstorm which had been gathering in the south-east burst upon us with great violence. There was no choice but to invite Chimbarandungo and his family and suite to take shelter in the tent. As ill-luck would have it, the keg stood there right before his eyes as he entered, and the sova, by the inroads he made on it, seemed to wish to make his whole family as drunk as himself. Nor did his consort offer any, the faintest resistance to his efforts, but readily joined her daughters in tossing off a glass or two of the raw spirits.

The rain meanwhile continued to pour down, and as there had been a long drought the water was hailed as an immense benefit to the country. It was attributed

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by the sova to the arrival of the Europeans, and in order to give them a taste of his royalty, he announced his intention of offering a human sacrifice to their honour!

The idea of course was rejected by us with disgust; and we not only explained to him that we had no wish to mark our progress through his domains by the shedding of human blood, but made him a long speech, wherein we demonstrated, to our own satisfaction at least, that such a proceeding would be an act of iniquity, that no one ought to take away what he could not give, and many other moral sentiments of the same kind, which the astute monarch, half drunk as he was, received with a wink and some excessively comic pantomime, as much as to say, "You had better stop all that palaver, my good fellows, particularly before my people here. Where would be my authority if I didn't say big things now and then, though they know it's all talk?"

We felt convinced of this ourselves as we looked round and noticed the independent bearing of the vassals, none of whom evidently would have been disposed to quietly give up his head to the caprice of his chief. We therefore changed the subject, and as it had left off raining invited the party to step outside to see the execution of the ox, and mark the effects of a shot fired from a European gun.

The ladies turned out with the rest, the elder one with a swinging kind of gait, which may have been intended for grace, but looked like the effects of alcohol. She did not attempt to keep it up for long, but finding a convenient spot, flopped down in some haste to witness the sacrifice of the ox, which seemed patiently to await its destiny. It was led out of the enclosure, and the visitors being posted in a good position to view the spectacle, a gun was fired, and the animal immediately fell dead.

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The delight of Chimbarandungo was ecstatic. He reeled towards the beast (which lay its full length on the ground with its skull crushed in), as if to feel with his own hands the terrible effects of an explosive bullet and explain them to his *macotas*. But his own condition was such that he could now scarcely speak, and in leaning down he toppled over the animal, scrambled again to his feet, horrified the marksman by hugging him in his arms, and wound up his extravagances by riding off home on the back of one of his ministers.

His wife and daughters seemed in no way affected by these vagaries or their termination: the latter, in bidding us adieu, did what they had taken every opportunity of doing since their arrival, namely, pester us for thread and needles, and the quantity they carried away with them at last must have served that illustrious family for some years to come.

The sun had scarcely appeared above the horizon when we gave orders to raise the loads, resolved to start as early as possible, in order to avoid the doubtful honour of a second visit from the sova. The precaution may have been a wise one, but did not serve our turn, for our noble guest of the night before, having himself turned out at cock-crow, came down directly he saw there was a commotion in our camp, and upon the excuse of begging from us a written declaration that on our passage through his territory we had been hospitably received, wheedled us out of another bottle or two of aguardente.

At length, it being then about 7.30 a.m., we commenced our march, through an extensive plain, covered with grass and occasional shrubs, which appeared to stretch out, as far as the eye could reach, to the eastward. The surface was slightly undulated from north to south, and we discovered that we stood upon

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the lofty table-land of that part of Africa, at an altitude of 5280 feet.

The first river we crossed was the Que, an affluent of the Cunene, where the difficulties with the donkeys, before alluded to, were great and troublesome, it becoming necessary in fact for several of our men to guide each brute in swimming across the stream.

The muddy bank which we found on the other side was intersected by numerous rivulets, that had their source in the high *serra* to the north, above which towered the huge bulk of a mountain called the Puva, or Uba, clearly visible to us about eleven o'clock as it rose from the bank of a stream known by the name of Usserem.

We camped on the 5th at Catonga; on the 6th beside the Cubunje rivulet; on the 7th upon the river Londimba; and on the 8th we reached the Portuguese settlement at Caconda, where we were received by a chefe who was provisionally invested with the governorship of the district.

Large plantations bordered our track, and in the vicinity were the dwellings of the Sova N'damba, on the banks of the Leva, of the Sova N'guengue, and others. We noticed crops of manioc, maize, and massambala; and abundance of aloes, palma Christi, ginguba (*Arachis hypogea*), sugar-cane, sweet potatoes (*n'bonzo*) and a plant called *inhame*, which we took to be the *Discorea alata*. The natives make an agreeable drink, called *garapa*, of which they are exceedingly fond. It is a species of beer obtained by the infusion of maize, after it has been damped, triturated, and exposed to the sun for a certain time, mixed with the root of a plant named *luco*, which imparts to the beverage a slightly bitter taste.

We found game to be most plentiful, whole herds of

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INTERIOR VIEW OF THE SETTLEMENT OF CACONDA.

Page 58.

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buffaloes (*m'pacaças*) being sighted on the banks of the river Catape, but they were too shy to allow us to get near enough for a shot at them.

Our first care upon arrival, was to shelter the goods from the sun and wet, as the rainy season had now set in, and we next turned our attention to our own habitations.

Caconda has already become one of the most interesting spots in the vast province of Angola. The chief place of a district, dependent upon Benguella, it is the residence of a chefe, who is sheltered within a fortress having four faces of 195 feet in length, erected upon a plateau 5387 feet above the level of the sea, between two rivulets called Cababa and Secula-Binza, in a position which, astronomically determined, was found to be 13° 44′ south latitude, and 15° 02′ 35″ longitude east of Greenwich.

Its altitude, moderate temperature, soft climate, beautiful surroundings, profusion of fruit-trees, freshness of water, derived from translucid streamlets, have won for it the palm of superiority over every other settlement in the interior, and it thoroughly deserves its reputation.

Caconda with a population of about 8000 souls, giving about two to the square mile, has by no means the aspect of a place peopled only by aborigines; for many Europeans have dwellings there, indiscriminately mixed with those of wealthy native traders.

From a commercial point of view it has fallen considerably from its high estate, but it is still a station for the Ganguella caravans, which, travelling from the eastward with the ivory and wax for the market at Benguella, make for the coast by the direct road, that is to say, through the territories of Caluquembe and Dombe Pequeno. The ivory from Fendi and other products, which

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we presume come from the Bucusso, likewise find their way to this spot; and this is the case also with the flocks and herds beyond the Cunene, which thus supply the district through the medium of its great centre.

Caconda, indeed, may hope for a future of considerable prosperity in the development of agriculture, when once it is connected with Benguella by a regular road, inasmuch as the richest products, such as sugar-cane, cotton, and rice, may all be easily raised. Coffee, again, although it has never been introduced, would succeed admirably, if we may judge from the numerous kindred plants that are indigenous to the place, the *oriunge*, for example, which has been more than once referred to. The fruits and vegetables of Europe are everywhere abundantly visible. Oranges, grapes, corn, and barley, could, we were assured, be grown most successfully in the district which, take it for all in all, may be looked upon as an African paradise.

The neighbouring sovas of most note were those of the Anha, the Huambo, the Sambo, Quingolo (Caxita), the Fendi, Caluquembe (N'gando), Quipungo (N'gola), and Galangue.

It was at Caconda we met with José de Anchieta, the Portuguese naturalist, whose deep love of science has detained him in Africa for twelve years, which he has devoted to constant study. We passed some most agreeable days in his company, listening to the interesting story of his life and pursuits in the wilderness. But alas! the Herculean labour to which he has subjected himself has ruined his constitution, and still he goes on, finding, no doubt, his consolation in the approval of his own conscience and the general appreciation of his toil. We need, however, say nothing in his praise, for his remarkable works, now the property

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José de Anchieta

AVELINO FERNANDES. Editor.

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of the scientific world, are his best and truest eulogium.

Having recovered from the fatigues of our journey hither, made and posted up our various observations, such as astronomical and magnetic co-ordinates, altitudes, and general surveys, we prepared to make our first exploring trip to the Cunene, which lay about thirty miles to the east of our *quilombo*. On the 13th January, therefore, about nine o'clock a.m., one of us left for that river with the requisite scientific instruments, and, after five hours' march, came upon the confluence of the two streams, the Cuso and Cuando, where stood the *libata*, or compound, of an African named Matheus Gomes Pereira.

He was a great man in his way, a sort of nabob of the country, whose residence, admirably constructed after the manner of the natives, was formed of a vast space, enclosed by a strong stockade some 320 feet long, and nearly as broad, which shut in as many as eighteen square huts, made of poles set upright in the ground, plastered with clay, and thatched with grass.

Some three or four dozen men and women composed his household—or more correctly speaking, the population of the hamlet—and whom our presence kept in a state of ecstatic delight during the whole period of our sojourn. For, truth to tell, their master received us with the utmost amiability, projected all sorts of entertainments on our behalf, including *batuques* (dances), hunting-parties, and pleasure excursions, and even undertook to accompany us himself to the river. Nor was his welcome confined to promises only, for he set us down to a really extensive dinner, composed of many and diverse dishes, wherein figured fowls, fish done up with palm oil, *infundi* of maize flour, and various fruits, the whole accompanied

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by calabashes of the unfailing *garapa;* unfortunately, the African *cuisine* was but little to our taste, and hence it happened, that, with all this good fare, our appetite was almost as keen when we got up from table as when we sat down to it.

The banquet being at length over, we begged leave to retire, on the plea of fatigue; but we could not escape the horrid noise of the drums and jollity, which were kept up, apparently with unflagging spirit, the whole night through, and when at last, quite worn out with want of rest, we dropped into an uneasy sleep, we were awakened at daybreak the next morning with the clang of the most hideous music, produced by sundry *marimbas*, *bumbos*, and a sort of fife, whose sharp and strident shrieks were enough to rouse the dead, all, unfortunately, set going in our honour, and which therefore we were bound to receive, outwardly, with favour.

There was no alternative but to turn out at once, and to seek distraction of another kind in preparations for our journey to the Cunene. Our departure, nevertheless, was delayed owing to the near approach of a thunder-storm.

The clouds travelled up quickly, and about nine o'clock the water came down in torrents, and continued to fall, so that we had to remain sheltered in Matheus Pereira's residence, into which flocked, as the morning drew on, a good many people from the neighbouring huts. By way of passing the time more agreeably, we gave the assembly a lecture on astronomy, and explained the movements of the earth; we were at first rather surprised at the attention of our audience, until we discovered that some thoughtful person had conceived the idea of refreshing the intellects of our hearers by distributing among them small doses of

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aguardente, from a little runlet of that liquor which we had brought with us for possible emergencies.

This kind soul was a certain Francisco, a servant of the establishment, who, taking but little interest in astronomy himself, had determined to make himself useful as a dispenser of Christian comforts to all about him. His sacrilegious hands did not even spare a couple of bottles of wine which were reserved for our own private use; and the fellow had the cunning, before he got too drunk, to feign an attack of fever, and induce us to doctor him with quinine, so that we did not discover the inroads upon our precious stores until the following day.

We hoped that a quiet night would at least follow upon the noisy hours which had preceded it, but literally reckoned without our host; for his love of all this turmoil was so great, that he kept it going till an advanced hour, and again woke us up on the morning of the 15th with the same infernal din.

There being nothing now to delay our departure, we set out at half-past seven, with Matheus Pereira at our head, and in company of a troop and baggage as great as if we had a hundred leagues before us. We started in a north-east direction, in order to cross the Cuando by the *mupas* or stepping-stones, about three miles' distance, marching in the following order:—

In front were the musicians to the number of ten, with their *marimbas*, drums, and fifes, followed by six well-made girls, who carried on their heads the inseparable *quindas* (round baskets), containing the maize flour for the confection of the *t'chimbolo*, or bread. We could conceive no other reason for these young damsels being placed in so prominent a position, than that their figures might be admired by those who came after them: these

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were Matheus, a guide who was well acquainted with the road, and ourselves; and the train was completed by some thirty or forty carriers, with all the impedimenta deemed necessary for a journey of this kind.

We had protested at the outset against so large a gathering for so short an excursion, and had earnestly begged Matheus to reduce the staff, and knock off the music altogether, more particularly as the object we had in view was a geographic survey, which such a crowd of people would be more likely to disturb than to further; that it might be all very well if we were about to compose a poem on the African forests, instead of making a plan of the region we travelled over, and so on. Our remonstrances were all in vain; he smiled, and went on his way rejoicing, appearing perfectly happy to be at the head of so gallant a company.

A YOUNG NEGRESS OF THE CUSE.

But the result turned out precisely as we expected. Matheus and his troop in accompanying us had simply their own diversion in view, and therefore tried to lengthen out the journey to the utmost. *Geographizing*, as they termed it, was about the last thing in their thoughts, and so we pitched our camp directly we had crossed the rapids of the Cuando, a distance of less than five miles.

It was when crossing this river that we caught sight

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of a singular reptile, which unfortunately passed us too rapidly to permit of our describing it with the needful precision. The natives call it the flying snake. Certain large wrinkles in the skin, arising probably from some dislocation of the ribs, give it the appearance of being winged; and, having a remarkable facility of leaping from place to place, they have, without more ado, dubbed it a flying serpent. Their knowledge of it is, however very slight, and although they assert that it spits frequently and has a most dangerous bite, no weight can be attached to their testimony as they take to their heels at sight of it. We believe it to be the *Naja negricolis*, the more particularly as it is generally found near rivers, nestled among the rocks upon the banks.

WOMAN OF CACONDA.

The horrible noise of the band still continued, and when it began to flag, Matheus stirred up the musicians. But that was only one of his occupations. He kept rushing off to the kitchen to give directions for the preparation of various dishes, superintended the making of *quissangua* (an infusion of maize flour in water, to which a little honey is added), bullied his men about the construction of the huts, and then, sidling up to us, gave utterance to an idea which had been floating in his brain for some time, and had been leaking out in the shape of hints, viz. the advisability of broaching the keg of *aguardente*.

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At four o'clock, dinner being over, the scene of the evening before was again repeated, and all night long they kept up the shouting and dancing. Daylight of the 16th appeared at last, and we resumed our march in the order already described. The distance to be traversed was about eight miles, on level ground, which we walked in some three hours, sighting at ten a.m. Lake T'chicondi, situated on the right bank of the Cunene.

The river was deep at that point, and from thirty-five to fifty-five yards broad; and appeared in places dotted with aits and large stones along a course of nearly twenty miles, the distance which we travelled on its banks. It runs over a granite bed between land, of no great elevation, on the western side, and the Bundo or Quileba ridge on the east, which extends to the Fendi; the mean course of the stream is south-south-west, turning sharply to the south and south-east after meeting the Fendi hills. We were assured that as far as Luceque it is encumbered with stones: that, south of that place it broadens considerably, becomes less deep when crossing the Mulondo and Camba districts, and in the summer season can even be forded in the first-mentioned place, by means of certain rapids existing there. In the rainy season it widens considerably; indeed in the Humbe it has been known to extend to the breadth of a mile.

Curving westward, it runs between the territories of T'chabicua and Danguena on the one side, and Inga and Cuamato on the other, then crosses the *mupas* of Cuenguare, where it forms a veritable rapid, and forty or fifty miles lower down, plunges in the form of a beautiful cataract, by the slopes of the Chella range. It then, as all sources of information seem to confirm, subdivides into three or four branches, which penetrate into the Banximba territory, one of them reaching the

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coast and disemboguing in parallel 17° 25′, where it figures on the maps under the name of the Nourse.

The banks, as we have already mentioned, at the place where we stood, were slightly raised on the west side and more broken up on the east. Being in great part uncultivated, it was difficult to form an idea of the productive power of the soil, saving from the vast forests which grow down to the water's edge. Still, judging from the neighbouring district of Caconda, it should be adapted for the cultivation of many crops, and those grown in Europe among them.

Antelopes, in a most interesting variety, people these picturesque regions, and on the left bank more particularly were visible large herds of *galengues* (*Oryx gazella*), with long straight horns; *bcisas*, *leucoryx*, *hippotragus niger*, with enormous curved horns, which the natives call *nuimas*, *palancas*, &c., together with buffaloes, deer, gazelles, and droves of zebras.

Wild beasts are also frequent, and the lion, the panther, and the leopard find abundant prey to satisfy their large requirements. Numerous shoals of hippopotami and crocodiles live in the Cunene, and the former are pretty constantly hunted. Among the various species of fowls and birds we observed the goose, the stork, the green dove, the crane (*grus carunculata*), and a great variety of those richly-feathered water-fowl, the *balearia regulorum*. Rats, too, were observed in astonishing quantities, and we learned that they committed vast ravages on the plantations.

We append the names of a few varieties furnished us by the kindness of the learned director of the museum at Lisbon, Dr. Barbosa du Bocage, as collected in great part by the Portuguese naturalist, José de Anchieta. They are the *Mus ratus*, *Mus dorsalis* (nat. *Onguero*),

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Mus pumilio (nat. *Onguero*), *Euryotis* (nat. *Unberi*), *Merionis* Afric,[1] *Saccostomus lapidarius*, *Pelomys fallax*, much esteemed by the natives; *Steatomys edulis* (nat. *Canena*), which makes an appetizing dish, and a variety of moles of repugnant appearance which disappeared as soon as seen.

Having terminated our scientific survey of the region, we employed the rest of the time in most agreeable

THE CUNENE IN GALANGUE.

rambles about the neighbourhood. We hunted hippopotami, killed one crocodile and a splendid *palanca*, and bagged a few other creatures of less note.

The hippopotami are generally killed in the summer season, sometimes with the gun, but more frequently with a snare. We had an opportunity of seeing and examining the latter near Lake Chicondi. It consisted

[1] Found more frequently in the north.

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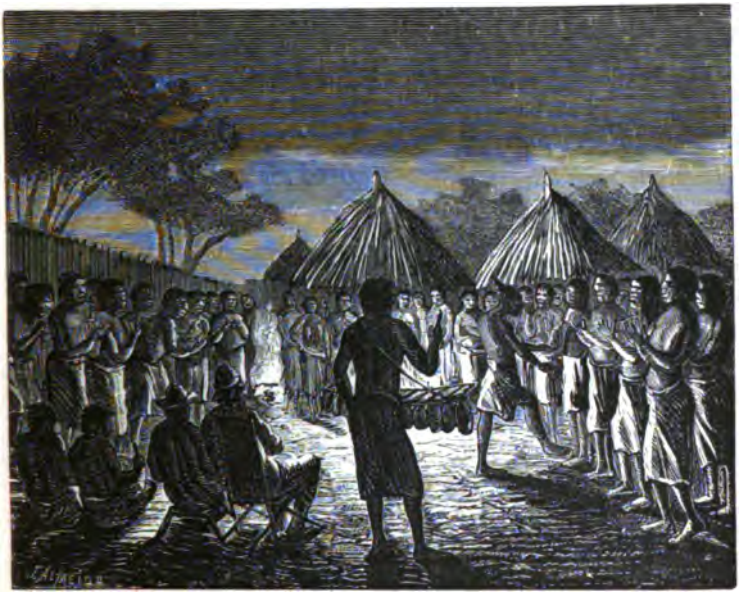
of a circular well, six and a half feet in diameter, and a little more than three feet deep, sunk in the ground, with a strong pointed stake driven into the bottom with the sharp point upwards. The aperture to this well is covered over with brambles, and further hidden by a layer of the same clay as the adjacent ground, which completely conceals the existence of the pit. During the night, the hippopotami on coming ashore, as is their wont, make



THE CLOSING FESTIVAL IN THE CUSE.

for the grass, and before they are conscious of any danger step upon the treacherous trap and become impaled upon the stake below.

Our journey terminated without any remarkable incident, unless we may rank under that name the fantastic conduct of our host and a grand dance, which—as being the last—we felt bound to attend.

These African dances, which, for the most part, are

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insufferably monotonous, constitute the extreme of delight to the aborigines. Beside a large fire are seated half-a-dozen or more musicians, while men and women standing in a vast circle keep up the most horrible din. They sing, they shriek, they clap their hands and beat their drums, each endeavouring to outvie his neighbour in noise, until the effect is indescribable. In the midst of it all from out the crowd issue alternately sundry individuals, who, in the ample space, exhibit their choreographic powers, and throw themselves into the most grotesque attitudes. As a general rule these are of the grossest kind, which the women, more particularly, try to make as obscene as possible, without grace, without *cachet*, but simply indecent, and fitted only to inflame the passions of the lowest of our sex. After three or four pirouettes before the spectators, the male dancer butts his stomach violently against the nearest female, who in turn repeats the action, and thus brings the degrading spectacle to an end.

Two days after leaving the Cunene, we reached the residence of the Portuguese chefe, whence we were to take a fresh departure, as projected, for the Bihé. It was with difficulty that we succeeded in getting together some fifty men to carry great part of our belongings.

It is wretched work travelling in the interior when the wayfarer has to depend on the protection of the sovas. When the negro is at home it requires the strongest inducements to arouse him from the delights of his inveterate sloth. In the wilds a yard of cloth will make him travel over dozens of miles.

By the 11th of February we began to breathe a little more freely. Our apprehensions had subsided, for some of our carriers were already engaged. The remaining loads, under the charge of Barros, were to be delivered

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to the Quingolo men, whom Serpa Pinto had undertaken to get together. On the evening of the 12th, in a more than usually contented frame of mind, we stood at the gate of the residence, and as the sun neared the horizon and made the shadows of the huts grow longer and spread more and more to the eastward, as if pointing out the road it behoved us soon to follow, we exclaimed to our assembled troop,—

"To-morrow, friends, be on the alert, for we start at daybreak."

A HUNTER OF THE CUNENE.

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CHAPTER III.

The journey resumed—A morning of tribulations—Capulca, the *demon*-cook, and Capello in a new character—A *leaden* sky—Banano, its aspect, costumes, and destiny—The territory of Quingolo and the divisional line of the waters flowing to the Atlantic and Indian oceans—Table of vegetation and an army of ants—The explorers' beards and their favourable impression—The *abba* and native explanations—An ox in trouble—The Huambo territory—The donkeys again—Inundations—The Canhumgamua and a novel bridge—The sova of Caputo—Absurd pretensions—The roll of the drum—A pantomimic war and a wonderful termination—The bridge over the Cunene and another victim—Cassanhe and the death of the sovas—Cubango and the Funda aborigines—Mount Bundor or Quiliba—Chimbuioca—Ganguellas tribes, their industrial ingenuity and love of music—A plague of insects—A camp in the woods and an uncomfortable night—Aloma—Bihé—Belmonte—Fever.

THE term of our stay in Caconda came to an end. Ninety-four days had already elapsed since we left Benguella, and it behoved us to delay no longer unless we wished to inculcate the notion that our mission terminated in that spot.

It is true the period was not the best for travelling; still, as our men were in capital condition, owing to the substantial nature of their food, they were well fitted to battle with fatigue.

We could not but feel, however, that they would be better on the road, for in that season the humidity of the air and the general calmness of the atmosphere converted the little thatched huts into steam baths. Thus it happened that owing to the heat of the sun during the

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day and the rapid change of temperature as night drew on, several cases of bronchitis and pneumonia occurred among the natives, sometimes terminating fatally.

Impelled by a spirit of compassion we did our best to avert and cure the cases as they arose, and managed to reduce to very much smaller dimensions four different medicine chests, with which we had been over-dosed in Europe. Allopathy applied to one patient, Burgrave's dosimetrics to another, Declat's phenic treatment to many, and homœopathy to as many more, were all more or less successful, and relieved us, at least, of a great weight of bottles which it had required eight carriers to convey thither.

The consequence of this assiduity on our part was to awaken in the minds of the negroes a perfect monomania to be physicked, so that if but a little finger ached, the sufferer would come forward with his invariable "*Milongo n'gana ame*" (Some medicine, Senhor).

The crowing of the early cocks having ceased, and the night mists being dissipated, we aroused ourselves from uneasy slumbers to find that it was five o'clock and that the whole camp was astir.[1] But the noise and bustle

[1] The extraordinary dearth of carriers compelled the heads of the expedition to separate at this point. Our illustrious companion, Major Serpa Pinto, had left a few days before in the direction of Quingolo, by a route leading more to the northward, the tracing of which, owing to his kindness, will be found on the annexed map. We will not tire our readers with a series of explanations respecting the march of the caravans by different tracks up to the Bihé and their final separation at that place. The Major has already said all that is needful upon the point in his work, and it is only necessary to add that the prime motor of the separation was the interest of science, inasmuch as, being apart, we should have a larger area to work upon, and we were all three perfectly agreed in taking the respective courses we finally adopted.

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accompanying the preparations were one thing, and the actual departure another.

Deluded indeed would be the traveller who thought he had his carriers so well in hand that he had only to speak to be obeyed, for few things are more difficult than to put in motion a caravan, which for a good month has been camped in the same spot enjoying the holy peace of idleness. Who shall describe the unwillingness, the *vis inertiæ*, the reluctance that seizes on all alike when the moment for starting has arrived. The connexions contracted during the few weeks' stay are suddenly found to be embarrassing ties. On one side appears a girl who is dedicating her last calabash of *garapa* to the refreshment of her lover's throat, doubtless made some-

MU-HAMBA.

what dry the night before by too close devotion to his *cachimbo* or pipe of antelope horn; on another, an equally considerate female is loading her beloved with a dozen huge *bin-bonzos* (sweet potatoes), cooked with a handful of toasted *arachis* to make them the more savoury; at a short distance a third is packing in the *mu-hamba* of her sweetheart four or five slices of smoked meat, with a huge hunk of pumpkin; and beyond there is an indiscriminate heap of women with their babes upon their hips, surging now this way, now that, interfering with the work, disturbing the men, and showing off their waist cloths of striped stuff, and their greasy tresses braided with beads, with as much pride and self-satisfaction as a European lady in the last Paris costume.

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But if these difficulties in the way of a speedy departure appeared in the case of our carriers contracted upon the spot, they were infinitely increased where the outsiders were concerned. Engaged the night before, their copious draughts of *aguardente* had put quite out of their heads the injunction to be ready by break of day. It was already eight o'clock and not one of them had yet appeared. Inquiring of our own men what it meant, they answered, as if it were quite a matter of course: "*Ocassi umbambe lélo n'gana*" (It is cold, Senhor), adding, by way of making their reply more intelligible: "They are having a little *garapa* before they go out."

Such stragglers who turned up at intervals, incontinently squatted down by the warm embers of the fire, their toes poked into the ashes, their pipes in their mouths, their arms folded across their breasts; and while they watched what was going on out of the corners of their eyes, feigned to be quite unconscious that orders had been given to make ready for a start.

The girls attached to the caravan, and whose empty stomachs rendered the idea of marching still more formidable, crouched down by the fire, their little pipkins in their hands, as if they had just remembered it was time to mix the *infundi*. The young negro whose duty it was to look after the cattle in the enclosure suddenly thought that they would want a feed before they started, and therefore let them out for that purpose. The animals themselves, as if conscious of the general wish, and no doubt sympathizing in it, were no sooner loose than they scampered away over the plateau, so that it required a dozen men at least to catch them and bring them back.

And finally, our cook, who during the expedition had been our *bête noire*, a fellow of extraordinary corruptness

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through his treatment of the frailer sex and his abuse of alcoholic drinks, on whom only the night previous we had been compelled to inflict bodily chastisement on account of his audacity in sacrificing an enormous pig, our private property, to feast the ladies of his harem, improvised in Caconda, must needs seize the hour of departure to have a quarrel with his legitimate spouse. It was *à propos* of a carving-knife which she had not packed to his mind in the *mu-hamba*, so in order to express his disapproval, he twisted her arm nearly out of the socket, and then sent her sprawling over our temporary cooking-place, covering with ashes a couple of lean steaks which were preparing for our own breakfast.

CAPULCA, OUR CHEF.

The chief of the *Bansumbi*, Otubo by name, a man of an ingenious turn of mind, but with an "itching palm" for other people's property, took advantage of the confusion caused by these scenes to dispose with the utmost effrontery of our belongings, a proceeding in which he was abetted by the cook and others. Squatting down at a corner of the store-room, he began abstracting every available article that came within his reach, and passing over the same to dealers who stood by, with the intention, which we were just in time to frustrate, of converting the stores into current coin.

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Three precious hours had been wasted amid this series of annoyances, when the first four of the recently engaged carriers put in an appearance, sprucely decked in their new cloths, their pipes in their mouths and *mangos* (long sticks which they attach to the sides of the load) in their hands, with smiling faces and a self-satisfied air, which almost drove us wild. Meanwhile the sun was getting high and time flying rapidly.

All being at length assembled, the men began tying up their packs and fixing their *mangos* into their proper places. This looked promising until some began to *undo* them again, because they had left out a pipkin or other trifle. One fellow was seen wandering about with a couple of maniocs and a *t'chisanja* (small musical instrument) in his hand not knowing where to put them; another, whose wood-knife fidgeted him in his belt, determined to place it in his pack, but in doing so the theodolite fell out, and it was a mercy it was not broken. A third waited till that very moment to complain of his foot, which he had either slightly sprained or hurt in some other way, and so matters went on.

At last, a voice in the crowd was heard calling out "*M'bata obitêre tui enu!*" (To your packs and let us go). This had the desired effect; the men filed off in more or less order, and we, climbing for the first time on to the broad backs of our oxen, which were to do duty as saddle-horses, brought up the rear.

We rather prided ourselves upon the figure we cut upon these unaccustomed steeds, and for a time—it was a very short time—we got on swimmingly. But doubts soon arose in our minds of the absolute perfection of this mode of travel, and by-and-by it struck us that without a good deal of practice, which we were far from possessing, there was no little danger, and a vast

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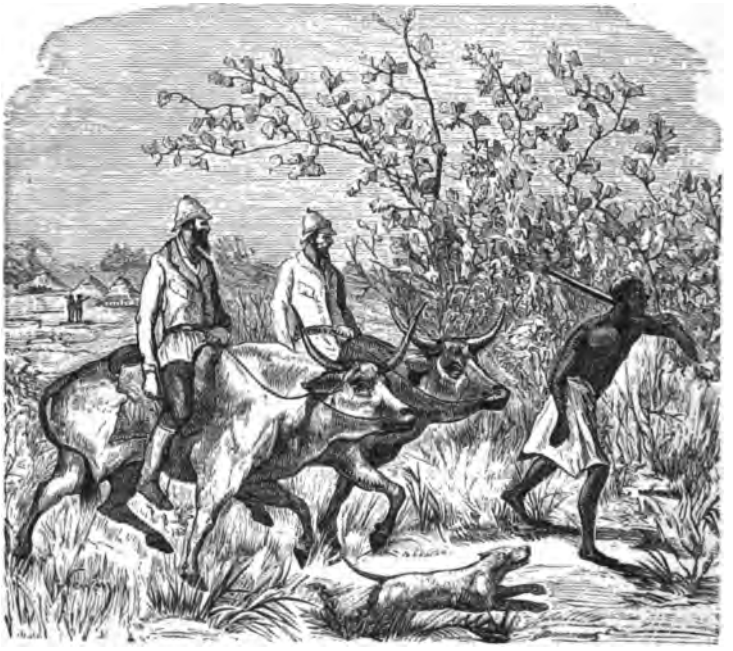
amount of discomfort to be encountered in adopting it. The horrible jolting gait of the animals had such an effect upon our very scantily furnished stomachs, that the latter produced the most extraordinary sounds, which could only be likened to the shaking of a barrel half full of water.

Nor was this all; the long horns of our chargers



NOVEL STEEDS.

occasionally threatened to run into us as we sat, for the flies which were buzzing in myriads about us so tormented the poor beasts that they threw about their heads in the wildest fashion, and occasionally gave us, by way of a change, a sharp cut with their tails. Our helmets, shifted from their regular position by these attacks in front and in rear, compelled us to loose one of our hands

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to hold them on; and as, from the same cause, our numerous pockets, which contained compasses, watches, and Heaven knows what besides, required the protection of the other hand, we were bound to let go the reins. The cattle finding themselves thus without restraint, took it into their heads to gallop off after the file of carriers, and before the pace had been kept up half a minute, one of us, friend Capello, was seen to make a graceful somersault over his beast's head, and alight, fortunately with no bones broken, a yard or so in front, upon the turf!

Apart from this incident, our journey, which had been so troublesome at the outset, went on pleasantly enough. The carriers, as they plodded onward, kept up a constant chatter, interrupted occasionally by a loud guffaw, or the snatches of a song. The day promised to be an agreeable one, and though a sigh of regret may have been given to the now distant view of our Capua, Caconda, hope animated every breast, and in the minds of the heads of the expedition there was the satisfaction of being again upon the road. An alloy to the universal content was found in another disgraceful scene between Capulca and his wife. Untaught by the correction he had administered to her some hours before, the lady, probably taking a leaf out of his own book, was discovered in the act of bestowing tender caresses upon a gallant of the neighbourhood, and great was the uproar ere things were again restored to a state of good-humour.

The path we had resolved to follow from Caconda eastward is the one which, passing through the Quingolo territory, crosses the Huambo and Sambo, parallel to the line of a lofty ridge of mountains called Ulondo, the extent of which may be reckoned at about 150 miles. Abundant rivulets run in a southerly direction, which were waded, after due precaution, by the caravan.

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The sun, near the zenith, darted his fiercest rays on the undulating lands we had successively to cross, and the heat was suffocating. It was only now and then we got any shelter, when passing through valleys, somewhat deeper than usual, that were filled with a dense vegetation.

From time to time we found ourselves in the midst of thick, high grass and thorns, wherein, as we were assured, lay perdu many a panther or other undesirable beast. We did not happen to see one, but we had proofs of their vicinity in the extraordinary restlessness and fear of the oxen, which darted from side to side, and occasionally bolted.

This region is peopled by tribes of Nanos or Bananos, who, as it appears, spread over all the adjacent lands. It is difficult to draw a distinction between these people and the Quillengues, with whom we had been recently in communication, on account of the many points of contact between them; the flat nose, the thick lips, the massive jaw, the teeth inclined inwards, constitute in both the characteristic features. The hair, however, appears crisper in the former than among the inhabitants of the coast; the colour is darker and more uniform, and the general aspect more furtive. Their features are heavy, their head-dress is composed of complicated braids on the upper part of the head, falling behind in loose tresses, their appearance betrays distrust, and they therefore excite but little sympathy from the traveller who treads their soil for the first time.

The fame of their incursions into the southern and south-western districts is very great. The tribes have even penetrated into the valley of the Dombe Grande, where, only a few years ago, they left some dozens of corpses as the toll of their audacity. The high table-

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land of Huilla, Capangombe and Mossamedes is no stranger to their visits, and their peculiar customs may be considered as the natural consequence of the singular life they lead.

Constantly at war with their kind, their love of rapine has become with them a second nature, and they almost invariably resort to force to satisfy the necessities of life. Cannibalism may at times be resorted to (as it was adopted by the aborigines of New Zealand) on occasions of general discord, when their prisoners of war are sacrificed and devoured. We must however declare that in the course of our own experience we met no vestige of the practice, and though, as we have stated, it may be in existence during their internecine wars, the reply to all our inquiries was a direct negative. The law of succession among the Bananos is in favour of the male line, in opposition to what appears to be the rule further south, where the Bancumbi and others succeed in virtue of the female.

The remainder of the day was passed near the river T'chiorola, where we camped. The Cuse, our second encampment, was reached after a few hours' march. We were then within the limits of the Quingolo territory, forming part of the Huambo. The soil, during the second day's journey, was everywhere covered with the mounds of the termites, some of them being seven feet in height.

We observed in a south-south-easterly direction, at some thirty miles' distance as the crow flies, the southern extremity of the Quiliba range (beyond the Cunene), the divisional line of the streams running to the Atlantic on the one side and the Indian Ocean on the other. Water in abundance was rippling in numerous rivulets over a granitic bed, looking clear as crystal. Extensive plateaux, slightly undulated, appeared before us. There

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were vast patches of verdure, where the clematis abounded, its drooping clusters of flowers looking like burnished silver. The numerous *ofuanganga* (*Erythrinas huillensis*) and *n'gombe* (*E. chrisocarpa*), a very blaze of vermilion, formed, with the tall green grass, impenetrable thickets of underwood, springing from which were the graceful *osassa* and *ucuba* (*Brachystegias tamarindoides*), which form the greater part of the flora.

The wild grape (*Vitis heraclifolia*) covers the ground with its large leaves, resembling in every particular that of Europe. Extensive plantations of euphorbias, such as the *Jatropha manihot*, the castor-oil plant (*Ricinus communis*), mixed with gramineous plants and many species of convolvolus, complete the list of vegetation.

NATIVE MAN OF THE HUAMBO.

During the march we met upon the road an enormous column of *bisondes*, black ants with huge heads, shaped like those of a bull-dog, which, as the natives affirmed, were returning from war. These insects fix on to their prey with such tenacity, that it is only by severing their heads from their bodies that they will let go their hold; they are therefore greatly feared by the natives, who take to their heels at their approach, and find no other defence against them than fire. The object of their warlike incursion in the present instance appeared

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to have been a colony of termites, and to judge from the noise they made and the spoils of war they carried in the shape of fragments of the enemy, nipped off by their powerful mandibles, there was little doubt but that it had been perfectly successful. The boldness of these creatures attains to such a pitch that they will attack anything they meet upon the road, without regard to size; even the elephant, as we were assured, sometimes falling a prey to the terrible and dangerous assaults of these pigmy warriors.

Over mountains and through valleys, where meandered sundry affluents of the Cunene, we crossed in five days a great part of the territory of Caconda, occasionally through magnificent forests in full growth, the interlaced branches of whose trees presented to the inquiring eye leaves of various shapes which, softly agitated by the wind, produced marvellous effects of light and shade, in which green appeared in every possible gradation of tint. We also upon our line of march fell in with a few *senzalas*, surrounded by cultivated fields. At all of them, some two or three yards of cloth sufficed to content the Sova, who never failed to turn out at our approach and make us a little offering, in the shape of a hen or a *binda* of *garapa*.

Bin-delle, bin-delle! exclaimed in notes of astonishment the men and women as we passed, and stroked their chins to give point to their remark. They were our long beards which excited their surprise and admiration, for being devoid of such appendage themselves, they formed matter of envy to the men and wonder to the women.

The beard, according to the best accredited opinions, is looked upon as so important an object in Africa that it alone might decide the choice of a man to fill an important position in the state. This is rather different to our

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modes of appreciation in the old country, where the possession of a splendid beard might perhaps assist its owner to aspire to the post of a sapper, but would not help him up higher in the social scale.

At noon, the appearance of the *abba* (alta-azimuth) for the determination of the meridian altitude, caused a perfect sensation; nor was the astonishment of our little crowd of spectators less excited on view of the magnetic needle, the pencil, paper, and calculus; every article in turn gave rise to questions and discussions. The singular thing about the negro is, that when he sees an object for the first time, although he has no notion of what it

OLOCHI (BARBUS KESSLERI, STEIND.). FISH OF THE RIVER CALAE.
(*Photo. from Nature.*)

means, he nevertheless ventures forthwith to explain it. And it is amusing to find how ready he is with an explanation. On one occasion, for instance, we were exhibiting a small musical box to a native, who, without more ado began to describe it to his fellows. We quietly asked the expositor how it was that the instrument played without any one touching it. He grinned and said, "Why, of course there's somebody inside!"

On the 16th of the month, when camping on the bank of the river Cuando, near some rapids, one of our saddle-oxen, an enormous beast, from which his rider had

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just dismounted, fell and got jammed between two immense rocks, and it cost us infinite trouble to extricate him.

At the lapse of a couple of days, having crossed the Calae, an important affluent of the Cunene, we made a halt upon the left bank. From the spot we had selected, we could see the *libata* or village, a very extensive one, of the Sova of Quingolo (one of the most important native kings of the Huambo) part of which appeared on the south-western limits of the Ulondo range. The ground began about this spot to vary in character, and gradually to rise till it reached a height which the aneroid registered at 5430 feet. Inundated plateaux (*anharas* or *anhanas*), covered with reeds and grass, were visible from our *quilombo*, but with little or no high vegetation. The extent of land under water was considerable, and those portions that were unsubmerged were of so spongy a nature that it was difficult to traverse them.

Some of our men who had lagged behind did not come into camp till quite late in the afternoon. They were the negroes told off to look after the donkeys. We heard them calling out, and saw them violently gesticulating at a distance, and when they came up, their waist-cloths wet through and covered with dirt, they set up a chorus of protests against the work they had been set to do.

"One of them just died over there," vociferated one of the fellows. "One what?" was the natural inquiry. "One of the donkeys, senhor." "The best thing we can do is to eat them," sagaciously observed two of the party. "At least inside," pointing to his stomach with his thumb, "they'll travel a deal more easily, and won't give so much trouble." Upon which there was a chorus of remarks as to the goodness and juiciness of donkey flesh.

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It had occurred to ourselves more than once that it might be politic to yield to these suggestions (not by any means the first of the same kind) and authorize the slaughter of one of the innocents per day; but as the proposals always happened to be made at a time of difficulty, that is to say, when crossing some stream, we had hitherto refused our consent, and the creatures were allowed to live, for our torment, a short time longer.

THE CANHUMGAMUA RAPIDS.

The land to the eastward still bore the aspect above described. The inundated plateaux extended quite up to the river Canhumgamua, and had as a north-eastern limit a line of lofty hills called Quilau.

On reaching the left bank of the river referred to, at a spot where its course was extremely tortuous, subdivided into three branches and scattered over with rocks, we effected a passage by a bridge of a very novel character. Placing our men in a line across the stream just above

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the rapids, at a sufficient distance from each other to enable the hinder one to rest his hands on the hips of his companion before him, we crawled over the curved backs of the gang, and reached the other side in safety.

On our reassembling on the opposite bank, we directed our course to the *libata* of Caputo, where, for the first time, we had to make a show of our arms, and be prepared to use them if necessary to force a passage through. The difficulty arose in this wise. On our arrival at the halting-place, one of the oxen we had with us, fagged out by the successive marches from Caconda hither, exhibited symptoms, through sundry falls, of inability to go any further; his death was therefore decreed, and the warrant for his execution being forthwith carried out he was drawn and quartered and hung up in sight of the natives.

It happened that the Sova of Caputo chose that moment for his visit, and attracted by the splendid exhibition of meat, conceived the idea of banqueting at our expense. He said nothing at the time, but on his return home he despatched one of his chiefs to us with a command to forward to him a quarter of the ox.

"A whole quarter!" we exclaimed.

"Undoubtedly," was the cool reply. "You are travelling through this country, where the land, the roads, and everything on them belong to the Sova; you must therefore pay, *bin-delle.* And if you don't pay what the Sova requires, you will plant *rage in his heart*, and who shall say what will happen then?"

This reasoning elicited from us in reply,—

"It is very clear that your Sova wants to appropriate what doesn't belong to him. The roads are public property; we are passing over this one as we might pass over any other, and do not think it necessary to ask any

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man's permission. You may tell him so, and add that we have not come into the country to purvey meat, and have no intention of parting with it to the first applicant. As to the *rage in his heart*, seeing that it must be a very painful complaint, we shall be sorry if he is attacked by it, but we can't supply the remedy he seems to require."

To this negative response, with which we despatched the messenger, we added about a pound of the beef with a due proportion of bone, hinting that he might fling the latter at his ministers if he felt so disposed after he had properly picked it.

Our message was so little to the great man's taste that he actually returned our present without a moment's delay, and moreover sent an imperious order forbidding us to advance another step under penalty of hostile proceedings. This, then, was the *ultimatum* of our terrible adversary, either to let him have the beef he wanted, or beat a retreat.

The turn things had now taken caused great confusion in our caravan, and it became necessary to use all our eloquence to persuade our men that their alarm in a European camp was simply disgraceful. But it was very hard work to keep them calm, more especially when from the neighbouring village were heard the usual cries, and the beating of the *bumbos*, which are the precursors of every great event in Africa.

As a measure of prudence we immediately ordered that the ox should be divided and the banquet spread, not so much as an act of bravado to the Sova, as to give courage to our men, for it is ill reasoning on an empty stomach. Even Capulca, who was not remarkable for bravery, after bolting a pound or two of *churasco* (meat roasted on the spit) felt himself far better disposed for the coming struggle. After this, the men went quietly to sleep, and although the "tum-tumming" from the enemy's

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quarters still went on, it did not interrupt their slumbers.

Day broke; we marshalled our forces, and putting ourselves at their head, called out, "Come on, friends, and if there is any violence, return it."

There were some among our fellows who really looked like fighting if one might judge from the ridiculous grimaces they made. The habit of contracting the muscles of the face and pushing out the tongue is peculiar to the aborigines when screwing up their courage to any enterprise; perhaps their idea by so doing, and by accompanying their grimaces with violent movements of the arms and legs, is to strike terror to the hearts of the enemy; but inasmuch as "the other side" pursues an identical course, there does not seem much use in it.

We marched steadily on by the bank of the river, perfectly calm, at least in appearance, one of us then leading the way and the other bringing up the rear, to prevent straggling. At the very moment we were about to wade the stream, some hundreds of men issued from the village, armed with old muskets, pikes, assagais, and bows, gesticulating in a furious manner, and uttering their war-cries. They bade us advance no further, under penalty of being attacked.

There was a wavering movement among our followers, some of whom were for beating an immediate retreat. They had even left off making faces. To our cry, however, of "*Pita cu-vasso*" (Go on, ahead!) they responded by advancing, and boldly passed the river till they stood within a hundred paces of the natives, who still continued their threats and cries of "*Uh! Uh! Uh! Bin-delle cu pita cá ná*" (The whites shall not pass). Still we went on, although we were assured that the bridge over the Cunene was cut.

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The first line of the enemy's vanguard, on seeing us come within range, made preparations to attack us with their assagais and arrows. But Capello, who was at the head of our troop with a dozen or so of the boldest, and had already given orders to present their arms, to his astonishment saw the whole horde of warriors, but a moment before so fierce and menacing, suddenly melt away!

"What can be the reason?" we inquired of each other.

The explanation when it came was no less cause for surprise. It appears that *master* Capulca, whose waning courage had induced him to seek a hiding-place in the long grass, had suddenly issued from it, his legs thrust into an old pair of jack-boots, and brandishing in one hand his gun and in the other a *tortoise-shell!* At sight of this apparition the fatal word "sorcery" was uttered in a tone of terror by one or two of the nearest, and at the sound the horde of savages incontinently took to their heels and never stopped running till they were safe within their own enclosure.

Pursuing our way after this adventure, we arrived at the Cunene at eleven o'clock, to find the bridge intact, as it appears in the following cut; but we were not destined to get over without mishap, for one of those unfortunate donkeys in crossing the stream was carried away and drowned.

On the left bank we determined all the bearings for tracing the river from Candumbo, its source, as far as the Fendi, which we had visited, and made an excursion towards the north, across a flat and denuded country, which imparts a sombre character to this part of the river. Various mountains were visible in the distance, lit up by a brilliant sun, and winding round and between

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them glittered tiny streamlets, hastening to the Cunene, their mutual goal.

We were now in the Sambo territory, and on the northern skirt of the Bundo or Quiliba range, already referred to, and which running due north and south in the Galangue country, subsides in the land of the N'hembas, dividing the Cunene from the Cubango. The latter was at the outside some thirty miles distant from

BRIDGE OVER THE CUNENE.

where we stood. At about fifteen miles from the encampment, we remarked that the waters were draining towards the valley of the Zambese, in the shape of its tributaries.

Resuming our march on the 23rd February in a north-east direction, we crossed the region which lies between the two great streams, and on the 26th arrived at Cassanhe, the residence of a powerful chief, situated on the right bank.

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The most noteworthy circumstance we can record in connexion with this part of the journey is the native mode of dealing with the Sovas after their decease. The death being ascertained, the body is hung up by the neck to a tree, and remains until a successor is appointed, exposed to public view wrapped in a piece of cloth. When the new sovereign is proclaimed, but not till then, the corpse is interred in a grave, ready opened for the purpose.

NATIVE OF GALANGUE.

Having crossed the Cubango by the *mupas* or stepping-stones of Chingolo, we came to a halt near a well-constructed bridge. The river at that point measured from thirty-seven to forty-two yards in width, and was nearly ten feet deep. No trees of any size were visible on its banks, but the latter were clothed with tall thick grass. The surface was partly covered with what the natives called *ebangue* (*Nymphea stellata*) the flower of which has an agreeable smell.

If we can place any reliance upon information obtained from the aborigines of the village of Funda, which is situated on the left bank, it would seem that the river is not particularly suited to navigation, as, at the outset, it is greatly obstructed by rocks, and forfeits rapidly its importance while crossing the enormous plains in the south, where, owing to infiltration and evaporation, it loses great part of its waters.

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This extensive stream with a very variable and uncertain bed, a true drainage-canal of the elevated lands, apparently goes to feed the southern lakes or, in some unknown way, connect itself with the Zambese. Taking its rise in Macaca Acatumbo, on the lofty plateau of the Bihé, under parallel 12° 30′, the Cubango runs south-south-east as far as parallel 17°, where it turns slightly to the east. In the first part of its course, through the Ambuella country, for an extent of 250 miles, it has numerous affluents, and five falls and rapids, the last of which, called Aculongongo, must be in the vicinity of parallel 15° and the others higher up, in the following order: Cuanja, Dongolo, Opabanganda, and Chingolo. It subsequently crosses the Ovampo territory and would appear to be perfectly unobstructed as far as meridian 22° of Greenwich, where flourishes the residence of the Bucusso, on a small island; but below that spot another fresh fall must intercept the navigation. Gliding onwards in a south-easterly direction for some 80 or 100 miles, it reaches a marshy region on which the natives bestow the name of Su-la-Tebeles, and separates into three great branches which run their different ways, but flow naturally into the inundated plains of the N'gami, covered with *papyrus* and aquatic plants, and there mysteriously disappear.

GANGUELLA OF THE BANKS OF THE CUBANGO.

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In response to the cry of "*Tui-enu, tui-etu*" (Let us be gone) the caravan was shortly again in motion and filing across an extensive plain, devoid of all vegetation of importance, but bristling with dry thorns, which were singularly uncomfortable to naked legs and feet. Many tribes were found upon the road, which extended eastward in the direction of the sources of the Cuanza. The aneroid gave a mean altitude of 5510 feet; and as the time was high-noon and the sun, whose declination differs but little from our latitudes, was darting his rays perpendicularly upon our devoted heads, it is easy to imagine that we none of us felt particularly comfortable.

We camped the first night at Chimbuioca, about seven miles from our point of departure. It was here that we entered the territory of the Ganguellas, composed of numerous tribes, of great fame in the interior owing to the various branches of industry they exercise, and their important trade in war. Ingenious workers in iron, they reproduce and repair with the utmost facility any articles that are given them. Locks, bolts, gun-barrels, assagais, knives, hoes, and other things are turned out with ease and exchanged for different requirements. In appearance they are distinguished by their singular head-dresses; while the elegance of their carriage and the bright and penetrating glance of their eye, render them specially interesting and sympathetic. Extremely inclined to music, they many of them play some instrument, and enliven the camp of the newly-arrived traveller who is passing through their country with the sounds of their *marimbas*, fifes, *bumbos*, &c. Their music is a species of continuous melody, full of repetitions to the European and somewhat monotonous in character, but certainly very distinct from anything we had hitherto heard. Lengthy canticles and songs executed in chorus

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by the girls constitute their most agreeable pastime.

The entomological fauna has in this region representatives of almost every species. Black ants, with large heads and huge mandibles, and others of various shapes, cross one's path in perfect armies, making a special whirring or humming sound, like that of the beetle in its flight. Numerous tribes of termites, which the natives style *sala-lé*, were busy reconstructing their dwellings, recently destroyed by the abundant rains of the season, and literally covering the ground with their vermilion cones. Myriads of gnats, mixed up with butterflies, locusts, and other insects darted and fluttered through the air in every direction, in company with the small African bees, which were white with the flour of the manioc they had been stealing from the *senzala* hard by.

A night of thorough repose had so restored us from our fatigues that we rose at daybreak perfectly refreshed, and with the chirping of thousands of birds resounding in our ears.

The country on the side of the Caquinda and at no great distance from us being in a state of war, made us deem it prudent to deviate somewhat to the southward. We had Olumupa on the east, and Moma on the north-east, villages whose plantations extended almost to our feet.

Crossing the river Cutato, an affluent of the Cubango with an impetuous current, by the stepping-stones of Nucele, we pitched our camp at about eleven o'clock in the neighbourhood of the former, as the rain which fell in torrents made it almost impossible to get along. The aspect of the woods, and more especially of our caravan in the midst of the deluge of rain was anything but lively, nor did the vivid lightning or loud peals of thunder help to make things more cheerful.

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There are few resting-places more dismal than huts constructed under such circumstances. Nor is this surprising when we consider how these habitations are made. A dozen poles stuck in the ground in a circle, and bent in at the top till they meet in a bunch, constitute the framework. Exteriorly half a dozen boughs of trees as thick with foliage as possible, to keep out the rain, are then added to form the walls, and the whole is surmounted with a roof of grass-thatch, which absorbs the water like a sponge, and then has the peculiar property of giving it out, or rather in, to the cabin, after the storm itself has long passed over. The clay-soil, moreover, retains the moisture for a very long time, so that the heat and humidity combined render the atmosphere almost unfit to breathe. On these occasions, too—as though to make matters more agreeable—swarms of mosquitoes swoop down on the unfortunate traveller, who thus finds himself bound to keep awake to drive off the invaders just at the time when he most wants rest.

GANGUELLAS TOOLS.

During the night the storm increased. The volumes of cloud which lined the heavens were from time to time rent asunder, displaying chasms of dazzling fire. The lightning darted hither and thither almost incessantly, and the rattling of the thunder was continuous. And now and again such impetuous blasts of wind would

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swoop down upon us as threatened to carry the huts and their shivering occupants away together. This war of the elements had the effect of causing a strange silence within the encampment—for man is mute when the tempest rages at its highest—the trembling wretches looking like so many black heaps, huddled about the camp-fires, which, owing to the dampness of the wood required constant care even to keep them alight.

Things were not much better the next day, the 2nd, for the rain still continued to pour down, and confined us to our *quilombo*.

YOUNG GANGUELLA.

At nine o'clock various envoys of the Sova of Moma came into camp, bringing with them trifling articles as presents. They related that there were a good many prisoners of war in the village, subjects of the Sova of the Bihé, and belonging to the *libata* of Quiosa, on the right bank of the Cuanza, with which that potentate had recently opened hostilities. Their chief, who had been one of the prisoners, was executed on the spot, and his habitation razed to the ground.

Our visitors, after some talk upon indifferent subjects, openly proposed to sell us a large number of slaves, no doubt inhabitants of the same village of Quiosa. They seemed somewhat abashed when we not only in-

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dignantly refused the offer, but ordered them out of the *quilombo*.

It is a significant fact that the negro nowadays seems conscious of committing a wrong when dealing in his own kind, and if in converse with him, the disgusting trade is always held up to abhorrence, and those engaged in it are treated with scorn, it will do much to awaken in his mind reflections of a juster character.

On the following days, the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th of March, after crossing the lofty ground on which the Olumpa *libata* is situated, we attained our greatest altitude, 5610 feet, and for the last time turning our eyes towards the Galangue territory, which we were leaving behind us, we perceived a long plateau, where appeared the last affluents of the Cubango, on the divisional line of the Cuanza waters.

Trudging laboriously on, we sighted the Cuquema through the misty rain, and on the 8th reached the Bihé, where, at Belmonte, the residence of the Portuguese merchant Silva Porto, we were hospitably received.

An ample *libata*, composed of a rectangular stockade, adorned both outside and in with a goodly number of sycamores (*micendeiras*), which shelter the various dwellings from the influence of the sun's rays, it is a true oasis for the traveller who has wandered thus far on his journey. An inner garden, completely hidden by a thicket of orange, lemon, and citron-trees, formed a strong contrast with the vegetation to which we had been recently accustomed; and a well cultivated kitchen garden, producing a variety of the vegetables and herbs usually grown in Europe, was indeed a welcome sight.

We found ourselves therefore, after twenty-two days

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of travel, on the western confines of those territories into which, after the rainy season was over, we hoped to penetrate, in pursuance of the objects we had in view.

Under the persuasion that our residence in the Bihé would be a lengthy one, we resolved upon constructing a dwelling that should be better adapted than the ordinary huts to shelter our numerous caravan. With this view we selected a spot nearly two miles eastward of Belmonte, on the right bank of the Cuito, a lofty piece of ground, covered with a dense forest, where, in the brief space of four days, we established our temporary home.

We should have got on comfortably enough but for the fever which, with the comparative rest, increased in violence till it became a perfect martyrdom. It was doubtless rendered more violent by the decrease of temperature towards morning, and from eight to nine o'clock either one or other of us was certain to be attacked. A disagreeable sensation of cold was the first symptom, which gradually increased in intensity, until it left us completely prostrate and drove us to bed as the sole resource. Vomiting would then ensue, followed first by extraordinary dryness, and afterwards by equally extraordinary sweats. As evening advanced we generally recovered, and the sensation of relief was such that we became positively merry over our dish of *infundi* and a plate of meat.

But who shall describe the many horrible days and nights that were passed in the midst of racking pain and delirium! Indeed, none but he who has actually experienced it can conceive the lamentable state of weakness to which successive days of African fever will reduce the strongest man! when his legs refuse their office, his head

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is racked with pain, and his mind is filled with images of horror, the very thought of which will, years afterwards, produce a shudder through his frame!

EUROTYS ANCHIETA.

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CHAPTER IV.

The country of the Bihé and the trade roads—General configuration of the land, its population and fertility—Native invention—The rains and vegetative power—The lord of creation and his long pipe—*Babié* or *Binbundo* and original legends—*Banano* and relations of the great family with the coast tribes—The physical and moral indifference of the African populations—Woman, her type, manners, dress, qualities, and position—Form of worship—Paganism, idolatry, and fetishism—Want of religion and false notions of the Deity—*N'gana N'zambi* and a curious relic—The idea of God and of a future state—Habits, customs, and industry of the Bihé—Quilemo—Limits of his jurisdiction, his family, succession, and exactions—The *Macotas* and their pretensions—Overrated present and an unforeseen attack—Visit to Cangombe—*M'bala, Muicanze,* the Sova's harem and a curious episode—Vague information concerning the Cuanza and extract of a diary across the Bihé and Ganguellas—Obstacles to further progress.

The rains of the winter season continued in all their violence, and for the first few days the camp was like a wilderness. Almost every member of it, huddled in his hut, passed the long hours of the day in idleness beside the fire; and we its heads, when not otherwise engaged, weaved our plans of future progress. Without, the storm raged and the rain fell. The few natives who ventured to our encampment for the purposes of barter lost no time, when their business was done, in returning to their own hamlets, a straggler or two only occasionally being induced to make a little longer stay to answer our inquiries about the place and its surroundings: and when they departed the usual silence and dulness settled on our *quilombo*.

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We transcribe from our diary, for the information of our readers, the particulars we gathered and recorded during these uncomfortable days.

The Bihé, the chief point of departure of the caravans bound for the interior, is one of the most frequented trade centres of the western districts, and it is generally the place to which travellers, who intend penetrating into the heart of the country, direct their steps on account of the roads which open from it in every direction. The Cassongo, the T'chiboco, the Garanganja, the Catanga, the Canunguessa, the Gengi, the Bucusso are all connected with the Bihé by commercial tracks.

The territory constitutes indubitably the extreme west of that vast region, the lofty divisional line of the great systems of the Congo-Zaire and Zambese, and which, running to the north-east, leaves on one side the Cuanza, the Cuango, the Chicapa, the Cassai and the Lualaba; and on the other, the Cuito, the Cuando, and the Liba, passes at length to the south of the Bangueolo or Pemba, under the denomination of Muchinga, and terminates in the eastward in the high table-land of Lubiza. It is bounded on the north by the Bailundo; on the east by the N'Guenzi and the N'Dulo; on the south by the Ganguellas, and on the west by Galangue.

Its general configuration presents a system of plateaux, intersected by valleys of no great depth. Its mean altitude is 5157 feet, and important ridges, which give birth to numerous watercourses, radiate from its confines.

Like almost all the districts of Central Africa the Bihé is relatively thinly populated. No certain basis, of course, can be obtained whereon to calculate the population; but presuming that the country measures some eighty miles from east to west and 100 from north to south, giving a superficial area of 8000, we may by reckoning a minimum

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of two inhabitants to the square mile, set the population down at from 16,000 to 20,000, unequally distributed, as is the case with the whole of this vast continent.

The strange features and special physiognomy proper to savage life begin to be observable in this frontier territory. The Bihénos, eminently devoted to travelling, have brought back with them many of the habits and customs of distant peoples, and the result is a very curious mixture. Wonderfully furtive and grasping, the traveller must have all his wits about him when venturing into their country. Having been long habituated to commerce with the whites, they easily yield to the temptations of drunkenness and theft, the first results as it would unhappily appear of the advent of civilization among them. Whatever the district into which the European penetrates, he is always well received by the native chiefs; but unless he acts with extreme caution, he is pretty sure to be fleeced of his entire means.

By this remark it must not be imagined that a stranger is despoiled by violence; far from it; but he is gradually, and with the utmost delicacy, drained of his substance, until he finds himself in the most abject poverty.

The great abundance of water that is rippling in every direction through this country, renders it extremely fertile; indeed, the Bihé may be looked upon as one of the richest tracts of territory in the interior of Africa. The productions of the soil are exceedingly varied, and the eye lights upon a profusion of such plants as the tobacco, stramonium, *palma christi*, aloes, euphorbia, and white and red manioc; there is abundance of maize, *massambala*, and *massango;* bananas, pine-apples, and oranges flourish most plentifully; nor are there wanting such familiar fruits as lemons, citrons, and limes. Even the domestic cabbage, that welcome sight to the wan-

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dering European, is extensively cultivated, so it is not surprising if, on his return from the interior, the traveller should look upon the Bihé as a sort of paradise.

The productive strength of this argillous silicious soil, whose ruddy aspect is at first sight but little attractive, is so remarkable that in the short space of a couple of months—the time we remained in camp—beans, maize, and other cereals, spilled or carelessly strewn about the place, were some feet above the ground. The hedge or fence around the *quilombo*, composed in great part of the trunks of acacias, cut fresh by our men, began to throw out branches at the end of thirty days. It is necessary, however, to remark, that we were in the most favourable season for such vegetable activity.

The rapid development of vegetation in this part of the continent is further proved by the fact that it forms the subject of some of the native stories. And what remarkable stories the fellows tell! One of the aborigines, in relating to us some marvellous tale about the dynasty of the Sovas in the Bihé, assured us with the utmost seriousness that he had one day, during the rainy season, stuck his freshly-cut staff into the mud in front of his hut, and stood at the door spinning a long yarn to his relations who sat round, and that before he had finished, lo! he found himself under the shade of a mighty tree, whose existence was totally unknown to him, but which he found on examination to be his staff that had taken root, shot out branches, had become covered with leaves, and showed evidence of bursting into flower! That marvellous tree cost us a glass of *aguardente*, which we could not help bestowing on the story-teller for his invention.

The months of January, February, and March are the most trying to the stranger, on account of the excessive

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humidity and constant thunder-storms. The inundated lands, the extensive plateau reduced to a marsh and covered with thick grass, mixed with liliaceous plants and abundance of ferns, and the rivers everywhere overflowing their banks, make travelling, at that time, so difficult and render the climate so pernicious, that the only prudent thing to do is to keep close in camp and wait patiently till the season of the heavy rains is over.

OUR CAMP IN THE BIHÉ.

Still, how brilliant does not the earth appear during this period of rejuvenescence, when leaves and flowers sprout out in every direction after the long months of drought! The transformation of the landscape seems to be effected as by an enchanter's wand! Vast forests, which a little while before exhibited nothing but bare, unsightly branches, are suddenly clothed in every shade and tint of green. Enormous trees, to which cling the most extraordinary creepers, become at once vast rolls

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of hanging foliage, which sway about with the wind like the tresses of some gigantic bacchante.

The flowering shrubs add greatly to the beauty of the prospect. On one side graceful boughs, covered with pendant white blossoms, shoot from out the mass of verdure and meet with others from the opposite side all aglow with crimson; while athwart every open patch of sky, now clear and limpid as erst it was black with tempest, appear intermingled a world of beautiful leaves in every variety of shape and size, some just budding into life, and others broad enough to cover the human frame. On the rising ground, springing from out the underwood, rise elegantly-shaped trees, here solitary, there in groups of twos and threes, whose fresh mantles are glistening beneath the brilliant rays of the sun, which peer through every cranny and light up the patches of ground ankle deep with the spoils of the departed season, while thousands of birds and myriads of insects warble and twitter and whirr through the heated air, the voice of nature waking from her recent state of depression and torpidity.

Such was the aspect of the region when the rains at length ceased from their monotonous downpour. The country was filled with beauty, and in the midst of it all might be seen sitting, with half-closed eyes, the lord of creation, smoking his long pipe or sleeping off the effects of a recent debauch, as unmindful of the wealth of loveliness about him as the decayed trunk that lay prone upon the ground and from which the life and glory had departed.

The inhabitants of the Bihé cannot, strictly speaking, be considered a distinct race, with such characteristic features as to make them distinguishable at a glance. Their connexion with strange tribes, as we have already

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mentioned, has produced very dissimilar types. The question, too, of their origin is here, as elsewhere, one of difficult solution. Attempts have frequently been made in South Africa to form some correct notion of this or that people, but with little success; and the task becomes a harder one as we approach the centre of the continent. The absence of documents of every kind, and more especially the want of monuments, will explain the fact. Our only resource is therefore to fall back upon traditions.

From these, preserved by the Bihénos and transmitted from father to son, we learn that they migrated from the extensive regions of the north, and there is every reason to believe that they were not originally natives of the soil. The narratives of their story-tellers abound in romantic scenes, wherein figure wonderful hunters and tremendous conflicts, which it behoves the traveller to receive with a due amount of caution, owing to the invariable tendency to embellishment and exaggeration which distinguishes the aborigines.

How often, during our hours of rest, when sipping our coffee in our hut, have we listened to the marvellous tales which some of our men were so clever at narrating. With what vividness, as if they had been themselves eye-witnesses of the feats they described, did they not tell of the hunting of the elephant (*n'jamba*), of the lion (*ossi*), and the wolf (*t'chim-bungo*), and of adventures with monsters, only conceived in dreams, such as serpents with two heads—one at each end—fish with mouths shaped like those of the leech which fastened on the hippopotamus and bored holes in him, big enough to admit a human head; and so on, with that mixture of fact and fiction, which showed how little reliance could be placed upon the information they conveyed.

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Still, by dint of sifting, and eliminating from their stories everything which bore a fantastic and marvellous character, we managed to obtain certain data that our lengthened experience of the country enabled us to confirm, and these we venture, though with all due reserve, to submit to our readers.

It would appear that the settlement of the *Babihé* in this region is of recent date; that, coming from the north, they descended naturally from those invaders so frequently spoken of in the interior of Africa, and that after successive conquests they at length reached the country known on the coast under the name of Nano. The *Babihé*, or more correctly speaking the *Binbundo*—sometimes improperly designated *Quinbundo*[1]—would be thus comprised in the great family of the *Banano*, which seems to spring from the *Balunda*, and embrace the greater part of the peoples of the south-west, such as the *Busongo*, the *Babanguella*, the *Balundo*, and probably the *Bacuisso* and *Bacuando*, inhabitants of the littoral, if any stress can be laid on the similarity of the dialects spoken. As regards the last mentioned, however, we make the suggestion with considerable reserve.

[1] *Qui*, *chi*, or *chim*, is the prefix marking the singular number among the *Binbundo*; the plural being formed with *ma*, *bi*, or *bin*, according as euphony may require. Thus *chimbundo* makes in the plural *binbundo*; *chisapa*, a leaf, *bisapa*, leaves. In the case of persons, however, *mu* or *mun* is more commonly used in the singular, and *ba* or *ban* in the plural. But great confusion seems still to exist upon this point in the minds of all travellers, who employ indifferently *mu*, *ma*, *bi*, *ban*, and thus it happens that they say *mu-lua* instead of *ba-lua*, *mun-dombe* instead of *ban-dombe*. This confusion, as is pertinently observed by Snr. A. F. Nogueira in his work entitled "The Black Race," is carried to such a length as to lead people to bestow upon the Caffres the name of *ban-tu*. Now *tu* is the radical for person, so that in the singular *mun-tu* means a person, and *ban-tu* persons. To style the Caffres *ban-tu* is, therefore, simply to call them "persons."

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Though with a strongly projecting upper jaw, and a general contour of head that displays all the characteristics of the lowest races, they differ essentially from the peoples of other regions. Still, this physical difference may arise from the arid and unhealthy district they inhabit, for even the *Banano*, after a lengthened stay in the locality, undergo a rapid change for the worse under such influences.

The most natural conclusion, however, to come to is, that the *Banuando*, the *Bacuisso*, the *Bantunda*, and the *Banceli* are the *Banbonda* of the north, who, having crept along the sea-shore until they fell in with the Caffre races, who had travelled from the south to the west of the Calahari, became amalgamated with the latter. This at least would explain the existence of these tribes with their special type of physiognomy.

To sum up what we have written respecting the Bihénos, we may say generally that they are tall, thin, with heads of ample size, broad foreheads, not too low, flat noses, wide-spread cheeks, pointed chins and arched brows of no great prominence.

So much for their *physique*. As regards their *morale*, they are lively and intelligent, very cunning and excessively grasping; and, like all the populations of Central Africa, distinguishable for an indifference, both physical and moral, of which it is difficult to convey an idea. The little interest they take in their personal comfort, their neglect of dress, their contempt for, and ignorance of the most elementary sentiments which, if they are not innate in man, are supposed at least to represent the immediate consequence of his living in society, however primitive that society may be, are facts which make a deep impression on the traveller from the moment he sets his foot on the great continent, and cause him constant surprise.

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The explanation is in harmony with their mode of life. First, there is the influence of climate which is no doubt very powerful. Being neither excessively hot nor immoderately cold, the negro has no necessity to trouble himself about the important care of guarding against the severities of the weather. And next, there is the fertility of the soil which supplies his immediate requirements, so that never feeling the pinch of want, he never dreams of creating a store; and having no incentive to labour, he becomes a prey to sloth, with all the great and little vices which follow in its train.

WOMAN OF THE BIHE.

Slavery, too, has contributed its part to bring about this degradation or moral stagnation of the mind. Buffeted about, and persecuted during so many years, without a family or home, or any ties of affection, they have become, to a certain extent, habituated to a vagabond life, and to squat down wheresoever fate may cast them. It is of no use to go on lamenting and moralizing over such a state of things; what Europe should do is to endeavour to alter it, and instead of uttering fruitless complaints about the African, divert into his country the vast resources of civilization.

Turning to the women of this part of the continent, we find them relatively more active, and on that account more dignified than the men. We met with several who

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WOMEN OF THE BIHÉ, WITH PRODUCTS FOR SALE.

Page 111.

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were noteworthy for their elevated caste of features and agreeable expression of face. Their only specialty in the way of adornment is the elaborateness of their head-dress. The hair is frequently trained to hang in braids around the head, confined by a fillet of beads, or a broad strip of cloth. And this, with a necklace and a waist-cloth, completes their attire.

The feeling of maternity is so strong among them that it forms a strong contrast to their indifference upon other subjects. For the first three or four years the mother's whole care is devoted to her little one, from which she never separates. In her most laborious occupation in the fields, the infant is at her back or on her hips, confined within the waist-cloth. And in return for this devotion, when the child grows up, he or she abandons the mother, and acts to her as towards a stranger.

It would be surprising if, in the state of life we have described, the women should display any excess of modesty or shame. We had a strong proof of its absence in the case of one of our carriers, who had the misfortune to allow himself to be seduced by the coquetry and wheedling of a young married person who frequented the encampment. The syren having given him a rendezvous at her hut, posted witnesses at a convenient spot, who subsequently, before the court to which she herself summoned her victim, gave the necessary evidence to inculpate the gallant,—the husband of the *intrigante* himself being the chief accuser, and obtaining, as a solatium to his wounded honour, four pieces of trade cloth, in which the unlucky carrier was mulcted.

This same carrier assured us afterwards that it was no uncommon occurrence, and was in fact frequently made a resource by impecunious husbands to better their condition.

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Woman, indeed, is considered as a veritable article of merchandise, who may be bought or sold by arrangement with the parents. The consideration being paid, the bride is conducted to the dwelling of her husband, and after the usual banqueting, the affair is at an end. Unions rarely, if ever, are the result of affection, and from this cause, and the existence of polygamy, the institution of the family is very unstable.

As to their ideas on the subject of religion, it may be asserted that they in no particular approximate to ours. Not even paganism proper is professed among the Bihénos, although we were assured that further to the south the *Banhaneca*, like the Egyptians of old, observe a species of worship for the ox. If this be so, it may be explained by the circumstance that the ox represents to the poor African wealth and abundance, both of them objects to his mind worthy of veneration and respect. But among the people of the regions we have passed through, we observed no such sentimental worship, but a brutal idolatry, or rather a blind fetishism. And yet, strange to relate, it was unmixed with dualism, although fetish-worship almost always implies the idea of the terrors and perils which threaten the miserable existence of its votaries.

Among the superstitious and ignorant *Binbundo* the *quilulo n'sandi*, or evil spirit, is the prime representative of the grand cohort which we heard mentioned amid evidence of profound terror. That system of connexion, also, which man endeavours to establish with the Creator by the medium of religion must be totally absent from their minds, not only for the reasons alleged, but also because the knowledge of a Creator has no place in their understanding; points in which all modern explorers are agreed.[2]

[2] In speaking of the Obongos, Schweinfurth, in his "Au Cœur de

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Besides entertaining the opinion that these poor creatures are ignorant of the existence of a God, the Creator, we go so far as to assert that they have no idea of a future life, unless we are to presume they possess it from their belief that the spirits of the deceased are ever about them.[3] Nor can those who hold a contrary opinion lay much stress upon the more or less vague notions on the subject held by certain tribes, inasmuch as they are so evidently due to the influence of European contact.

N'GANA N'ZAMBI.

A proof of this was afforded us on one occasion at Chiboco, upwards of 400 miles from the coast, when we met with a native who, presenting us with what we at first took to be a toy, composed of a portal made of wood after the fashion of a chapel, having inside it a small figure representing a man with outspread arms, and at the top the representation of a bird, informed us that it was *N'gana N'zambi* (My God). On our inquiring what the *N'gana N'zambi* meant, he could give us no reply, but he stated that an ambaquista had brought it from the *calunga* (the sea).

l'Afrique," says that the independent idea of a divinity is not to be found in their language. *Loma* signifies destiny as well as felicity or misfortune. The Obbois and others, observes Sir S. Baker ("Lake Albert"), not only do not believe in God, but have not the slightest notion of what is termed religion.

[3] "We are bound to confess," remarks Speke in his "Source of the Nile," "that the Africans have no idea of providential supremacy, or of the conditions of another existence; they merely believe in talismans, and devote their whole thoughts to the present life. Fetishism exerts an incontestable influence over their minds."

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Some little time after this, one of us, Capello, happened to be at the senzala of a great chief, and found himself saluted by the title of *N'gana N'zambi*, owing to his long flowing white beard!

The consultation of their fetishes constitutes one of their most remarkable ceremonies, and is of a nature to exercise a very important influence on the life of the negroes. Any mortal can manufacture these fetishes, although they do not all possess the same virtues. A lump of rudely carved wood, a horn, a tooth, a dirty little bag may each serve its turn, and cure pains, promote the happiness of its owner, secure wealth and bring about the destruction of an enemy. To insure this last desideratum it is only necessary to hang up a fetish close to the dwelling of the intended victim and his death will incontinently ensue. If, by chance, however, he should refuse to die, the failure is never attributed to the want of virtue in the fetish, but to the enemy's possession of another, which serves as an antidote.

Averse to thought or to any exercise of the mind, they never trouble themselves with abstruse questions. The soil to which they are bound for the supply of the urgent necessities of life engages the greater part of their time, and the remainder is generally given up to animal pleasure, gaiety, and trifles, of which, owing to their half developed nature, they are very fond. The keen interest they are forced to take in their own preservation, surrounded by the many dangers and miseries which beset their lives, render them but little disposed for flights of fancy, even if they were capable of undertaking them.

Their communications with Europeans—which are now of lengthened date—have given them a certain experience in business, that they are not slow to use to their own advantage. This circumstance, joined to

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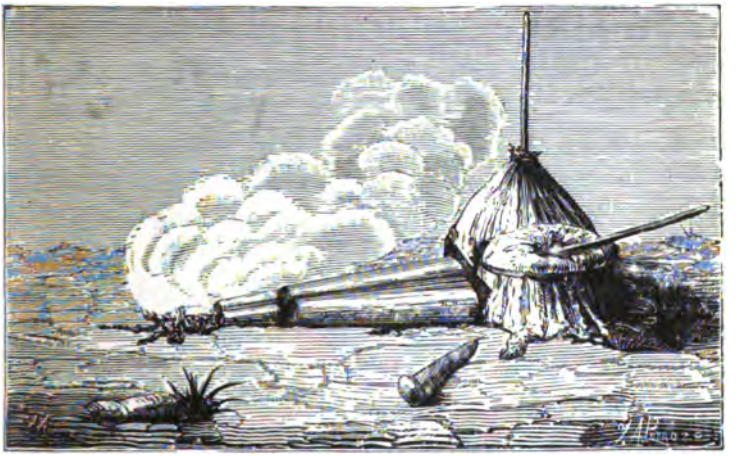
necessity—the mother as we know of all invention—has made them both ready and handy.

Their habits are simple enough, and on their return from a long journey, the Bihénos settle down into them with as much ease as though they had never left their native village.

Agriculture and the breeding of cattle constitute their most important occupations, and the former is almost exclusively allotted to the women. They exercise certain



NATIVE BELLOWS AND HAMMER.

mechanical arts, and manufacture large quantities of pipkins and pipes; they work in iron and turn out knives, hatchets (*n'djabites*), and other instruments. They are even acquainted with the processes necessary for the manufacture of steel, by the combination of iron with carbon and by tempering.

The process which they use is the following. The iron plate, duly fashioned for the purpose for which it is intended, is covered with a layer of charcoal, produced

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by the calcination of an ox's horn or hoof, previously mixed with oil. It is then submitted to the action of fire, intensified by the use of bellows, and after a certain space of time, which experience only teaches, it is immersed in water, drawn out again after a few moments, and finally polished with a little sand and a wooden instrument proper for the object.

We mentioned on a former occasion that Cangombe is the capital of the Bihé and the residence of the Sova, a chief who bears the name of Quilemo, the father of an extraordinary progeny. He recently bestowed upon his offspring various lands conquered from the Ganguellas, and they, for the most part, occupy them at the present time. It is customary in Africa for the succession to be collateral, that is to say, to pass from uncles to nephews; but Quilemo has not chosen to exclude his direct descendants, and has divided his possessions with them.

And a pretty set they were. Accustomed, as my men had previously informed me, to use every art of cunning with inexperienced Europeans in order to despoil them, they assailed us on every side with their offers of service, each boasting of his influence with his father who, they averred, was a most moderate man, willing to accept such a trifle, by way of preliminary present, as fifty dollars or so. Their *macotas* or chief men, who were shameless thieves, considered that eight yards of striped stuff, at least, was due to them from a caravan that seemed tolerably well supplied.

Following the vicious system in operation throughout Africa of not selling anything to the European, but making him a present of it, they extort from him in turn all his goods and effects, bit by bit, until the unhappy man finds himself under the necessity of refusing all presents,

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and thus giving birth to serious questions affecting the customs and prejudices of the country.

Three days after we had taken up our new quarters, having received nearly a hundred visitors, half of whom purported to come from the chief Sova of the district, and who was of course the first person entitled to our attention, we determined to go and call on him, with a view to satisfy his restless cupidity.

The present we had prepared for the great man was intended to exceed his expectations; but, on the other hand, our requirements were large, and in our negotiations for contracting the necessary carriers, we intended to ask him for a guide to accompany us to the sources of the Cuango and Cassai.

At sight of the treasure we were conveying to the Sova, and which was composed of two pieces of cotton, two of gingham, two of blue stuff, one of handkerchiefs, a load of beads of different kinds, a musket, an umbrella, an ass, and various bottles of alcoholic drinks, our fellows were convinced that so stupendous an offering was a guarantee of the success of the negotiations, and were in a high state of delight at the idea of the loads being diminished by one half their weight. In this, however, they were completely mistaken, for they really got doubled, in order to enable us to travel to the upper Cuanza.

Having given instructions for our departure on the following day, the 13th March, we retired to rest, under the persuasion that everything was in the best of order; but about midnight we were suddenly awakened by a most tremendous uproar in the encampment, where cries, howls, and vociferations were inexplicably mingled.

We had been suddenly attacked, and our defence was somewhat late, yet the only one available. "Fire!" was the universal cry,—"Fire is the only thing."

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The word was no sooner passed than flames began to rise in different parts of the extensive *quilombo*, lighting up the whole place completely. It was then, and then only, on seeing our men, stark naked, stirring up the fires of dry grass, and sweeping from off their limbs their ferocious assailants, that we perceived the enemy.

It was an enormous column of pigmy warriors (*bisonde*) who, during their march across country, had got within our precincts, and being disturbed by a man who was in the way, disbanded and attacked every creature that came within reach.

Their numbers were legion. The ground, the huts, the trees, were, in the space of an hour, in possession of the ants; and in the midst of the scene of conflict might have been discovered, by the glare of the fires, two human forms, the colour of whose skin was in marked contrast to that of the others. They were those of the chiefs of the expedition, who, having got covered with the formidable little creatures, had abandoned their clothes the better to do battle with the enemy. The fight was scarcely over by break of day, although a whole hecatomb of ants had, by that time, been slaughtered.

The little deputation selected to wait upon Quilemo then set out, and at about half-past twelve sighted, upon a high ground, the *libata* of Cangombe. It formed a vast square enclosure, whose sides were 1100 yards in length, and therefore constituted one of the largest *senzalas* we met throughout Africa. A quantity of ancient sycamores, with bushy tops and gnarled trunks, the bark of which was covered with extraordinary hieroglyphics and strange figures cut out with some sharp instrument, sheltered the huts from the direct action of the solar rays, and presented the appearance of a huge sunshade.

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Around the extensive *senzala* were spread the plantations which reached southwards as far as the banks of the river Cuqueima. In the distance the pastures were observed to be dotted with large herds of cattle, which, in the Bihé, flourish exceedingly.

Near the entrance of the village there was quite a little crowd of people, men, women, and children, who, attired in the scantiest of garments, watched us as we drew near, while several *macotas*, drawn up in line, enveloped in their coloured robes, were in attendance to conduct us to the presence of their chief.

A GANGUELLA, AGED SIX.

The packages containing the presents formed a topic of conversation upon which all alike dilated, and many were the conjectures as to their contents. One of the blacks, who seemed a personage of some importance, coming forward, inquired whether we wished that the gifts should be presented all at once to Quilemo, hinting that it would be far preferable to divide them, so as not to excite, by their extraordinary size, the cupidity of so many spectators.

Kind, thoughtful creature! He was quite willing to take care of any portion of the effects, but as we imagined the goods might not be forthcoming when wanted, we had the unpoliteness to decline his offer rather brusquely.

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Having penetrated into the interior, we were led through various narrow lanes, lined with wooden houses, having conical, thatched roofs, and plastered both inside and out with stiff clay. This section was the *muicanzo* or vassals' ward. Gates which opened to the right and left, and were closed behind us, left us at the end of ten minutes in perfect perplexity as to the road we had come; at last, having crossed a deep gully, we found ourselves near the private residence, styled *m'bala*, having on its left, upon a rising ground, a group of small straw huts surrounded by a palisade. This was the harem, if we might judge from the many elegantly dressed heads moving hither and thither, and the large and bright eyes which, through the inequalities of the fence, were furtively watching the strangers.

Seated beneath the shade of a sycamore, the centre of attraction of some 200 curious spectators, we waited a quarter of an hour, while Quilemo, as it appeared, was completing his toilet. It was terminated at last, and we were introduced to an old man, of no very agreeable aspect, enveloped in a loose sort of coat, his legs partly covered by a cloth of indescribable colour, an enormous cocked hat on his head, and seated on a stool near the cabin, which served him as a sleeping-place.

Groups of young niggers, most probably the offspring of the old Sova, were gazing at us open-mouthed; and an air of like astonishment sat upon the coarse features of the *macotas*.

Exposed as we were to the midday sun—a circumstance to which the chief himself was utterly indifferent—we got up to change our place; but seeing us on our feet they all rose, and a series of explanations became necessary before things were restored to anything like order. This done, we delivered to him some letters we

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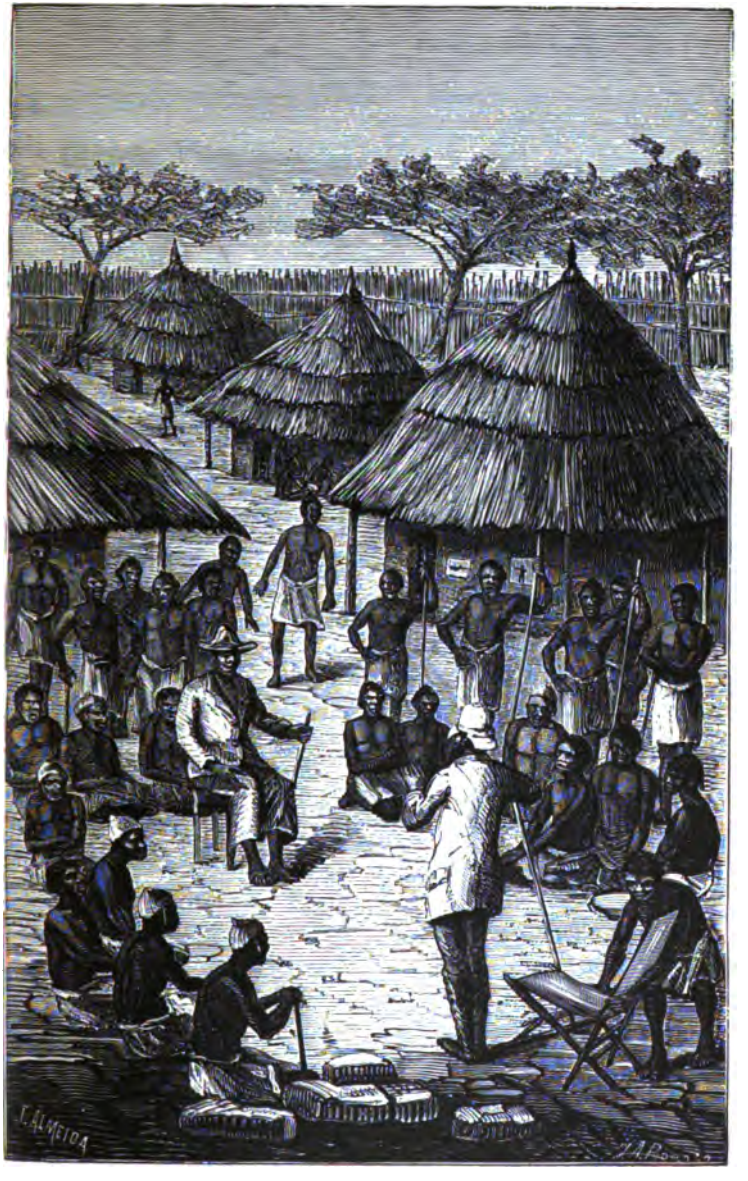

RECEPTION BY QUILEMO.

Page 120.

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had brought from the coast, exhibited the plan of exploration of the sources of the Cuango and Cassai, and spoke of our intention to cross the territories of Luimbe and Quinbandi, if he would only favour us with his assistance.

To this he replied that he was delighted to see the whites in his territory, as it was a great pleasure to him to cultivate their acquaintance, and that in his dominions they would find abundance of everything. He promised us valuable assistance as his people were accustomed to travel, but that for so long a journey as we contemplated, it was necessary to have plenty of powder and guns: and he added that if we possessed any of the latter, we might send him one.

This appeared a favourable moment to make our offering. Receiving article by article from our followers we passed them over to Quilemo, who, like other great men similarly circumstanced, appeared to admire nothing, but, after a cursory glance, gave the things in charge to his immediate attendants, who conveyed them away. We saw, however, by the twinkle of his eye and the nervous twitch of his hands that he was not so indifferent as he feigned to appear.

The goods having been all delivered, we passed on to the interesting subject of "drinks," when a curious episode occurred which would have been quite enough to upset the gravity of any reception. As two of the bottles of liquor were being handed to Quilemo, one of his *macotas* made a snatch at one of them, and incontinently took to his heels with it.

"Stop him!" exclaimed our men, running after the retreating thief. "Stop him!" cried others as they took up the chase. And in the meanwhile, availing himself of the confusion, another *macota* seized the second bottle

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and darted off in the opposite direction. And thus terminated in a farce, an interview which had commenced under such strict ceremonial.

Our preliminary visits, compliments, &c., having been at length brought to a close, we did our best to turn to account our compulsory stay in the territory, by drawing up a map of the country, correcting the most recent data we had brought with us—the fruits of other journeys—writing up our diary, and preparing collections for despatch to Europe, prior to our own departure. We at the same time made daily excursions in the neighbourhood in search of botanical and zoological specimens, the result of which will appear in the Appendix to this work.

As our chief desire was to obtain the greatest possible information concerning the country, we resolved to start upon our first excursion to the sources of the Cuanza, which we had reason to believe were to be sought in a different direction to that laid down in the maps made up to date. Fever, however, that attacked us with inexorable persistency, compelled the postponement of the journey which it was determined that one of us, directly he was able, should undertake towards the upper course of that river.

Information, gathered from certain Ganguellas whom we met on the banks of the Cunene, taught us that the Cuanza took its rise in a vast lake, called Mussombo, having an island in its centre, covered with vegetation; the lake itself being surrounded by high ground, about which were clustered frightful legends of phantom festivities, ghostly fires, and human shrieks that were seen and heard as night advanced; we likewise learned that the region in the proximity of the lake was all but deserted.

Capello was the first to be in readiness to make a move,

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and it was consequently he who started on the excursion, whereby he was enabled to determine with tolerable accuracy the upper course of the river and the greater part of its tributaries on the left bank. We take up therefore Capello's diary on his journey from the encampment towards the south-south-east, across the Bihé and the country of the Ganguellas.

April 24th.—Left at eight in the morning, and crossed a flat territory covered with trees, among which the acacia predominated.

The undulations of the ground, perpendicular to our route, give rise to various little streams, affluents of the Cuito, which latter runs into the Cuqueima, a tributary of the Cuanza.

WOMAN OF CANGOMBE.

After some eight miles' marching, we encamped near a village called Nunha. There we had a visit from various persons of distinction, which was quite a matter of course, and after the usual presents, and lengthy discussions, interpreted by the guide and a young negro, who helped greatly to increase our confusion of mind, we spent the rest of the evening in writing, smoking, and chatting.

Some of the negro narratives are entertaining enough, their subject being generally records of travel. Ambassi, our guide, was a famous story-teller, and his tales concerning the eastern wilds were, to say the least, very extraordinary. He related some wonderful histories

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about sport on the Cassai, and an equally remarkable one about the behaviour of the Lundas towards the Bihénos, always to the disadvantage of the former. They could not be ever in the wrong, but as Ambassi invented his facts it was easy for him to make them so. One hint, however, I gathered from this *animus* on the part of my guide, viz. that if we had any intention of penetrating into the Lunda territory there was little hope of assistance to be expected from the Bihénos.

April 25th.—Rousing myself at daybreak, I hurried on our departure in order that I might have time, at our fresh encampment, to determine the geographical co-ordinates. At 7.30 we reached the extensive *libata* of the Sova Quilemo, where we were received with the utmost attention. My appearance seemed to cause him the greatest surprise, more especially on account of the length of my beard. That appendage being white, he looked upon me as quite as old as himself.

Around the *senzala* various animals were grazing, and among others the donkey we had presented, and whose aspect gave me no very flattering opinion of the felicity of asses in the country of the Bihé. The persistent efforts of the creature, according to what they related to me, to prevent being mounted, notwithstanding the thrashings they gave him, confirmed me in that opinion.

"Is this ass intended to be mounted?" inquired the Sova.

"Most certainly," was my reply.

"But how is it to be done?" said he.

Thereupon I undertook to show him by compelling one of the gentlemen of his court, who stood by, to curve his back to the desired angle, when the chief, seeing me on the point of converting one of the faithful into the semblance of the most humble of quadrupeds, exclaimed,—

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"I know all about that, *n'gana;* but the question is, how to get on his back, for he has broken the heads of half a dozen of my men who attempted it."

"That is a great misfortune," I observed; "but, you see, donkeys are strange animals, and sometimes do very queer things." And I was preparing to give him an account of that historical ass of Balaam, which I considered the most original of his species, when a fresh incident cut short the thread of my discourse and directed my thoughts into another channel.

This was the sudden appearance of a tall and well-knit negro, covered with an ample cloth of gingham, and carrying a gun upon his shoulder, who, having made his obeisance to the Sova, received from him certain instructions.

"Who is that?" I inquired of Ambassi.

"A *seculo*," he answered, "whom the Sova has appointed to accompany us as a guide."

"But we don't want him," I observed.

"I'm afraid we must have him though, Senhor," rejoined Ambassi, "otherwise the Sova will take it ill."

And he was right, for notwithstanding my protests, I had to give in; though the new comer cost me, as I foresaw he would, half a piece of cloth for himself and a whole piece to the Sova, for supplying me with what I did not require. A droll system, I thought, which bestows favours on you that you don't want, and makes you pay for them into the bargain.

Not too satisfied with our bargain we started with our new guide, crossing the river Cuqueima by a handsome wooden bridge, the work of the natives. The land soon became more broken and fatiguing, but what was worse it gave rise to a divergency of opinion between our guides. The country was dotted all over with groups of huts, the

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residences of the offspring of the Sova, the first of these hamlets we met with belonging to Caûeu, near Chipocama. The river Cuqueima, which runs from the north, and that we had crossed upon the road, turns rapidly at this point and flows eastward.

The remainder of the day and night was passed very quietly. The chief was hospitable and even friendly. His wife, he said, was ill, and it was not extraordinary, seeing she had been exposed to the sun for many hours, in order thoroughly to dry a lot of red and white stripes painted upon her body. Judging that she had simply caught a little fever, I administered twenty grains of quinine, which soon brought her round. Caûeu, by way of compensation, presented me with a fowl for dinner, garnished after a fashion of his own, and gave me certain information about the distance and direction of the sources of the Cuanza.

April 26th.—There was nothing worthy of particular record during our march of this day. We crossed extensive plateaux, and camped at noon in the senzala of the chief Mucunha, a son of the Sova of the Bihé, at Quicalla. The chief himself was not there, but I was received by his wife, who did the honours very pleasantly. She had no reason to complain of our want of appreciation of her kindness, for she was made happy with a necklace of red beads and four different coloured handkerchiefs.

April 27th.—We resumed our journey at daybreak in a southerly direction. Several rivulets were crossed upon the way, all of them affluents of the Cuqueima, and one, the Laula, which marks the limit of the Bihé territory. Beyond that little stream is the country of the Ganguellas, the first of whose sovas I fell in with, being Quicuba, in Cangumbe. He insisted upon our passing the night in his senzala, and I was weak enough to yield to his urgent

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solicitations. I bitterly repented it, however, before the night was over, as the place swarmed with ticks (*mancubas*), and was otherwise filthily dirty. At noon of this day I determined the geographical co-ordinates.

April 28th.—Up betimes, for the reasons above stated, and took a southerly course, arriving at about eleven o'clock at the *libata* or fortified village of the Sova N'gando.

"THERE GO 400 LBS. OF MEAT!"

While crossing a dense forest we had an unexpected apparition in the shape of a monstrous buffalo who, roused from his meditations beside a tree, which completely hid him from our view, rushed past us in such close proximity that his hoofs scattered the dirt over our foremost men. Fortunately, perhaps, no shot was fired at his retreating form. To have done so, in fact, under

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our circumstances would have been simply madness, for if the animal had not been killed, but merely wounded by the shot, some of our women and children must have fallen victims to his ferocity. Still, it was with a sigh of regret that I muttered to myself, "There go 400 lbs. of meat!"

N'gando, who was new to his position, seemed discontented with everybody and everything. His predecessor, who it seems was the counterpart of himself, was seized and put to death in the *libata* of Momo by order of the Sova of the Bihé.

My arrival caused a considerable sensation, and the Sova declared that he would not allow me to pass on to the Cuanza without consulting the fetishes, as he feared that evil might otherwise come of it. I was compelled to submit to this absurd arrangement, and remain quiet while my future movements were being discussed and decided in secret councils. Fortunately, the oracle was favourable, and I was free to depart on the following day.

Things being thus placed upon a friendly footing, we exchanged presents, and as an unusual mark of generosity N'gando offered me an ox.

I was enabled to gather here various examples of the flora, which occupation, together with long talks and consultations—for I was compelled to doctor a dozen or two invalids, real or pretended, who clamoured for physic—took up the whole of the 29th. The next day, however (the 30th), I was again upon the road.

At about ten o'clock, having marched some four miles, I had reached a point where the Cuanza runs northwards. Its course is very sinuous, and its sandy banks are covered with wiry grass. I found its average depth to be four feet, its width from thirty-three to forty-three yards, and the velocity of the current 1.5 miles. Far away, to

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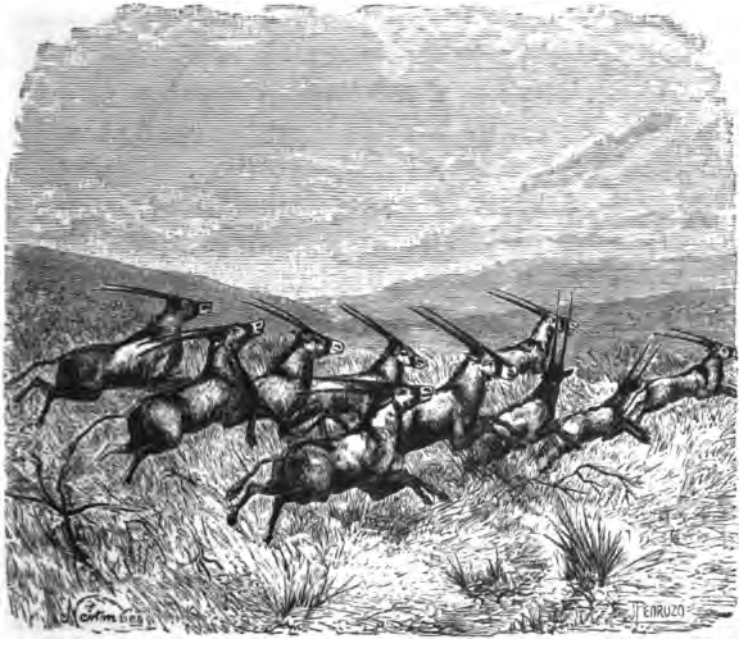
the eastward, extended the elevated ground called Catupo, the divisional line of the hydrographic basins of the Cuito and Cuanza.

On reaching the bank, we observed on the undulated plateau of the further side a herd of antelopes, with white fur marked with black spots, and long straight horns, which the aborigines called *ma-tchobo*, a species of



THE ORYX CAPENSIS.

shaggy goat dwelling near rivers. My glass, however, convinced me that this was a mistake, for the creatures, then dashing off, with the speed of the wind, were the *Oryx Capensis*.

The geographical co-ordinates of our position were lat. 13° 3′ 57″ S. and long. 17° 17′ 19″ E. of Greenwich; and the most reliable data fixed the source of the river

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in a south-south-west direction and at no less a distance than thirty-five miles from the spot we had now reached.

Much to my regret I was compelled to bring my excursion to the fountain-head to a sudden close, for as, on the 6th of the following month, the planet mercury was to cross the disc of the sun, my presence at the encampment on that day was a matter of necessity. So I was fain to order the caravan to retrace its steps to the encampment.

We arrived there in the afternoon of the 5th of May, and at nine o'clock on the following morning, in a clear and cloudless sky, we were fortunate enough to witness the remarkable astronomical phenomenon.

A few days later a party of Bailundos, with supplies from the coast, reached the *quilombo*, and desirous of proceeding on our mission, we used every effort to obtain from the sova Quilemo orders that would enable us to hire men. He was lavish in promises, never failing to give fresh ones on the occasion of our repeated applications, but we made no progress whatsoever.

We then went upon another tack and tried to interest the Bihénos in our cause by little gifts to themselves and handsome presents to many of the *seculos* or grandees of the sova. Our efforts, however, in this direction were just as fruitless. The gratuities were taken readily enough, but whether from ingratitude, indolence, or ill-faith, we never saw the recipients again, and, therefore, had merely the poor consolation that we were not the first sufferers of the same kind, and that our predecessors Livingstone, Cameron, and Stanley had been subjected to precisely similar disappointments.

But our tribulations did not end there, for we discovered a nice little plot on the part of one of our captains, named Catão, to win over his men and induce

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them to desert. We were just in time to nip it in the bud, for a few hours later it would have been carried out. We put the fellow under examination, when he cried like a child, swore that such an idea had never entered his head, that the accusations were only the invention of the enemy, or rather his enemies, and that we had not a more faithful servant in the caravan than he, as he hoped shortly to be able to prove.

And he *did* prove it—very shortly—for the very next day the rascal decamped with his spouse, carrying with him a gun, nearly a hundred dollars advances, and a piece of handkerchief which we had given him only a few days before. If we could lend any credence to the reports that subsequently reached us, it was the intention of the fellow to further enrich his spoils with the head of one of us, his masters, but we must say no attempt of the kind was made, for he retreated with so much secrecy that we knew nothing of it till an hour or two afterwards.

It was thus that we found ourselves for the time without leaders for the men, inasmuch as Barros, whom we had brought from Benguella, had likewise been sent back: so that finding ourselves limited to a very reduced number we determined to accommodate our goods to our carriers, and like sailors in a sinking vessel begin to throw cargo overboard.

A great pang, however, seized us as article after article disappeared under the waters of the Cuito, and many a sigh was heaved over the case containing toilet *necessaries*, and many another over the box with our carpenter's tools, and other useful but cumbersome things. The very carriers themselves grew lachrymose as they witnessed the sacrifice of good things, and each, according to his taste, groaned as the tins of *julienne*, vegetables, and marmalade, were absorbed by the unconscious stream.

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They then broke out into loud imprecations against Quilemo, who, as they rightly judged, was the main cause of all this destruction; but they soon got tired of vociferating, and relapsed into their usual indifference.

But it behoved *us* to do something more, and deeply we pondered and long we talked as to what that something should be. As it was evidently useless to repeat the experiment of making presents, we scoured the neighbourhood, in vain, in company of Ambassi, who, having deluded us a score of times, tried to do so once more by filching from us thirty pounds of salt, and reselling it to us for a couple of pieces of cloth. This little game, however, being discovered, caused him to be kicked ignominiously out of the camp, and that episode seemed to decide our fate, for none seemed disposed to accompany an expedition which ill-luck appeared to pursue.

A NATIVE OF THE BAILUNDO.
(*From a photo.*)

The only volunteer after this was an ancient *quissongo* (accompanied by a miserable old woman whom he called his wife), who would never perhaps have thought of offering his services if he had not been under a bann, caused by an accusation of sorcery that would soon have transported him to a *better life*, had not the sublime inspiration of taking to his heels come opportunely into his head.

We have little doubt but that the disinclination of the

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natives to join us arose first from their natural weakness of mind, and secondly from imaginary fears that had got possession of them.

What, they inquired, can these men want in the interior, if they are not seeking trade? What do they mean by going about with those instruments, bewitching the roads and the rivers, the mountains and the valleys? They only think of *ocu-soneca* (writing) and measuring and spying about, and don't care for either ivory or wax. If either is offered them, they refuse it, and say they only want provisions and carriers. They must be the Muene Puto's [4] sorcerers come to destroy the country.

And we could well imagine that wretched old sova adding, as he devoured his *infundi*, "I can't conceive what these people are about, bothering me in this way. However, time will show!"

[4] The White King.

BARROS.
(*From a photo.*)

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CHAPTER V.

Last promise of the *ca-jagga*—Across the Bihé country—The soil, water, aspect, and wind at that period—*Hypnosia* and an extortionate sova—The Coimbras in Quionja and the sova of the Garanganja—Quiteque and a musical composition—A funeral and war camps—The grand *quissongo* and the *libambo*—Cuanza, its velocity, bed, banks, course, and affluents—A Luimbe masker and the *Ptyelus olivaceus*—A rebellious *quissongo* and an African *venus*—Mongôa, exactions, thefts, and a bloodless campaign—The river Luando and its fisheries—Cha-N'Ganji and Candeeira—A genealogic tree and the dynasty of the Bihé—A council of four—Arrival at T'chiboco—Cha-Cupinga and a ghastly encampment—Our reception at Cangombe—Apprehensions excited by the appearance of the white man and probable causes—The price of popularity and an amusing way out of a difficulty.

TIRED of our repeated applications to the *ca-jagga*, which led to nothing but disappointment, we resolved to abandon him to the roguery and corruption by which he was surrounded.

Time flew with extraordinary rapidity, a good part having been expended in journeying to the *libata* of Cangombe. At the twenty-fourth hour Quilemo sent us an envoy with a message that he was arranging for an *oca* (a hundred men). "An *oca*, indeed!" was our exclamation. "Why we have given him more than an *oca* of piece goods. Go back and tell the sova that we want nothing of him; that his pretended patronage of travellers is a farce worthy of his stupid old head, and that sooner or later he will have to pay the piper. And you

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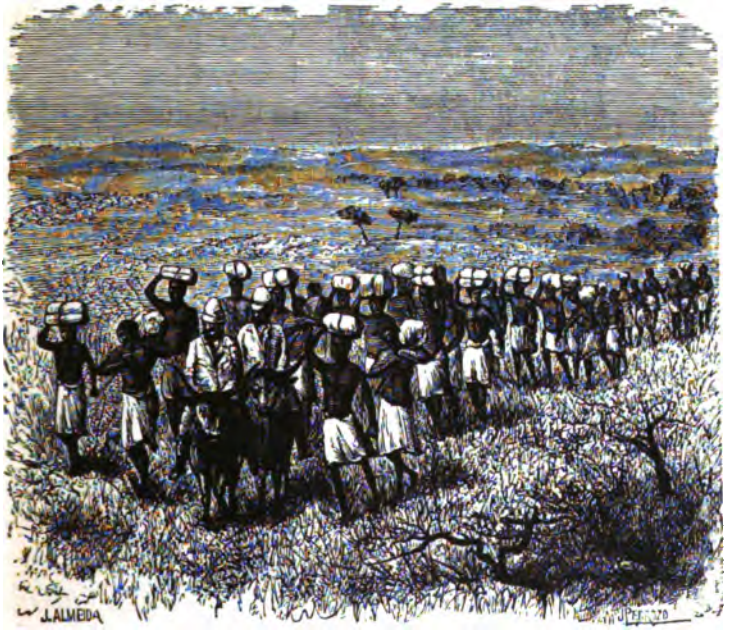
may add, if you like, that you and his other *macotas* are the greatest set of rascals we have ever met with."

Far from taking our message in any serious sense, the ambassador only parted his huge lips to open the chasm which did duty for a mouth, and, with a grin that displayed the whole of his dazzlingly white teeth, said,—

"*Malavo N'gana!*" (*Aguardente*, Senhor.)



ACROSS THE BIHÉ.

It was on the 19th of May that we broke up our camp and started in good earnest. The plateau, which commences on the west of the Bihé, extends for a considerable distance towards the eastward, dipping towards the valley of the Cuanza. The soil is, in great part, composed of argillous-siliceous tracts, covered with a thin layer of mould, with fragments of quartz occasionally cropping above the surface. The oxide of iron gives

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it a russet hue, which is specially remarkable in the termite-mounds. Water is abundant; the district is the most populous and best cultivated of the country, and the landscape is simply magnificent. The wind, which blows there violently from the south-east between the months of May and October, already began to make itself severely felt.

AN AFRICAN PROFESSOR.

The first important stopping-place of the caravan was near the senzala of Quiteque, where we had to abandon one of our men from utter inability to proceed further. The unfortunate wretch was suffering from the well-known and terrible disease of *hypnosia*;[1] and when his fits

[1] This remarkable phase of exotic pathology has not hitherto been much studied by professional men.

The illustrious clynical Dr. Manuel Ferreira Ribeiro informed us that there was a great deal of uncertainty about the diagnosis, and that a good many doubts were likewise entertained as to the nosographical designation of this unusual disease, called by the natives in various localities *M'bazo*, *Nicto*, *Langola*, *Ntouzi*, *N'elavane*, *Dâdane*, and finally *Scrofulous stone*. In Portuguese Guinea it has given rise to various attempts of treatment, carried on there in the most barbarous manner by the *gambacoses*, or medicine-men, and by the *quinbanda* in other localities, and is not unnaturally greatly feared by the natives.

Its prevalence having been noticed among the aborigines almost throughout the continent, the Portuguese have bestowed upon it the name of *Somno*, and the English the title of *Sleeping dropsy*.

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came on he would drop his head, fall prone upon the ground, close his eyes, and go off into a sleep, from which nothing but the greatest violence could rouse him. He would then unclose his eyes, shake himself and shuffle on, but unless he were watched, down he would go again like a stone.

The original cause of this torpor, wherein there is a general numbness of the faculties and a dulness of comprehension, seems to be but little understood. Persons who are attacked by it are roused with exceeding difficulty, and when they are so, they appear to have but a feeble understanding of what is going on around them, or rather to have lost their connexion with the outer world. There seems to be no special mode of treating such cases. Sudden shocks are beneficial, and more than once we have heard that an unexpected plunge into cold water is the best mode of rousing the patient.

The sova Cadotcha, the chief of the place where we had encamped, seemed to have studied in the same school as his august master. A perfect reproduction of that *ca-jagga* Quilemo, he put our patience to a severe trial, by detaining us in his territory three whole days, during which there was no exaction or extortion that he did not practise or try to practise upon us. Shirts, drawers, hats, all were alike to his insatiable craving, the remarkable thing being that he took the strongest fancy for those we wore ourselves. Being determined, as it would appear, to thoroughly furnish his wardrobe, he pestered us for everything that came into his mind, not

The opinions of pathologists differ greatly upon the subject. Hypnosia was considered by some as a strange feature of malignant fever, by others as coma, and by many as lethargy, with scrofula as a morbid element. At the present date, however, it is generally ranked as a species of thrombasis, arising from the combined action of marshy infection and the pigment drawn from the cerebral capillaries, thus producing somnolency.

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even omitting the rings we wore, and which we should have had to part with but for our assurance of the impossibility of getting them off our fingers.

At Quionja, within a short distance of our camp, we found a settlement of the Coimbras, negroes long established in the village, and who, in their journeys to Catanga and Garanganja, act as delegates of the native chiefs of those places in the market of Benguella. M'Chiri, the sova of Garanganja, was, as we were assured, one of their best friends, and he had an elder brother at that time stopping at Cha-Quilembi. We had heard a good deal about this sova and his constant dealings with the western coast at the house of Messrs Ferreira and Gonçalves, of Benguella, to which city, if we remember rightly, the chief had recently sent a musical-box to be mended. Wonderfully fond of music, he made this little instrument his constant companion; only as it was apt to get weak from continual practice, it not unfrequently had to take these journeys to the coast for the "benefit of its health."

We observed that at Quiteque there was a similar inclination for music, and both the sova and his vassals spent their hours of leisure in the cultivation of the sublime art. Judging from the complicated harmony and contrast of instrumentation which met our ears their compositions occasionally reminded us of the peculiarities of the new school.

The stupendous roar of the *bumbos*, alternated with the solos of ear-piercing fifes, might be translated by competent professors into the grander emotions of the soul and the cries and shrieks of anguish and despair. The plaintive sounds drawn from the *marimbas* might, by the same learned persons, be converted into wails over the monotony of life in the woods, and the mortal dulness which accompanied it.

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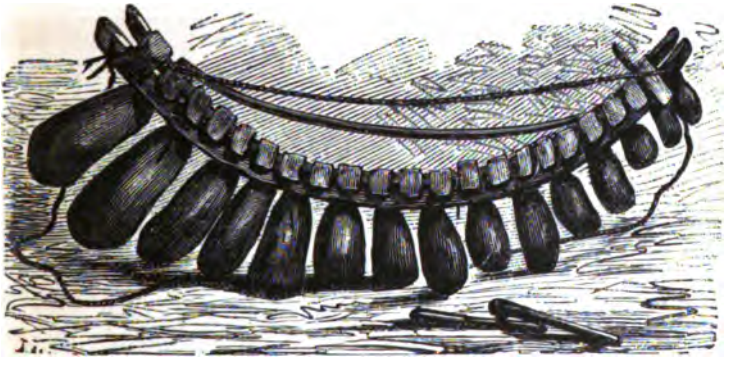

MARIMBAS.

It may have been want of taste on our part, but we could read none of these things in the *charivari* of sounds that at the close of evening invariably assailed our ears, and when the exclamations of "*Epe! Epe! Calunga!*" resounded on all sides we would fain have been half a mile away.

For the edification of our readers we here record one of their grandest compositions, to the accompaniment of

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which were intoned in chorus short couplets that we were unable to preserve, and with which, usually, the grand concerts terminated. It sounded plaintive enough when sung by youthful voices, and appeared to have been borrowed from the Ganguellas. The theme was a description of a morning in the fields when, with their infants on their backs, the women went forth to labour, and being assailed by clouds of locusts, they drove them away by the shaking of their waist-cloths and loud cries of "*Bruhá-há! Bruhá-há!*"

On the 25th of May we reached the bank of the river Dembei, that was, in parts, densely wooded, when our attention was attracted by a certain monotonous and measured chant, like a lament, which issued from the bosky shade. The sound so excited our curiosity that we were induced to cross the river.

A dozen paces or so brought us to a clearing in the forest, where appeared assembled a great crowd of warriors, women and children, the females with white cloths upon their heads, surrounding a soothsayer, who, throwing his arms about in an insane fashion, gave vent to a lugubrious song. Close by, suspended by the hands and feet from a long pole which two men bore upon their shoulders, was a human corpse, done up in a piece of gingham, and it was on the occasion of its funeral that all these people were assembled.

The body was not, however, allowed to be interred until the *quinbanda* had ascertained the cause of its death. To this end, addressing the deceased, he inquired, "Who was it killed thee?" In searching for the answer, the corpse-bearers began dancing about, swaying their burthen now this way, now that, until, in approaching the crowd which stood around, they bumped the corpse against a superior-looking native, who was unfortunately in the way.

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"Here he is!" they all exclaimed, seizing the unhappy victim; "this is the man who bewitched him!"

We learned upon inquiry that as death is for the most part attributed to sorcery, it is customary among the Binbundo, directly death occurs, to try and find out who has used secret influence, so as to guard against such arts in future. It appears, however, that the parties denounced

THE CUANZA AT N'JAMBA.

are always well-to-do people, sometimes even *erombe-ia-soma* or noblemen of a neighbouring tribe, who are able, by the payment of a handsome gratuity, to escape without further annoyance. A death, therefore, is often a means of setting up a poor widow in oxen, sheep, &c., paid by way of fine, and ostensibly to celebrate the *itambi* or banquet in honour of the departed.

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Four days of constant marching carried us across a country, wearing in every respect the same natural features, to the bank of the Cuanza, near the *libata* N'jamba. On our way we fell in with the *quilombos* or encampments of the last war of the Bihénos against Quiosa, a very notable excursion, undertaken ostensibly to chastise the offender, but really for no other object than plunder. That this is really the fact may be judged from their method of procedure.

Directly an African sova has determined upon a campaign, he calls a council of his chief men, who pass several days in discussions before taking a definite resolution. This done, the members disperse, in order to propagate the news, and collect men who, upon a certain day, are requested to repair to a determinate place, where the first encampment is formed.

Absolute secrecy is observed regarding the object of the expedition, which is entrusted to the *soma-ia-candjamba* or grand *quissongo*, who assumes the chief command. All his measures are dictated by agreement with the *soma catito*, his subalterns, and then transmitted to the army during the night by one of the latter, possessed of a good pair of lungs, who, perched up in a tree, describes to his auditors, in the name of the chief, the plan of the following day's campaign. The warriors, with pipe in mouth, squatted round the fires, listen in profound silence. Suddenly a voice is upraised in reply, in the shape of an objection to the proposed scheme; his remark brings forth another and another until such a hubbub ensues that it requires half an hour or so to re-establish order. The *quissongo* then resumes his discourse, and, knowing from experience that victory is always on the side of the strongest lungs, he shouts like a madman, and goes on, without regard to interruptions,

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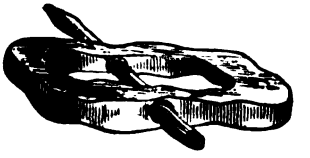
generally terminating with an order "to march," which he is himself the first to obey. They all rise and follow him as a matter of course, the army moving off in lengthened file, through woods and off the ordinary tracks, to the place determined in council, where they camp, generally marching from twelve to fifteen miles at a stretch.

They remain in their new encampment as long as provisions last, compelling the inhabitants, whether friends or foes, to supply them with what they need.

The chief advantage derived from their system of marching is, that only a few are acquainted with the intended route, and it is by a succession of evolutions that they draw near to the village or people forming the object of the operations, and which is attacked at break of day. It frequently occurs that these diversions are entirely bloodless, although they entail a considerable amount of suffering. The huts being assaulted and sacked they are burnt to the ground, and the whole of the inhabitants taken prisoners and confined by means of *bi-cumbi.*[1] Being carried off by the victors they wait and almost invariably wait in vain till they are ransomed by their families, and a certain time having elapsed they are conveyed to the nearest market and sold. In these numerous levies children get separated from their mothers and mothers from their children, so that it is no uncommon thing to meet in the interior with men snatched in their



U-CUMBI.

[1] A sort of wooden shackles, into which, after withdrawing the central peg, the legs are thrust and the peg replaced. The arms, drawn behind the back, are treated in the same manner, so that the unfortunate prisoner, so hampered, has no chance of getting away.

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youth from their mothers' arms, who, on revisiting the scenes of their early days, pass their parents by without even knowing them.

Having constructed an encampment on the bank of the Cuanza we took all the scientific observations needed for the approximate determination of the course of that river. Our next care was to supply ourselves with provisions, so that we might lose no time in getting across the territory of Luimbe, which lay in front of us.

The question of supplies, however, was not an easy one to solve, inasmuch as owing to the necessity of ransoming a goodly number of relatives taken in the recent war with the Bihé, the sova and his senzala were in very reduced circumstances, and could furnish us with but scanty provender and no men.

Ordinarily the food of the African traveller and of his followers consists of manioc flour and meat or dried fish taken from the rivers: not very appetizing fare, but highly esteemed when it is the best you can get. And as a man upon the march, regularly allowanced, consumes from four and a half to five pints of flour, making for the support of eighty to a hundred during six days some 1500 lbs. weight, to be borne by twenty carriers, it is easy to conceive that if either food or porters be not forthcoming the position is an embarrassing one. To make our circumstances more depressing, our already limited numbers were reduced by the desertion of two young negroes, who had thought fit, near the *libata* Olimbinda, to undertake an excursion on their own account, and had, unfortunately, forgotten to return two of our best rifles ere they started.

The Cuanza in this parallel is a river from fifty-five to sixty-five yards broad, and from thirteen to sixteen feet deep. The velocity of the current is a mile at most, and

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the water is clayey and dark. The course is tortuous enough but free from falls. Some six miles above the point we had reached it receives the Cuqueima, which bounds the Bihé territory on the south. The Cuanza may be navigable from very near its source to the point of the affluence of the Luando, where is found the first fall.

The land on the left bank is high, and covered with vegetation; on the right the ground is low, and not improbably inundated during the season of heavy rains. In a northerly direction we could make out the lofty plateaux, extending from the left bank, for a distance of some twenty or thirty miles, where they were lost in the horizon. Affluents to the river are visible on both the banks, and are rather numerous.

WOMAN OF LUIMBE.

Having, after some trouble, laid in our stores, the caravan started on the 6th of June to scale the heights of Bandua, a lofty barrier of ruddy hue which, fifteen miles to the eastward, runs from north-west to south-east, and subsequently forms a semi-circle to the south.

On our reaching the summit of the pass, we were met by a singular apparition. This was a native, masked, with red and white stripes, made with clay and flour, all over his body, his head adorned with feathers and holding in his hand a short stick ornamented with brass-headed

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nails. He came dancing in front of us, bowing his body in sign of reverence and played such antics as are customary in a buffoon.

In answer to our inquiries, we learned that he had come to present us his respects and wish the caravan all sorts of happiness and success; in other words, the fellow wanted a couple of yards of cloth, which we thought it politic to give him.

A tramp of thirty-five miles, with a mean course E.N.E. bore us across the Luimbe territory to the borders of the Songo and to the residence of the sova of Mangôa. Here we met with the river Luando, the largest affluent of the Cuanza after Lucalla, whose course was for the most part unknown.

The vegetation during the first few days was low, and of a mediocre character. As, however, we advanced and got higher up, it became much more abundant and vigorous. Flourishing around large and ancient senzalas many fig-trees and sycamores with elongated boughs (*micendeiras*) were then met with, the latter covered with innumerable larvæ of the *Ptyelus olivaceus*,[3] whence water was constantly dropping so as to sop the ground beneath. Huge leguminous plants, whose fruit does not measure less than fourteen inches in length, and which are a constant peril to the heads of travellers, mixed with the *bangaloango* (*Erythrina*), with its thick foliage, trunk covered with a layer of cork, and long, pendent vermilion flowers, constitute the superior flora.

Quantities of monkeys, among which was one with very marked features that we took to be the *Cynocephalus sp.*,

[3] *Ptyelus olivaceus*, an insect whose larvæ segregate water in abundance, in which they remain involved. About half an inch in length, the creatures gather on the branches, principally of the sycamore, and produce true artificial showers of rain.

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were leaping from bough to bough, and fled with terror at our approach.

Numerous senzalas dotted the whole country. The inhabitants of Luimbe, partly of Ganguella race, were at once distinguishable by the elaborateness of their head-dressing. Some of the women were really good-looking, and differed greatly from those of the Bihé; more especially in their features, which were delicate by comparison.

It was in one of the senzalas called Cha-Calumbo, that a *quissongo*, hired in Luimbe, after serious altercation with some of our men, determined to vent his spleen on the leaders, and, seizing an *n'djabite* (hatchet) at the moment we were endeavouring to separate them, aimed a blow at one of us, which might have been fatal had not the vigorous arm of a *musumbi* interposed. Finding himself baffled he got possession of a gun to revenge himself; but as we thought it was then high time to make an example, we had him at once disarmed and severely flogged, so that he might take warning not to threaten Europeans again in a hurry.

The chief of the village, hearing the uproar, came to the spot, clad in two hyena-skins stitched together, with a curious collar round the neck, in which two human teeth and a small tortoise-shell figured as ornaments. After minute inquiry into the affair, he was good enough to approve our summary method of doing justice.

This personage was accompanied by a daughter, the prettiest negress we ever met in the interior, a girl of some eighteen years, with nothing to hide the beauty of her form beyond a girdle. We were both so struck with this beautiful vision that if it had not been for the ferocious aspect of *papa*, there is no saying how far our admiration might not have carried us.

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From the moment of our arrival at Mongôa we had to date a fresh series of complications. They assumed the shape of constant thefts and disputes, which threatened to become interminable unless we put an end to them by force. We, therefore, determined to beard the sova in his den, and then shake the dust of this land of thieves from off our feet for ever.

A NATIVE OF THE SONGO.

Having reached the sova's senzala about eleven o'clock in the morning the chief came out to meet us; and, encouraged by the presence of his *macotas*, who stood all round him, gave us to understand, in the most exasperating way, that we must lay down our loads as we could not be allowed to pass on.

The miserable old rascal, who was rickety in his joints and had a huge goître[4] on the left side of his throat, laid down the law in such a grand style that we could not

[4] The quantity of goîtres we met with in this part of the country was really remarkable, amounting in the case of two of the senzalas to a percentage of thirty and forty. No doubt the altitude, the granitic nature of the soil, the change of pressure, and the quality of the water have each an influence in producing this result. The exceptional circumstances, however, in which we were placed did not permit us to inquire minutely into a matter of so much interest. During our stay in Cha-N'ganji we succeeded nevertheless in bringing about an improvement in the condition of a lad of ten years, by the constant application of ioduret of potash.

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forbear smiling; but instead of answering him we turned to our people and simply ordered them to proceed. The chief's vassals, however, then ranged themselves right in front, crying out that the white men should not pass without paying tribute. To these cries they added ferocious gestures, leaping and dancing about like madmen and every moment drawing nearer to the goods,

THE LUANDO AT MONGÔA.

which were then upon the ground, with the intention of taking possession of them. They were headed by one of the sova's nephews, a savage-looking fellow armed with an assagai, who, springing forward, put his hands on the reins of one of the oxen, but a ball from a revolver, by way of warning, made him soon alter his purpose. Some fifty guns, which were at the same time levelled at

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the crowd, had the effect of enlarging, by a hundred paces at least, the area in which we stood, but in the confusion, notwithstanding all our care, two of the packs were abstracted, and we did not discover our loss till we reached our place of encampment.

It would never do, we thought, to sit down tamely and submit to this rascality; so next morning we despatched a special envoy to the sova, accompanied by one of our most intelligent men, to insist upon an interview with the chief, demand from him the return of the goods, and explain that he must take the consequences in case of a refusal.

Our emissaries performed their task, but procured no satisfaction. The sova declared that he had no knowledge of any stolen goods, that nothing of the kind existed in his *libata*, and that the whites might go about their business; and further that they had nothing whatsoever to expect from him as he had issued orders the night before not to sell them a single fowl.

On receipt of this reply we called a council, at which it was decided to despatch, on the 17th of June, before break of day, a column of six-and-thirty men, commanded by one of us, and which, by taking a short cut to the sova's senzala through the wood under cover of darkness, might catch him unawares. At four o'clock, therefore, in the morning of that day the party selected for the expedition was astir by early cock-crow. The strictest silence was commanded, an order the more readily obeyed as all were shivering with cold, the thermometer marking 23° Fahrenheit.

After careful examination of the arms, and serving out the necessary ammunition to the men, we started, having previously arranged the plan of our campaign. This was, upon reaching the senzala, to begin cutting

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bunches of the dry grass for torches, that were to be duly lighted when the moment of attack arrived, and while a dozen or so of musket-shots were fired into the air, the invading party was to rush upon the startled inhabitants of the village and terrify them into submission. That then Fortuna, one of our men, and who was best acquainted with their language, was to call upon the sova to return the stolen goods under penalty of his being made prisoner and his place burned to the ground.

Meanwhile, everything was to be in readiness at the *quilombo*, so that in case of a retreat we might find the road open to the Luando, where our halket-boat and two canoes would facilitate transport to the opposite bank.

We proceeded for some time on our way, without uttering a word, by a narrow track which skirted the edge of a forest that lay to the north, when a circumstance occurred that threatened to wreck the enterprise, and which we believed, at the moment, must inevitably render our deeply-matured plan abortive.

One of our vanguard, while trying to ferret out the path in the dark, startled a wolf, and was himself so startled in turn, that, forgetting all orders about the necessity of quiet and silence, he fired off his gun at the retreating animal. The report was echoed and re-echoed like thunder-claps from the faces of the cliffs we were passing; and it appeared to us that no sleeping thing within an area of a couple of miles could fail to be awakened by the noise.

Still, we went on, and in about an hour from our time of starting we were some 400 yards from the senzala, where, beyond the barking of the dogs, everything was perfectly quiet. Coming to a halt in the high grass at about a hundred paces off, we scattered, and completely surrounded the enclosure. This done the grass-torches

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were prepared agreeably to orders, and we then crouched amid the various plants in the neighbourhood and waited for day-light. We watched the stars as they dimmed and disappeared before the ruddy light which shot upwards from the eastern horizon, and in a few more minutes, as the vermilion became merged in gold, showing the approach of the god of day, we were able clearly to distinguish all surrounding objects. Still, no one moved about the senzala.

The moment for action was come, and when the commander of the expedition sprung to his feet all the men followed his example.

The great problem to solve was to attain our object without committing any excesses, and strict orders were given for this purpose. A gun was then fired, which had the effect of rousing up the whole population, and numerous heads became visible peeping through the stockade.

"*Mundelle! Mundelle!*" was heard on all sides. Fortuna then advancing, according to instructions, made a short speech, wherein he explained that the white man did not intend to go till he had got back his goods. The discourse having as little effect as former messages, we then had recourse to the second part of our programme. On the opposite side to where we stood a column of smoke began to rise into the air, and this being taken as a signal flames broke out in three or four places at once.

The cries and confusion that then ensued were beyond all description. Men, women, and children vied with each other as to which should make the most noise. Meanwhile a great question was being debated in the heart of the enclosure, where the sova, pressed on all sides to yield, was apparently determined to hold out.

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It did not, however, last long, for shortly afterwards one of the gates was opened and a miserable wretch was observed struggling with a lot of his fellows. Making a supreme effort, he broke away, but, in his haste, stumbled and fell upon a huge heap of burning embers, the ruins of one of the outlying huts. His pursuers, taking advantage of his fall, rushed upon him and held him down, and we were forced ourselves to hasten to the rescue ere the poor creature was burned beyond recovery.

MU-GHANDE.

"*Capiungo! Muene!*" they all cried out, meaning that there was the thief. At the same moment a couple of men brought out a trunk and a bale which, by the orders of the sova, were returned to us, together with the thief. Him we refused to have anything to do with, for we considered that the unhappy wretch—even if the sole guilty party, of which we had our doubts—had been punished quite enough by the pain and fright he had undergone.

The river Luando, on one of whose banks we were then encamped, deserves, from its importance, special mention. Running for some 160 miles, at least, from its source to its disemboguement into the Cuanza, it has as its mean breadth, below Mongôa from 97 to 130 feet. At about twenty miles from that point, up stream, a deep fall impedes navigation; but after that, it runs on clear, varying in depth, but never less than four feet, for a good hundred miles, where, as we were assured, another fall blocks the way.

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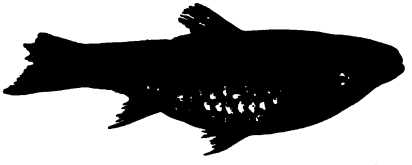
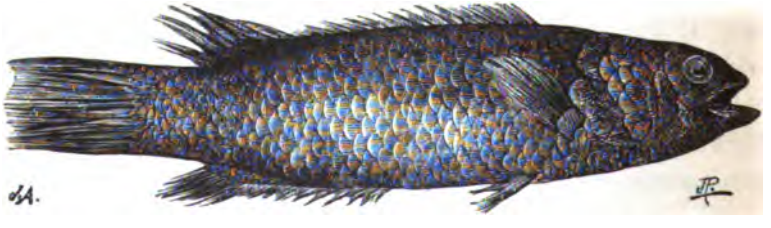
Its course is very winding; the colour of the water is dark green, and its banks are formed by extensive plateaux covered with large lakes. Running westward till it reaches Mongôa, it suddenly changes its direction to the north-west parallel to the Cuanza, into which it pours at latitude 10° 30′. Extremely abundant in fish, its banks are visited by numerous tribes, who devote their attention to fishing, using for this purpose the *mu-ghande*, as shown in the engraving, snares of various kinds, and *t'chingando*, a leguminous plant which, from its poisonous properties, causes vertigo among the fish and insures their ready capture. So abundantly is this river supplied, that, as we were assured, it furnishes, jointly with the lakes of Quibonde and Catete, more to the north, and the N'jombo, one of its affluents, sufficient fish for the large requirements of the Songo country.



F. CYPRIMIDÆ (GEN. BARBUS, GTHR.), RIVER LUANDO.
(*Photo. from nature.*)



CTENOPOMA MULTISPINIS (PETERS) RIVER LUANDO.
(*Photo. from nature.*)

Our relations with Mongôa having been put upon a friendly footing by an exchange of presents, the expedition started on the 24th of June, with a view to the ascent of the Luando, as we had been informed that its source was at no great distance from the territory which gives birth

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to the Cuango and the Cassai; the first halting-place being the residence of the sova Cha-N'ganji.

Fortune, however, seemed to have turned her back upon us altogether, for no sooner did we get out of one difficulty than another immediately cropped up. The spot selected for our encampment gave rise to protests and complaints from innumerable petty sovas or sovetas, as we may style them, that held sway in the country. Each was desirous of having us in his vicinity in order to impose a tribute, and each, as a matter of course, claimed such privilege as being the greater man. Thus it happened that when we had got half-way to Cha-N'ganji's place, a certain Candeeira came forward and wanted to dispute the passage of the caravan. On our objecting to his proposed arrangement, the following colloquy ensued:—

"Why will not the whites stop here?"

"Because we want to go on to Cha-N'ganji."

"But how can the whites pass near my senzala without paying tribute?"

"Because we have already paid it to the sova of Mongôa, who asserts that he is supreme lord of this territory."

"He tells a lie; I am the ruler here."

"We have nothing to do with that, you must fight it out between you."

"And what right has Cha-N'ganji to receive you?"

"Because we have seen him at our encampment, and have made arrangements with him."

"Oh, but that won't do at all. It's unheard of, for a big caravan, commanded by whites, to go and camp near the senzala of a soveta like that, when there is so great a chief as myself right upon the road."

At this juncture Cha-N'ganji put in an appearance,

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and declared with a loud voice that he was "cock of th walk" or something like it, and therefore a far greate personage than Candeeira.

As the discussion between the two potentates promise to be a lengthy one, we thought it better to let them decid it their own way, and meanwhile we went on and pitche our camp at the site we had chosen.

It appears that Candeeira, who was a very irascibl fellow, and a much more energetic character than th other, finally declared open hostilities and promised tha he would lose no time in paying a visit to his brothe chief's senzala, and sacking it completely.

This so alarmed Cha-N'ganji that he resolved to take refuge in our encampment, where he judged himself safe, for the way in which we had settled our little misunderstanding at Mongôa had travelled over the country, and, from what we have already said of the inventive powers of the natives, the history of our "campaign" had lost nothing in transmission.

Candeeira was as good as his word, and next day came marching on to the *libata* with a hundred warriors at his heels. This was a signal for a general flight, and all came flocking into our enclosure. The number of ladies was quite embarrassing, for the whole of Cha-N'ganji's harem, of course, accompanied their lord; and we could not help smiling at finding ourselves thus *à l'improviste* converted into champions of a threatened sovereign and squires of black dames. As to the latter, they squatted about perfectly at their ease and showed their white teeth in a way which convinced us that they were much interested in the stories which that profligate rascal, Capulca, was whispering in their ears.

To cut this episode short, we will merely observe that through our mediation amicable relations were restored

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between the two sovas, Candeeira being made quite happy with a soldier's uniform, a piece of gingham and another of cotton, with a handful of beads and shells for his wives.

We cannot say that we gained much by sticking to Cha-N'ganji, for like all the negroes of the interior his rapacity knew no bounds. Still, his pretensions amused us mightily. For special reasons, which were quite satis-

PASSAGE OF THE LUANDO.

factory to himself, he claimed certain rights to the government of the Songo, then vacant through the death of one of the descendants of Muzumbo-Tembo, the first monarch and conqueror of the country. But according to his account his title was a very lofty one indeed, as he asserted that the reigning family at the Bihé descended

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from the great branch of the Songo, of which he was the representative.

It was somewhat in this style that Cha-N'ganji, seated beside our tent, explained the genealogic tree of his illustrious family :—

"Muzumbo-Tembo, my ancestor, father of Mutu-N'Zamba and Cahandi, came out of the north and conquered these lands, fixing his residence on the banks of the river Muiji, an affluent of the Luando.

"Mutu-N'Zamba was the father of N'bomba and Canôe, and the first of the two latter constituted the direct line of the Songo down to me, who am the grandson of N'bomba, and as such Governor of the Songo and Huamba, while Canôe and his descendants are only usurpers.

"My grandfather's senzala was at Bingombe, near lake Cuiè, and mine on the Luando hard by N'gando.

"From our family sprang the *ca-jaggas* who govern the Bihé as you have seen."

The sova then began to tell off on his fingers :—

1st Bihé, the Hunter.
2nd Etomba.
3rd Iambi—Cahindi.
4th Cangombe. 5th Bandua. 6th Quilemo.

And then he went on :—

"The last three, therefore, have my family blood in their veins, because Cahindi, the daughter of Muzumbo-Tembo was the wife of Iambi and the mother of Cangombe, ransomed by the Portuguese when he was in Luanda."

Thus terminated Cha-N'ganji's history, and on the strength of it, he requested us to assist him with N'Dumba Tembo, the ruler of T'chiboco, for whose place he was willing to start with us.

Two days after quitting the *libata* of Cha-N'ganji, we

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were compelled to alter our course at the mouth of the Cussique, an affluent of the Luando, owing to the difficulties of the road, and crossed over to the right bank of the latter river; the stream itself was covered with aquatic plants, papyrus, eschinomenes, hyphas, sapotas, and others.

A vast forest, clothing an extremely picturesque region, bordered the bye-path we were pursuing. Here and there were detached mounds, covered with yellowish

THEY WERE DIVINING.

grass, which, under the influence of the wind, produced graceful undulations like the rolling billows of the sea.

At a turn of the road we came upon a council of four very fine gentlemen, seated beneath the shade of a tree. They were dressed in fantastic robes, had abundance of feathers stuck into their hair, had their faces and breasts painted all over with white stripes, and had in their midst a sort of cage made of little twigs stuck upright in the ground. They were nodding to each other, in a very

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grave and mysterious fashion, and while they did so, brandished little sticks which they held in both hands.

We were informed that they were *divining*, and that these ceremonies were being performed on behalf of certain individuals who were lying hidden in the neighbourhood. As we had no desire to interrupt the solemnity, we continued our way.

Following the course of the Cussique, we halted successively at numerous senzalas we fell in with on the right bank of that river. Quizunguelle, Cha-Nende, Cha-Cassingo, Cha-Quessi, and Capaimbo are the names of the various villages at which the expedition stopped, all in the south of the Songo territory, and where better entertainment was met with from the aborigines, than had been the case until that time.

Afterwards crossing the river Luculla, an affluent of the Cussique and the boundary of the Songo, we entered the territory of T'chiboco[5] and camped at Cha-Cupinga, a low-lying site on the bank of a rivulet, belonging to Muata-Cha-Munji, and which, as we heard afterwards, was formerly used as a cemetery, our own hut being constructed over a tomb!

Here, for the first time, we heard employed the term *muata* for *senhor*, or lord, which is common enough among the Lundas, and substituted on the coast by the designation *n'gana* or *muene*.

Everything being prepared for our solemn entry into the dominions of the most important ruler of this part of the continent, Muene N'Dumba Tembo, we passed the night of the 9th of July amid the pestiferous atmosphere of our wretched *bivouac*.

[5] T'chiboco, generally called by and known under the name of Quiôco. We have adopted the former orthography as the only one which correctly renders the native pronunciation.

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The morning of the 10th, though it seemed long in coming, broke at last, and turning out of our uncomfortable quarters at Cha-Cupinga, we were directed by a guide in a northerly course, which led to the *libata* of Cangombe, where we proposed resting for a few days.

The African traveller, with body and mind alike wearied by the innumerable annoyances to which he has been subjected in his passage through a thorny and trackless country, looks forward to his camp at night as a blessed haven of rest, where, while resting his tired limbs, he can indulge his thoughts with pleasant meditations on far different scenes. But he has short time allowed him for any such indulgence. At the first gleam of day he must be again astir, and in the majority of cases he would be so from inclination to enjoy those delightful moments, so brief in the tropics, when darkness is struggling with light, and his gloomy apprehensions gradually disappear as the glorious sun becomes visible on the horizon.

The soul then seems to expand at sight of the vastness of nature, and his spirits rise with the delicious freshness of the morning air upon his flushed cheeks. The roughness of the roads before him, appears at such times easier to overcome, and the rosy tinge upon the distant mountain seems to impart some of its delicious colour to his imagination.

Then come the hours of toil, when the glowing heat dazzles his eyes and wearies his brain; when he plods on, at times almost mechanically, with about as much interest in his occupation as the poor carrier who trudges by his side—till some incident that requires his decision, or the mere force of will, recalls him to the purport of his journey, and compels him to fix his mind upon surrounding objects.

As we went upon our way, till the sun had obtained

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upwards of 10° above the horizon, our followers, who had been shivering with cold at starting, felt the influence of the change in the warmth infused into their veins, and found it even pleasant to force their way through the high grass which covered the plateaux, and get wetted by the heavy dews that had gathered on every blade.

The lofty chain of mountains which takes its rise beside the sources of the Cuango and Cassai, and extends northwards as far as the 8th parallel under the denomination of Moenga, became now clearly visible, and having crossed the vast and lofty plateau which runs from Cha-Cupinga to Cangombe, we sent, on our arrival at the latter place, a small present to N' Dumba Tembo, and announced our arrival at the village.

Our messenger speedily returned, declaring that his mightiness was charmed at our visit, and would be most happy to establish friendly relations with us; that as a proof of his delight (this was told us by way of parenthesis) he had distributed no end of poles among his faithful subjects, commanding them, under the severest penalties, to construct an encampment with all speed, and had even lent his own royal hands to the work—which betrayed the extraordinary effect that our coming had produced in his mind.

However energetic we might consider this proceeding, we did not quite appreciate the system that had been adopted; still, as we imagined that only visitors of our rank could produce this extraordinary incentive to labour, we consoled ourselves by trusting that the inhabitants of the Sova's territory would not be frequently dropped in upon with such precipitation, for the sake of their heads and limbs, which were sorely jeopardised by the pressure thus put upon them.

Unfortunately for our own dignity, that inexorable fever

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would persist in troubling us, and even on that very day we felt the annoyance of having to appear before an African potentate in a guise but little likely to raise the European in the eyes of a native; for a man, bent nearly double, leaning on a stick, and a cloth tied about his head, is more an object to excite compassion than to inspire respect. One of us, indeed, had to be conveyed to our new quarters upon a litter.

The caravan drew up at the summit of a little eminence, whence, through an opening in the wood, we perceived the *quilombo*.

CHA-QUESSI, THE GUIDE.

"There, senhores," exclaimed *Cha-Quessi*, our guide, "is the residence of the Sova; on the other side is that of his nephew; a little further off, that of his uncle; and here, close by, is the camp of the expedition." He poured out these explanations, and a dozen or so more, with such volubility, pointing at the same time, in an excited way, to the right and to the left, that the natives nearest to him fled in a species of panic, until we found it necessary to bid him moderate his extraordinary gesticulations.

In the midst of the disorder caused by this little incident, we perceived a tall man, assagai in hand, who, issuing from the crowd, suddenly caught sight of us, and incontinently bolted into the nearest senzala. It was the chief himself, who, it appears, did not care that we

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should see him for the first time in *undress*, and unaccompanied by his *macotas!* Who shall deny after this, the consciousness of the value of appearances on the human mind, when in the very heart of Africa a native does not choose to show himself till he has "got himself up in becoming guise"?

The task of "unloading" and piling our goods then commenced, and as we sat down to superintend the operation, which lasted upwards of an hour, the assembled natives gave vent to their admiration and astonishment in a series of most wonderful interjections, in which "*Oah! Eh-o-ah!*" and "*Oah-Oah-Oah!*" were the most prominent.

We were the centre of a compact mass of men, with feathers in their heads, and skins pendent from their girdles, the most important among them of course occupying the front row. The *ladies*, either through compulsion, or being of a more retiring nature, kept in the background, occasionally indulging their curiosity by peeping over the shoulder or under the arms of the fore-ranks, but always with timid, furtive glances, as if prepared to run at the first alarm.

This was not by any means the first occasion that we had remarked the mistrust which the appearance of a European, or even of a half-caste, excites in the interior of Africa. His sudden arrival in the neighbourhood of a senzala almost inevitably causes the natives to retire within their huts—a proceeding even imitated by domestic animals, such as pigs and dogs, that we more than once observed to scamper away on our advent, as they would have done at the approach of a wild beast.

This is due, no doubt, to the sad scenes of which the interior of this continent was a witness in the past, dating from those bad old times when slavery was a

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recognized institution, and whole gangs, captured in the villages, were dragged away to the shipping-places on the coast. The panic terror produced among the negroes by these frightful raids, joined to the narratives which were afloat of the unheard of cruelties practised upon the unfortunates who thus became the victims of the white man, will account for the alarm with which they view the sudden approach of one of the dreaded race. Their legends, transmitted from father to son, deal of course very largely with a subject which all can so keenly appreciate, and from which so many among them have suffered; and as from his tenderest years these stories have been instilled into the negro's mind, it is not surprising if the poor people should shun the presence of the white man as that of a malevolent being.

It will be a labour of many years, and will need the constant efforts of explorers and sensible missionaries, to sweep away the hateful traffic, and teach these poor creatures that it is the European's aim to effect its extirpation, and not to perpetuate it or abet its promoters.

It is indeed time to put an end to the miserable fate of millions of fellow-creatures, who live on this vast African continent in the midst of the most abject social disorganization, and in the utmost dissoluteness of habits and customs. In Dahomey, for instance, and in the lands bordering on the Niger, a tyrant, out of sheer wantonness or brutish superstition, immolates thousands of victims. In the Luenda, in the Lua, in Cazembe, around the sources of the Zambese, the slave, according to constant report, is still regularly hunted; and in the Cachellangues and Cauandas, cannibalism is practised to an extent that freezes the blood with horror.

O holy civilization! when will the day arrive that these unhappy creatures, immersed for so long a time in

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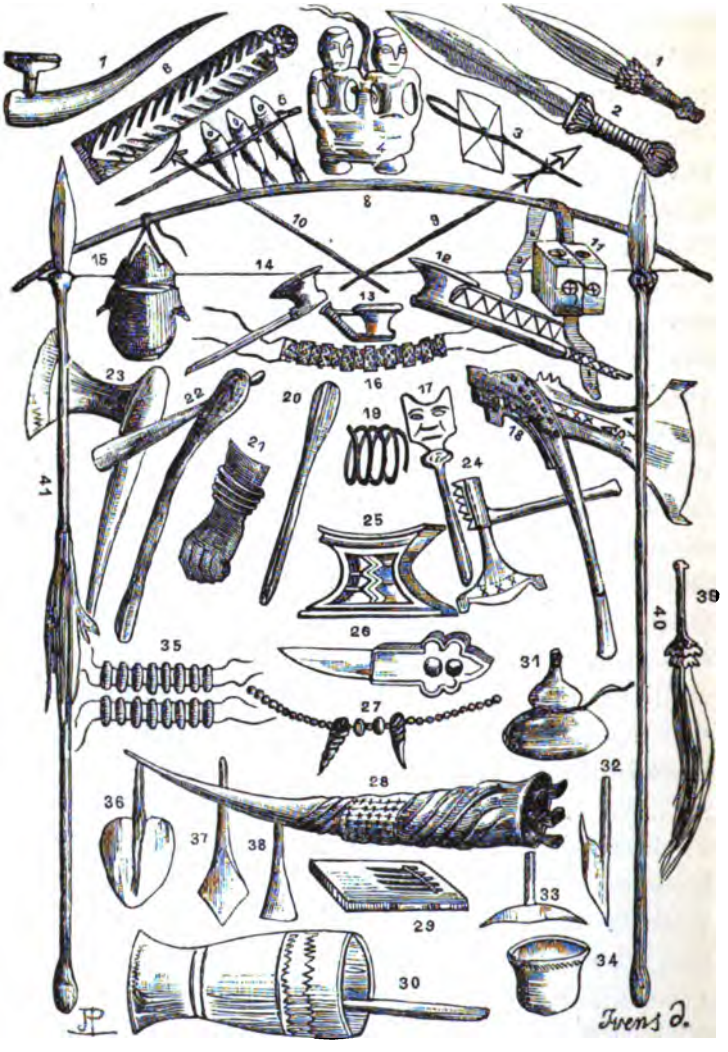
the profoundest darkness, may tread in safety the paths of peace and happiness, their way lighted by thy un-



ARTICLES OF NATIVE WORKMANSHIP.[6]

[6] 1 and 2, *mu-coalli* (knife)—3, *nucanda* (letter)—4, hunters' fetish—5, *n'biji* (fish)—6, sheath—7, *mu-topa* (narguilé)—8, *huta* (bow)—9,

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sullied torch, held aloft by just and noble missionaries? When will the negro, abandoning the abominable system of polygamy—an evident symptom of an inferior social order—be brought to understand that "the family" is the holiest of ties, the basis of all organization; that without it the world is but a wilderness, shorn of the tenderest affections of the soul, and the highest felicity to which man here below is capable of aspiring; that he who despises it sinks below the beasts, as, in spite of the intelligence with which he has been gifted, he craves but for sensuality, and is moved but by an inferior instinct of self-preservation?

While pondering over these and other kindred subjects, the circle which hemmed us in became gradually narrower.

Conversation became general; questions of an extraordinary kind received still more extraordinary answers, for those who knew least were not by any means the most backward in furnishing explanations.

There sat near us an old, old man, attenuated, bald, toothless, the skin upon whose hands and feet was corrugated like an elephant's hide, and whose bleared eyes seemed to peer from their cavernous depths in a manner worthy of old Time himself. He was narrating to a little group who stood by, some long-winded story, in which

vulongo (arrow)—10, *ica* (arrow for shooting birds)—11, *bango* (pouch)—12, 13, 14, *m'peixe* (pipes)—15, *butessa* (bag)—16, band for the hair—17, *n'cunha* (a baton)—18, *mun-dambala* (tomahawk)—19, *ma-lunga* (bracelet)—20, *n'cunha* (club)—21, bangles—22, *n'djabite* (axe)—23, *mun-dambala* (hatchet)—24, *t'chiquecua* (tomahawk)—25, *qui-pundi* (cushion or pillow)—26, *n'poco coculula* (knife)—27, necklace—28, fetish—29, olumbumba or marimba—30, *quini* (mortar)—31, *bonze* (gourd powder-flask)—32 and 33, *icas* (arrow-heads)—34, *imbia* (pipkin)—35, bracelets made of seeds—36, *temo* (spade)—37 and 38, *icas* (arrow-heads)—39, *mu-chinga n'gombe* (sort of fetish)—40 and 41, *conga* (spears). The above names belong to the *lun-bundo* idiom.

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we were evidently concerned, and accompanied his narrative with extravagant gesticulations.

"What is it he is saying?" we inquired of the interpreter.

"He is recounting the history of the whites; how they are the sons of the Muene Puto, who lives a long way off, farther than you can travel in many days; that they can live in the water like the crocodile or the hippopotamus, which is on account of their colour, as he was told once upon a time by some Bihénos, who came to the coast.

"These men," he added, "possess everything—goods, beads, and guns with many barrels; they can cure all diseases, divine the future, and can kill a man, if they choose, by only looking at him."

The natives readily credit what is related to them, and as there is always a certain pleasure in exciting astonishment, it is no wonder that men should be found disposed to cause it. This is more particularly the case with those who accompany an expedition headed by Europeans, and in their desire to exalt the latter in the eyes of their fellow-countrymen, they relate very marvellous things indeed concerning their principals.

We had a strong proof of this in a little circumstance that occurred and which like many another trifle remained fixed upon the memory.

Among the tales told by our people to the natives was one which caused an extraordinary sensation among them, and, led in one of the senzalas we passed upon the road to a very comic incident. They affirmed that we had the power of making beards grow on whatever face we chose, and that to produce this effect it was only necessary for us to employ a "remedy" well known among the whites, and whose action was infallible, as

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might be judged by the length of our own appendages and of those of all the Europeans who lived upon the coast.

The Sova of the place believing, with his subjects, that the assertion was true, and conceiving how valuable a few tufts of hair would be upon his cheeks and chin, where not a ghost of a bristle had ever yet appeared, lost no time in paying us a visit at the *quilombo*, with a view to obtain the desired medicament.

Our astonishment when we learned the object of his visit may well be conceived, and it required all our efforts to persuade him that he had been gulled by the too lively imagination of some dealer in marvels. Even when we had satisfied him that we possessed no such specific as the one of which he was in search, he tried us on another tack, and begged that we would plant some portion of our own beards upon his chin, for which he was willing to pay very handsomely. Although he desisted from his purpose after our repeated assurances of the impossibility of complying with his request, we are certain that he was only half convinced at the end, and attributed his ill-success to any but the right cause.

Meanwhile, ourselves and our belongings were the wonder of the ever increasing crowd. Now it was a group of hunters who were attracted by our fire-arms, which they passed from hand to hand, and discussed and explained in their own way while they compared them with their native *huta*, *maghia*, and *conga*. The Snider rifles caused them the utmost astonishment; the double-barrel Lepages increased it tenfold; and when they saw the revolvers and Winchesters they were in an ecstasy of delight.

Hard by, kneeling opposite the cases and bales, were a score or so of men and women, gazing with open mouths

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at the wonderful and strange objects of human hands displayed before them, dividing their admiration between the goods and ourselves, and exclaiming, as plainly as human looks could speak, "What marvellous creatures! What things they make! What is it they cannot do!"

It is a pleasant thing enough to be the "cynosure" of all eyes, and stand the centre of an admiring crowd—for a time; but after an hour and a half of this sort of thing, under a burning sun, and bound to repeat *ad nauseam* the same phrases and explanations, we began to get rather tired of it; more especially as the bodies which hemmed us in did not emit that ambrosial odour proper to the gods and goddesses of old. A diversion, however, occurred in a perfectly unexpected way.

One of us, who wanted to light his pipe, pulled a lens from out his pocket, and having ignited some tinder, applied it to the tobacco and puffed huge volumes of smoke from his mouth with a view to sweeten the atmosphere.

As our every movement was watched, this little incident excited the throng to a sort of frenzy. Each wanted to see the wonderful glass, which, to use the natives' own phrase, "had fire in it, and yet you couldn't see it;" and while the crowd were pushing, gesticulating, and screaming in concert, Capello seized the hand of one of them, and concentrating the rays by the aid of his glass into the palm, made him howl with the little blister suddenly raised on the flesh.

The moment seemed a favourable one to disperse the crowd, and they did disperse right quickly when we promised that all alike should be visited by the same sensation, Capello holding the lens in the air, as if about to commence the experiment.

The foregoing scenes were repeated again and again,

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on each occasion of the arrival of the expedition at a new senzala in the heart of Africa, so that if practice possess the boasted power of rendering any action perfect, we might be considered capable, after a score of repetitions of the kind, of going through the performance with a tolerable amount of ease.

By this time the huts were constructed, and we were able to retire to our needed rest, in the expectation of receiving on the following day the official visit of the Sova, who by that time must have been burning with curiosity to see the men and things about which his subjects had such marvellous stories to relate.

BUTESSA, NATIVE POWDER-FLASK.

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CHAPTER VI.

The quiet of early morning and the Babel of the camp—N'Dumba's suite and his pony—The Sova in peril—His garments and mechanical ingenuity—The probable effects of a bad cold—The oration of the *m'puca*, the chief's allocution, his dominions and first present—Female curiosity and an extraordinary request—Native exaggeration, and the dissipation of unfounded fears—Our offering to the chief—Description of the *t'chitaca*—Visit to the Sova and the speech of the *mu-zumbo*—N'Dumba's discourse—A queer secretary and an unexpected journey—Muene Quibau—Trip to the sources of the Cuango—Splendid country—The country of the bees and honey and wax crops—The inhabitants of T'chiboco, their dwellings and costume—An important discussion and a final resolve.

Day broke on the 11th of July, and as the sun rolled majestically above the horizon he dissipated the nebulous veil enveloping the country, and sparkled in the myriads of dew-drops that hung upon every blade of grass about the encampment, where as yet all our followers were immersed in sleep.

What a sensation of relief it is, after a dozen successive marches, to rise up in the morning and feel that your quarters are not to be shifted on that day or the next. How pleasant, wrapped in your mantle and seated by the camp fire, to watch the sun's rays, at first peeping through the chinks of the palisade, and then rising above it to dart warmth and life into the interior of the *quilombo*, the while you revel in the thought of a few hours' leisure.

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The extreme quiet which reigns about the place, where scarce a sound is audible, greatly promotes this indolent kind of meditation, which speedily takes to flight before the various noises of waking humanity. The monotonous twang of the *quissanja*, playing the *réveillé* of the woods, shortly followed by a confusion of tongues all talking at once, and by peals of loud laughter, show that the camp is fairly aroused. The noise is greatest in the vicinity of the kitchen, where Capulca, that chief of despots, is issuing his imperious orders to his myrmidons, roaring out to one, "*becca t'chingunihe*[1] (bring some wood); to another, *nena obaba*[2] (fetch water); to a third, "Cabinda, *tuala n'bazo*"[3] (bring a light); and generally finishing off each phrase with an opprobrious word in the language of Camõens, for our own especial behoof.

Further removed, some three or four negroes, *n'djabite* in hand, are engaged lopping off the branches of an ancient tree for fuel; whilst a file of girls, with basket on head, are moving towards the river, intoning as they march a monotonous chant, consisting of a line and a chorus, such as—

Cussocana oenda culobula n'dungué.
A man I have got, no further I'll go,
Eh!—oh! Eh!—oh!

As their voices died away in the distance, some of our people informed us that there was a great commotion in the neighbourhood of the Sova's *libata*, which seemed to imply that he was preparing for his visit to us. So making our preparations for the event with the utmost speed, we turned out from the encampment to witness his arrival.

The *cortége* of the great man extended in a picturesque

[1] Luanda dialect. [2] Bihé dialect. [3] Cabinda dialect.

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but irregular manner over the plateau, which was covered with soft, green turf, and here and there decked with trees.

In front marched the band, composed of drums and *marimbas*, the musicians with feathers in their heads, innumerable bangles on their arms, and bodies painted in arabesques. They came forward in a style which proved their consciousness of the high mission entrusted to them, and beat at their drums and sounded their marimbas with a vast amount of energy but without the slightest reference to each other.

They were followed by various *macotas*, high dignitaries, armed with assagais, surrounding the *muene caria* (prime minister), who bore on this occasion a large hat of divers colours, the property of his Majesty, no doubt purchased of some Bihéno (who brought it from Benguella) for a dozen pounds or so of wax. The Sova's gun, a long musket, plated with tin, and the stock adorned with as many *fuma*, or brass-headed nails, as could find a place, was borne by another negro, who being in a state of nudity, was, we imagined, a person of less consequence about the court. A goodly number of warriors, among whom figured the *m'puca* or chief *quissongo*, the *calei* and *calfelé* (*quissongos* and *secúlos*), armed to the teeth, completed this advanced guard, which was commanded by Caúeu, the Sova's nephew.

His Majesty himself came after, in certainly the most farcical position that any monarch, African or otherwise, could have selected to appear with dignity before Europeans, so that we had to put the utmost constraint upon ourselves to maintain that gravity which politeness and our own peculiar position demanded; feelings that had so little influence upon that irrepressible Capulca that the fellow literally roared aloud.

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FIRST VISIT OF N'DUMBA TEMBO.

Page 174.

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When first seen, the king towered some three or four feet above the heads of those about him, and we might have fancied we beheld a Goliath, until he drew nearer, when we perceived him mounted on the shoulders of one of his vassals, a stalwart negro, evidently selected for the purpose both on account of his strength and the nimbleness of his motions.

Of this latter quality he gave us a specimen as he advanced, by trotting and leaping, first on this side, then on that, and putting his Majesty's powers of "horsemanship" to the severest test.

At this critical moment an unexpected incident was nearly producing a disaster. A sporting dog of ours, a setter, astonished at an exhibition which we suppose in some way interfered with his appreciation of the fitness of things, suddenly broke away from his keeper, and rushing at the Sova's "pony" fastened his teeth in the unfortunate fellow's legs, and it required the efforts of a couple of our men to get the animal away and relieve the monarch from the chance of a heavy fall.

Apart from this, the satisfaction felt by N'Dumba Tembo at soaring thus above the heads of his subjects, and exciting the admiration not only of them but of the newly-arrived strangers, was something wonderful to behold. A benignant smile sat upon his features; he allowed his body to sway with the jaunty movement of his bearer; and he accompanied each movement with a swinging motion of the arms, which gave him an extraordinary resemblance to a puppet at a fair, or the renowned Mr. Punch in his show!

The procession was closed by a great crowd of men, women, and children, making so tremendous an uproar that nothing but the drums, beaten by the most vigorous of arms, had a chance of making themselves audible.

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The excitement of the scene communicated itself to the whole of the encampment, where every member was

N'DUMBA TEMBO.

either dancing, or bawling at the top of his voice. And in the midst of it all, the Sova's nephew Caúeu, commander of the advanced guard, from time to time, in an uncontrollable fit of high spirits, rested the palms of his hands upon the ground and threw his heels in the air, to the

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manifest danger of the faces of those who were in his immediate vicinity.

For a quarter of an hour this extraordinary scene was enacting before our eyes, and at length Muene N'Dumba-Tembo [1] by the aid of his *macotas* descended from his lofty seat and mingled with us poor mortals.

When he did so, we found him to be a well-shaped man, with features indicative of intelligence and dignity, and with a certain refinement of manner. He wore an under-garment of gingham, drawn in at the waist by a belt, from which was suspended a small antelope's skin, while a coat of some dark stuff, striped with bands of little beads, completed his simple but not inelegant attire.

A brass crown, not dissimilar in shape to that of the early monarchs of Europe, though it would have been hard to say from whose diadem it had been copied, encircled his brows, the lower part of which had a band embroidered with coloured beads. A singular collar was round his neck, having as pendants a couple of shells and a small antelope-horn. His fingers, which were covered with brass rings, terminated in long pointed nails of the same metal, that cramped every movement of his hands, and prevented him holding his staff, which was constantly dropping on to the ground.

His industry and ingenuity appeared to be great, and we were informed that crown, rings, and nails were entirely of his own manufacture, fashioned during the leisure hours he could steal from state affairs.

Advancing towards us, he seated himself right opposite, on a small stool a young nigger carried for the purpose, and gazed upon the two strange specimens of the *European fauna* there before him, with an intentness

[1] *Tembo* here signifies prince, although in the region of the lakes it appears to mean an elephant.

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that would not have disgraced the most enthusiastic naturalist, and which the incessant chatter kept up by his followers was incapable of distracting.

Finally, after this lengthened investigation he drew himself up, rested his staff between his thighs, and spat energetically in the direction of his *macotas*. They rushed forward at the act, and one of them, to our astonishment, picking the *precious liquid* from off the ground, rubbed it gently between the palms of his hands until it completely disappeared. Again and again this action was repeated by the great man, and always with the same result; so that a sensation of pity was excited in our minds when we thought of the work those unfortunate *macotas* must have to do if his Majesty had a bad cold!

Meanwhile, after each expectoration a murmur of voices congratulated the sovereign on the event, and cries of *Boque-tum, boque-tum muene, calunga n'dumba, calunga muene*! were heard on all sides.

The *m'puca* then made a speech that took a good half-hour in delivery, wherein he pronounced a lofty eulogium on the Sova, gave the history of his Majesty's many encounters with the neighbouring sovereigns, and finished off with the delight he experienced at receiving a visit from Europeans. His speech being over, he touched the ground with his forehead several times, threw handfuls of earth upon his breast, uttered in different tones the words "*Calunga muene, calunga n'dumbo, calunga tembo munêne*, and being by this time covered with dirt, he sat down.

The interpreter then had his innings, and having learned his part beforehand, he spoke very glibly. His discourse turned upon our journey, upon the various countries we had passed through, the manner of our reception, the track we intended to pursue, our desire to

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establish a friendship with the Sova, and the advantages which he might derive from polite attention to Europeans.

These long-winded speeches were, to our dismay, followed by a third, uttered by a personage in attendance, who narrated how he had come from a far country to witness this ceremony, and how great was his delight at having done so; and then, having gone through a performance with his assagai, which we could only liken to "a noble savage defying the universe," he protested his obedience to Tembo, and prostrated himself on the ground to give practical illustration to his homily.

When the clapping of hands and the salutations were over, the Sova rose; the presentation, which the Africans call *jimbolamento*, was considered to be at an end, and conversation was allowed to take its natural course. N'Dumba-Tembo then spoke in somewhat the following terms:—

"I thank you for the favour you have done me in coming into my dominions. Never has a white man been seen here before, and I believe his coming will bring us good fortune. The *bin-delle* reside far from here, near the *calunga* (great water), and I wanted some of them to come to trade in my territory. I have tried everything to induce them to visit me, by explaining my wishes to the Bihénos who come to us for wax, and to traders proceeding to Benguella. In vain, however, for I have waited and waited ever since. You, who are subjects of Muene Puto, may use your efforts when you are returned to your homes."

He then launched out into praises of his own person, dwelling more particularly upon his greatness, which he averred was without a rival in the country; upon the wealth he possessed, and his power over the lives of his

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vassals—a glorious attribute of the Tembos, which his predecessor had much abused, so that in his fits of drunkenness he would sacrifice a dozen heads at a time; and he concluded by saying,—

"My dominions are so great that they extend from here to Catende, and northwards as far as Quimbundo; I am the only person who reigns there, and within them every one obeys me."

The oration being finished, he presented us with an ox, a sheep, two enormous *quindas* of *fuba*, and a copper cross, which he said had been presented to him by Cha-Nama of the Tenga, now Muata-Ianvo of the state, and then proceeded to examine our goods, arms, and other noteworthy possessions. We in turn assured him that we would try to induce some of the traders on the coast to come to his country, and that we had ourselves brought with us something we thought would interest him, and that should be presented shortly as a proof of our respect.

A MUATA OF THE T'CHIBOCO.

This announcement did not cause him the slightest surprise, and unlike all other Sovas we had met with, who wanted immediately to see it, he merely expressed his thanks in a courteous way, and added with the utmost simplicity, that an offering from white men was very grateful to him.

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He then plied us with questions concerning the whites, who, as he observed, could make and do everything; their mode of living and speaking, their voyages and their wars, their skill in curing diseases, the country and houses in which they lived, their beards, and a hundred other particulars, to which the interpreters replied in their usual exaggerated way. Nor were the Sova's ladies behindhand in making their inquiries, the first of them betraying that curiosity, held to be a fatal weakness of the sex; for drawing an interpreter on one side, they asked whether the *bin-delle* were white *inside?*

WOMAN OF CANGOMBE.

"Inside?" he repeated; "what do you mean?"

"Why, under their clothes."

Some shots with an explosive ball produced a great sensation; and when the party had a little recovered from the shock, the Sova asked us, in a mysterious kind of way, whether we could not furnish him with certain balls he had heard described, that were fired off without a gun, and that would set fire to the senzalas and the forests where they fell. We could not at first conceive what he meant, and debated within ourselves whether there could possibly be any improved projectiles in Africa unknown to Europeans; but after sundry inquiries and explanations we learned that what the Sova really wanted were hand-grenades.

A signal was then given to the musicians, who recommenced their frightful din. *Bumbos* and *marimbas* once

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more came into play, and during the performance a grand exhibition of our belongings was made for the behoof of the assembled company. Rings, compasses, watches, barometers, were successively passed in review and were received with the usual marks of wonder and applause. Time, to which the negro never assigns any value, fled rapidly, and at nine o'clock the reception was still going on, though it had commenced shortly after six, we meanwhile fuming at its loss, and occasionally reflecting on the waste of the precious commodity entailed by such audiences upon the African traveller.

Finally, when on the point of separating we distributed among the more important *macotas* a dozen or so of brass bracelets, which in T'chiboco have a far higher value than copper, when the *m'puca* announced that his Majesty was about to retire. We then presented to Tembo himself a special bracelet, prepared for the occasion, and that was ornamented with a fillet by passing the wire through a screw-plate.

"The hour is far advanced, I must withdraw," exclaimed the Sova, extending his right hand in the direction of the sun,[5] which was to the east of the meridian. Then he added,—

"To-morrow I will send you provisions, and I hope to receive a visit from the *bin-delle* at my own residence."

Thus closed this important audience, the king and his party retiring in the same order and with the same noise which had accompanied their advent.

The hours spent with Tembo and his people were

[5] The aborigines indicate the approximate hour by the position of the hand with reference to the meridian: pointed horizontally towards the east or west, it signifies the rising or setting; vertically, mid-day; at an angle of forty-five degrees, nine in the morning or three in the afternoon.

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sufficient to convince us that the *Ma-quioco* were very different to the unfavourable portrait drawn by the Bihénos, and that their Sova was far from being the cruel tyrant that the same limners represented him. Before we left their country, they had assured us for instance, with the customary exaggeration, that it was always dangerous to spit in Quioco, for that should the saliva fall near the vassals or touch them, it constituted a *quituche* or crime; than which nothing could be further from the truth, as we had abundant evidence in the behaviour of the Sova himself.

The long visit had pretty well tired us, so that we withdrew into one of our huts, sat down, and had a quiet chat. On comparing notes about the scenes we had recently passed through, since our plunge into the interior, the character of the receptions, the pretension of these pseudo-monarchs, the cupidity of the *macotas*, the impudence of the interpreters, the open-mouthed astonishment of the onlookers, and the absurdity of many of the speeches, we arrived at the conclusion that it was far the wiser course for the explorer to act the part of the laughing than the weeping philosopher, for that whilst in the former character he might pass through many difficulties unscathed, in the latter he would probably go to the wall. At all events, if for that occasion only, we resolved to adopt the former course, and in earnest of our determination laughed heartily at the many comic incidents of the morning.

The inward satisfaction we experienced at having, as we believed, found a friendly and honest sova, after our pretty wide acquaintance with personages of a very opposite character, had, doubtless, much to do with our more cheerful frame of mind.

"Things appear to be rather looking up," exclaimed one.

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"I was just thinking so," answered the other. "What is your opinion of Tembo?"

"Rather a good sort of fellow; indeed, I may say a very good sort, as compared with his brethren."

"I think so too; and I believe he will give us all the assistance we require, if we only manage him properly. What we have to do is therefore to keep him in good humour, and fee his *macotas* to their satisfaction—the latter, by far the harder task."

THE T'CHITACA OR MARKET.

Both being agreed upon this point, we lost little time in preparing a present for the great man, and set aside for the purpose a light blue military uniform with gold lace, a red silk sash to correspond, a flowered chintz waist-cloth, a flannel shirt, three pieces of gingham, some cotton, powder, and a musical box.

The *t'chitaca* or market was then in full swing; and

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as N'Dumba had declared the *quilombo* to be open, without which no operations in Africa can be performed, we found abundance of provisions to supply our wants, in the shape of pumpkins, sweet potatoes, manioc, maize-flour, beans, *inhame*, *massambala*, *massango*, earth-nuts, sugar-cane, eggs, dried fish, fowls, goats, pigs, rats, *quissangua*, and hydromel or mead.

As these African markets attract a large concourse of people they are always of great interest to the traveller,

THE MEAD-SELLER.

and we hastened to indulge our curiosity with the sight. On one side of the motley crowd we observed a group of girls, vendors of maize-flour, who were in hot discussion with a stalwart buyer, whose main object we were told, was to fix the market price of the day—for whatever the figure accepted on the first transaction, it becomes a rule or standard for remaining purchasers. Close to these

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were sellers of miscellaneous articles, bepraising their wares in a way which would not have disgraced their European sisters. Passing by were a couple of natives with a pig, for which they had the face to ask a piece of eighteen yards, when it would have been dear at five; and yonder were a dozen or so poultry dealers with fowls under their arm. The sellers of *quingunde* or mead kept more apart, apprehensive probably of an accident to their huge pan of the precious liquor, from the disorderly crowd. It was "drunk upon the premises," out of basins containing some three or four pints, the customers sitting round the coveted store. There were also vendors of small ivory tusks and indiarubber bottles, who, on this occasion, from the presence of Europeans, felt sure of securing an advantageous sale, and were no doubt proportionately disappointed; and to complete the picture were some "light-fingered gentry," dodging in and out the crowd in the exercise of their unlawful calling, and availing themselves of the abstraction of the unwary while gazing in astonishment at a clown or maker of grimaces.

The market generally lasts from eight in the morning till twelve, when the crowd speedily disperses on account of the heat; but as the day is always looked upon as a kind of holiday, the people assemble again towards evening, and flock to the encampment where the most wonderful *batuques* and jollifications take place, which last till daybreak.

At noon we took our observations, and put our more serious work into train. This done we sat down to a hearty breakfast, composed of an enormous *churasco*, washed down with a cup of chocolate, over which we nearly shed tears, as it came from the last tin of that commodity in our stores. As we ate our toasted meat,

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the memory of one of the tender beefsteaks of the mother country, accompanied by white bread and sweet fresh butter, made us groan. And how reproachfully one of us looked at the other when he hinted at such adjuncts as a tablecloth! a napkin!! and cut glass sparkling on the board!!!

The next morning, about eleven o'clock, we bent our steps to the *libata* of the Sova, in answer to a polite message, conveyed by a couple of delegates, that his Majesty expected us; and we carried our present with us.

Our arrival was the signal for a tremendous shouting and noise. Two lines of *macotas*, armed with the strangest weapons, were drawn up to receive us, and had put on their gayest vestments for the occasion. On penetrating into the interior we found Tembo, seated on a stool, which was placed on a panther's skin at the door of his dwelling, his crown upon his head, surrounded by the *muene n'gana* (his chief dignitaries), *bacama* (his wives), and a numerous gathering.

We were under the impression that owing to the presentation of the day before we should enjoy a certain confidence and freedom in the *m'bala;* but in this we were greatly deceived, for the reception was even more ceremonious than on the previous occasion. The proceedings were opened in the midst of profound silence, by an inflated account of the grandeur of the Sova, delivered in very emphatic terms by a gigantic warrior, a species of general, who, to judge by the time he spent over his oration, must have run through the events of the previous two centuries. A shower of *calungas*, *muenes*, *muatas*, *tembos*, and *munenes* made the speech even more monotonous to our ears, as he waded through the most notable events and feats of arms that occurred during the recent wars with Muene Cantalla, the *ma-cosa*, &c., and

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wound up with the grand incursions of the N'Dumba's ancestors.

For the greater glorification of the Sova, and our delight, three other long-winded harangues were given, wherein the words *caria*, *m'puca*, *mu-zumbo* (interpreter), and others, with which we were getting familiar, were repeated a score of times, till we felt half inclined to do something extravagant in order to put an end to them.

The *mu-zumbo*, our mouthpiece, at length rose, and launched out into a tirade concerning the wealth we should be the means of diverting into the Sova's country, the sympathy with which he inspired us, and gradually brought the subject round to the most vital point, viz., the hope that his Majesty would supply us with carriers so as to continue our way through his territory, as it was most important for the *bin-delle* to see every thing they possibly could, and thus enable them to convey the greater amount of information to the Muene Puto. At our request he laid great stress on the enormous benefit that was likely to accrue from journeys like ours, as they would be the means of attracting merchants into the Sova's dominions from the coast; and suggested that on the following day the *bin-delle* should make a treaty with him, and lay down the terms on which Europeans might take up their residence in the country and do a regular trade. We ourselves here put in our word, begging that he would shorten the negotiations as much as possible, as otherwise we should be exposed to the rains, which would prove a serious obstacle to travelling.

N'Dumba's reply was brief, but to our minds somewhat unsatisfactory, inasmuch as he confined himself to saying that in his dominions no one would do us the slightest harm; that we might rest assured that if any

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one dared to intermeddle with us he should be promptly *throttled* by the general, pointing to a tall negro who stood by; and terminated with a panegyric on himself, which was received with a perfect outburst of *Calunga! calunga!* He said, however, not a word about carriers, thereby showing clearly that he believed it was more to his interest to detain us as long as he could in his territory.

On our return we were visited by many of the natives, who, evidently rightly comprehending the duties of hospitality towards strangers, brought us little presents and offered us their services; and in return passed whole hours round enormous pans of mead, or strummed upon their *quissanja*, the sound of which was becoming perfect torture to our ears.

QUISSANJA.

Thus were spent our first few days in T'chiboco, in the midst of a splendid country, partly amused, partly bored by interminable talk, devoting some hours to study, and gathering particulars concerning many subjects that will be narrated as we go on. In the space of four days we had six interviews with Tembo, at which we recounted the most striking scenes that Europe could produce, in the shape of great cities, railways, telegraphs, &c., interspersed with pencil sketches, on which the Sova bestowed enormous attention. His curiosity was insatiable and his good nature kept pace with it, for he told us every thing that came into his head which he thought could be of interest.

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We found him one afternoon in July seated in his own dwelling, with two large calabashes of *quingunde* before him, surrounded by *macotas*, *muene caria*, *m'puca*,[6] and others, when he entertained us with an account of the peopling of those regions of Central Africa, and of the great part performed in the work by his ancestors.

The residence where this interview took place was an immense hut, covered with thatch, divided into two compartments, one of which was used as a sleeping chamber and the other as a hall of audience.

His narrative was couched somewhat in this form :—

"I have heard my father and my grandfather tell, that all this land which extends along each bank of the Cuango, was formerly but thinly peopled. There existed even then the powerful nation of the Lundas; and there was a woman of the tribe named Tembo, or Lucoquessa, who had three sons, called N'Dumba-Tembo, Muzumbo-Tembo, and Cassanje-Tembo, famous hunters, each having numerous followers, and with them they wandered hither and thither, pursuing and killing the animals that came in their way.

"But soon disputes arose between the three hunters and the chief of the state, and the people were persuaded to rise up against them. So the hunters fled into the

[6] *Muene caria* is the minister who always remains near the Sova, and who may be styled the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, as he arranges all matters connected with strangers. *M'puca* or chief *quissongo* is the Minister of Justice, and its executor besides. *Macotas* and *Seculos*, (the latter being a sort of *elders*) constitute a kind of staff about the sovereign, assisting in all acts of fetishism, and forming part of the Council.

The *quissongos*, having the *m'puca* at their head, are inferior officials. The *capitango* decides upon all *upandas*, or domestic questions among women, in presence of the *calei*, who, in a court sitting *en permanence*, hears and settles all claims and disputes of the people.

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west; and many went with them, intending to establish themselves there. And it came to pass that they abandoned the Lunda, and advancing towards the banks of the Cuango, they conquered the people who were scattered about the neighbouring country, and divided their lands among them.

"N'Dumba-Tembo took unto himself the T'chiboco, which was bounded on the south by the Cassai, on the west by the Jombo, on the north by Mieji, on the south-west by the Cuanza, and on the east by the Luce; and Muzumbo-Tembo took unto himself the Songo, that is to say, the land which lieth between the Cuando and Tala-Mogongo as far as the Cuije; and Cassanje-Tembo selected the land which extendeth northwards between the Cuango and Tala-Mogongo, bearing the names of Quembo, Songo, and Colo, and they called themselves the *jagga* thereof.

"And there was peace between the conquerors and the conquered, and their sons and daughters intermarried, and the great States rose which you now behold.

"But the conquerors did not stop there; they continued their conquests towards the west; they separated into many branches, of which the Bihé was one, founded by Muzumbo-Tembo, whose daughter, or as some aver, his grand-daughter, was taken in marriage by a ruler in the south, and from them sprang the Ganguellas, the Bihénos, and the Bailundos, who, little by little, possessed themselves of all the lands thereabout.

"Advancing along the Cassai, my ancestors extended their rule as far as Catende, which still does me homage, and northwards to the territory of Muene Cantala, with whom I lately waged war.

"The *ma-quiocc* of the east are known as *ma-cosa*, and they cover all the region between the Cuango and Cassai.

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"That is what I can relate to you of me and mine, and how we came to be rulers in the land.

"The habits of the hunter still abide among us, and the *ma quioco* are even now the boldest and fleetest in the pursuit of the *n'jamba.*"

Great was the applause at the close of the worthy Sova's speech, the loudest cheers coming from sundry of his ministers who had cast longing eyes during its utterance at the portly calabashes of *quingunde*, which politeness would not allow them to touch until his Majesty had done speaking. The exertion seemed to have made that estimable monarch's own throat particularly dry, if one might judge by the amount of lubricating it required when it was over.

The weather still continued calm and beautiful; our visitors daily increased—for all wanted to see the whites, who were the same colour all through, and to admire the wonderful things they had brought with them. When we had nothing better to do, we often amused and astonished them with scientific toys and experiments, among which were producing fire with the lens, burning a few inches of magnesium wire, exhibiting some of the so-called Pharoah's serpents, and other similar curiosities, in which they took extreme delight not unmixed with apprehension. Occasionally, if the crowd were troublesome, or we wished to disperse them for occupation of our own, a bottle of ammonia held to the noses of a few of them was found to be a wonderful remedy for clearing the *quilombo.*

One fine morning we were awoke from a profound sleep by our body servants, Filippe and Catraio, announcing a visitor, who, to judge from their flutter and emotion, must be a personage of importance.

Turning out of our simple cribs, we rubbed our eyes

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with the backs of our hands, yawned, stretched ourselves a dozen times, used, it may be, a hard word or two at being roused from our slumbers, and as we pulled on our boots, desired that his Excellency would be pleased to appear.

At the door of our hut we found ourselves in presence of a most extraordinary object, literally a mass of dirty rags, his head covered with an old battered hat with a broad brim. He was accompanied by two attendants, who looked more respectable than himself, because they had no clothes on at all, one bearing a *quinda* of *fuba*, and another holding a goat. To our surprise the shabby gentleman addressed us in broken Portuguese, and presented to us a letter.

MUENE QUIBAU'S SECRETARY.

The missive, which was sealed with a great patch of paste, and written upon a piece of coarse, crumpled, and excessively dirty paper, contained some two dozen hieroglyphics, with an undue proportion of blots and erasures—a sort of cuneiform writing, which, if it had been dug out of some receptacle in the basin of the Nile, would have excited the wonder and exercised the brains of many an Egyptologist; and which, as it stood, could only be deciphered by the person who penned it.

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It commenced thus:—

"*The Wits from Caluga!*" This we interpreted as meaning, "To the whites from the Great Water" . . . but our united efforts would enable us to go no further.

Quite in the dark as to what it all meant, though not choosing to show our ignorance, we expressed our thanks to the messenger, and cunningly—as we thought—asked him who it was who wrote the letter.

"It was I," replied the envoy.

"Oh!—then you know how to write? And where did you learn that accomplishment?"

"In Ambaca."

"Then you are an ambaquista?"[1]

"Just so."

"And what are you doing in these parts?"

"I am *Secretary* to the Sova Muene Quibau."

"Indeed! Be kind enough to inform us of your errand; for, to tell the truth, we do not quite understand the letter. You see, the calligraphy is a little antiquated, and nowadays, people write rather differently!"

After some talk we got at the gist of his errand, which was to present us the compliments of Muene Quibau, who dwelt on the further bank of the Cuango, and to beg our acceptance of the trifles above recorded. Nothing could be politer or more *comme-il-faut*.

The envoy then read from his precious epistle as follows:—"The white men have come from the great waters, and have rested here long, it is now time for them to appear among our people, who want to see them. Let them come therefore, for we await them with impatience; and if they have *aguardente*, let them not leave it behind."

[1] The ambaquista is the Bohemian of Africa, of whom we shall have more to say later on.

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Nothing loath, we determined to pay the desired visit, and proceed, in company of the secretary as a guide, to the sources of the Cuango. Four men volunteering to act as hammock-bearers, as it was not deemed fit for the white man to go on foot, one of us, Ivens, immediately started, leaving Capello in charge of the encampment.

It took us six hours to perform the journey, the Cuango being crossed as day waned.

FIELD LABOURERS NEAR THE CUANGO.

The Sova was waiting anxiously for our arrival, surrounded by his people, and once again we became the centre of attraction.

Having delivered our present we were glad to take shelter in the hut allotted to us, and put a fowl down to the fire, and some bananas in the ashes to roast, in order to refresh the inner man; but before we did so, we

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expressed to the Sova our desire to visit the spring-head of the Cuango, and obtained a promise from him to accompany us thither in the morning.

With the first appearance of movement in the senzala, we were astir, and were shortly on the road to the south in company of his Majesty.

The sources of the river were reached after about half an hour's journey, where the aneroid recorded as the altitude 4756 feet.

An extensive tract of land, all hill and dale, marks this culminating point, a sort of St. Gothard of the African waters. On the north, running through a narrow and tortuous valley, appeared the Cuango, which, shortly after its birth, flows at the foot of the plantations of manioc and massambala, growing abundantly upon the slopes, and at that time filled with girls and women engaged in hoeing and other field labours. A bluish streak of land was visible in a south-west direction, and on the western slope, in *Canica*, appeared the sources of the Caúeu rivulet, which constitutes the modest commencement of the great Cassai. To the north-east stretched out the T'chibungo range, on whose eastern slope were visible the sources of the T'chipaca at about twenty-five miles from the point of observation, and whose latitude was 11° 27′ and longitude 19° 11′ 30″. Finally, the eye took in, at various distances, approximately determined by the compass, an infinity of spring-heads, the sources of various affluents of the T'chipaca, the Cuango, the Cassai, the Lume, and the Loando, which, glittering in all directions, poured their ever-increasing waters to the Congo-Zaire, the Cuanza and the Zambese, till they were lost to sight in the valleys and ravines, where a denser vegetation still hinted at their sinuous course.

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The aspect of the country was magnificent. In the east, extended as far as the eye could reach, the rich green valley of the upper Cassai, clothed with numerous senzalas of *ma-quioco* and *ma-cosa*, indicated by the white patches of manioc flour spread to dry upon the *luandos* or mats of the *mabu*.

The guides pointed out to us Camassamba, Quibundo, Cassango and others, with tracks running past them to distant points. Through Camassamba lies the road to Cha-quilembi and Catende, which leads directly into the dominions of M'chiri (the Sova of Garanganja), an important ivory market; through Cassango, runs another to T'chipaca, and thence to Quimbundo, through woods, rich in India-rubber, and onwards to the territory of Muene Mai and other potentates. In all, the *quitandas* or *t'chitaca* are constant, and they are frequented by the inhabitants of neighbouring hamlets. The encampments of Bihénos, in search of wax, are dispersed throughout the dense woods of the country.

We stood, in fact, in the very centre of the bee district (*ma-puca*). Every tree almost had its hive (*uondé*), whence in the months of July and August were drawn the stores of honey (*uitchi*). It is noteworthy to observe the respect paid by the aborigines to bee-hives, it being held a serious offence to appropriate illegitimately the smallest quantity of wax.

The honey-combs are melted in large pans, and the honey is filtered through a cloth; the wax is made to run into moulds, formed in the earth, of different shapes, from the parallelopiped to the cone. Then is the time for the land to flow with mead, and the markets are filled with natives, rolling about under its influence during their intervals of chaffering with the dealers.

The inhabitants of this district are, for the most part,

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poor and ill-clad. The men hang about them a couple of skins, fastened to a narrow belt. The main distinction in dress appears to lie in the bracelets, the bead collars and long braids of hair adorned with cowries.

The women confine themselves to a small strip or piece of *mabella*, suspended from the girdle. Their head-dresses are various, some of them resembling those of the Quimbandi; and not unfrequently one may see the cartilage of the nose of both sexes ornamented with a piece of stick run right through it. Infants are, for the most part, carried by their mothers on their hips, on which the little creatures sit astraddle, and are kept in their place by a band of *mabella* passed round the woman's waist.

The hamlets are composed of conical huts in the construction of which a good deal of care is taken. On rare occasions they are plastered with clay, and a thatch roof crowns the edifice. An elder, elected by the people, and who is subordinate to the ruler of T'chiboco, is generally placed in command over each little community.

On our return from the territory of Muene Quibau, we had a visit from N'Dumba Tembo, who, congratulating us on our safe return, invited us to his residence to regale on some special *quingunde* to be prepared for the occasion, an act of courtesy which we naturally deemed it politic to accept.

Time meanwhile ran on, and we still found ourselves, on the night of the 18th July, 1878, encamped on the high table-land of T'chiboco, without having as yet come to any resolve respecting the route we should follow so as to obtain the best possible results from the expedition.

All suggestions to travel in an easterly direction were opposed by the extraordinary apprehensions entertained by our people, who had a firm belief that to the north-

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east lay a country of cannibals, and the most extraordinary tribes of dwarfs, where the elephant and the rhinoceros ran at large and which, combined, made a passage through the territory, more especially in the rainy season, a task beyond human powers.

Day appeared on the 19th, cold and dank with heavy dew, as is usual in this region, and as early as half-past five we were seated in our hut, beside a roaring fire, pipe in mouth, and a cup of coffee by our side, discussing the never ending question of the route we should take and the means that we could dispose of on the journey.

The assistance promised us by N'Dumba Tembo was that which chiefly occupied our minds and appeared, at first sight, pleasant enough. He had, for instance, offered us the services of Caúeu, his nephew, as a guide, and given us a choice of road in a northerly direction as far as the Tenga. But we were not perfectly confident that he would stick to his word; and even if he did so, it was of no such vital interest to us, after determining the sources of the Cassai and Cuango, to make an excursion of 100 leagues or so to the Tenga, through a region, in great part, already known.

If we could only reach the Cazembe Caquinhata [8] and determine the exact position of the source of the Lualaba, returning afterwards across the wilds of the Samba, the task would be indeed an interesting one. But how about the Cuango?

That fatal Cuango! How could we, from such an enormous distance, come back to fix the course of that river to the parallel of 8° and go twice over the same ground? It was out of the question. Besides, when

[8] Caquinhata appears to signify the habitation of the Cazembe. If so, it would be more correct to style it, the *caquinhata* of the Cazembe.

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once there, the only thing apparently to do would be to make for the coast.

"Confound it!" exclaimed one, "what fault have we committed to make the Cuango run northwards?"

"But even though it does so run, if, as is presumable, it is not navigable beyond parallel 9°, why cannot we abandon it at that parallel and, taking a fresh departure thence, descend it by the unknown country? We should, by so doing, ensure the extra advantage of determining the great zone which extends along the Cassai between parallels eight and nine, a territory as yet all but unknown and of considerable interest on account of the important streams of water which cross it, such as the T'chicapa, the Lu-ajimo, the Lu-embe, and probably others besides!"

"That is right enough," observed the other, "but, as we are already so to speak on the Cuango, and to follow it up would be less difficult than to go searching about for another route, the direction of which, northwards, is, to say the least of it, very doubtful, why not follow the river up to parallel 9° 30′ and, starting thence by different tracks, try to solve the problem laid down for us?"

"That is not a bad idea, and is certainly the best proposal yet brought forward. I would, however, propose an amendment to your motion, to this effect. As his Majesty has promised us the carriers we require, if he will only stick to his word, let us take advantage of the opportunity, and dividing the expedition into two let one half take the east and the other the west bank of the great Cuango, fixing Cassange as our rendezvous for the beginning of September. By this means we shall have completely determined up to that latitude the hydrographic basin of the river and then, again united we can take a fresh departure. I would further propose that

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the first who reaches Cassange at the beginning of September shall, after a rest of ten days, set out in search of his companion, leaving intelligence of his movements at some important point!"

"A capital notion, carried unanimously. Capulca, you rascal, bring some more coffee."

HIS MAJESTY'S HAND.

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CHAPTER VII.

Cha-N'ganji, the pretender, and an audience in the *m'bala*—N'Dumba's toilet—The great *quissongo* and the calabashes of *quingunde*—An unhappy pretension and a fit of temper—Reduced resources and painful sacrifices—A trusty servant—N'Dumba's carriers—An excursion into the country and the hunter of the T'chiboco—Native agility—Bees, wax, and honey—An African cemetery and a hunter's grave—A novel remedy for a bilious attack—The Endoa rivulet and the Atlantic Ocean—Native intelligence as travellers—The hunters' encampment—A prehistoric scene—A camp breakfast and a "Chamber of Horrors"—Beautiful prospect—The African rhinoceros—A forsaken child—Scraps from the diary—The last dance, and division of the Expedition.

We have said nothing of late of our friend Cha N'ganji, who had borne us company to the Court of N'Dumba Tembo for the purpose of pressing his suit with the king. The fact is, we had lost sight of him since his arrival as he had been occupied in paying visits to the neighbouring senzalas with a view to secure the largest possible number of partisans and set the diviners at work to back up his pretensions. On that day, however, he reappeared at the encampment, looking fagged and care-worn, and brought with him, as a suite, as ragged a crew as could well be conceived; fellows who had much more the appearance of tramps and beggars than men of a calibre to plead a cause on which depended the acquisition of a province; and yet it was with them that he proposed to govern a state in prospect, and whom he was now desirous of presenting to the Tembo.

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Being introduced into the hut where we were sitting, the band remained in conference for a full hour; we, meanwhile, listening with what patience we could command to the *pros* and *cons* of the great question of the government of the Songo.

The sun was just peeping over the tops of the mountains that mark the right bank of the Cuango, and flooding our place with golden light; the volumes of morning mist, which still hung about the loftiest peaks, were gradually thinning and melting away; the atmosphere was comfortably warming; the camp-fires, so bright a few hours before, were now paling in the presence of the glorious orb; the birds, as they hopped from branch to branch, put up their song of praise, in notes of endless variety, to the god of day; whilst Cha-N'ganji still held forth concerning what he called his rights, and which were certainly his pretensions to the throne of Mozumbo-Tembo.

A PROSPECTIVE MINISTER.

He warmly urged us to bring him to the presence of N'Dumba, as he was certain that, owing to the divinations which had recently been made, the king would admit the force of his arguments, and that when once in power, he would devote his attention to the spread of that great monarch's authority, and would act towards him as a faithful vassal and tributary.

The only trifling drawback to his peace of mind in

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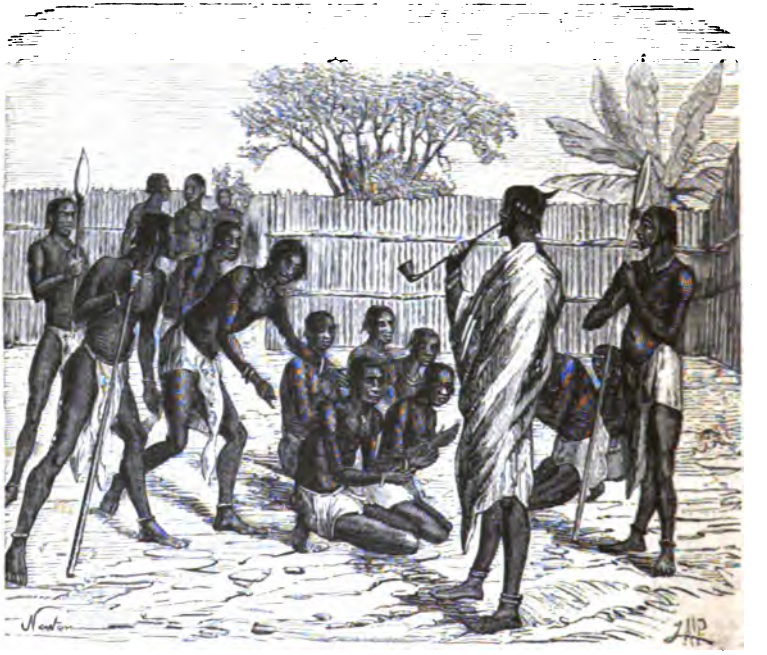
making this proposal was the apprehension of losing his head, for Cha-N'ganji was not the most valiant of men, and the Tembos had an uncomfortable reputation for removing men's craniums from the position in which nature placed them.

The confined atmosphere of the place, made perfectly horrible by the presence of so many unsavoury grandees,



N'DUMBA WAS GIVING AUDIENCE.

with questionable garments, and all of whom were afflicted with coughs and colds, which cannot be made pleasant by the most delicate and refined persons, induced us to invite the party to adjourn into the open, where the refreshing morning air at once acted upon the nerves of all in a very marked manner. The pretender, who had been so despondent a quarter of an hour before, became

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quite cheerful, not to say cheery, and we ourselves, who were inclined to throw him over, were easily persuaded to introduce him to the king, and sent a messenger in advance to announce our coming.

On our arrival at the *m'bala* we had to wait awhile as N'Dumba was giving audience to several *quilolos* who had come from a distance, and who, crouching at his feet, were advancing their various claims. When this ceremony was terminated, and *N'Dumba* had retired to dress, we were introduced, and as usual became the centre of a crowd of admirers.

His Majesty came in ten minutes later, wearing the gala uniform we had recently presented him. The close-fitting blue frock-coat, with its gold lace, the flannel waistcoat beneath, the white body-cloth hemmed with scarlet, the blue and white sash round his waist, his naked legs with an anklet upon one of them, gave him so comical an air that we had much ado to keep our countenance. As if to put our politeness to an even severer trial, the Sova, like many of the potentates of these realms on state occasions, assumed a gait which we are accustomed to see upon the stage when a sovereign or other great personage is burlesqued: that is to say, he lifted one foot to a considerable height and then paused for a moment before bringing it to the ground, his head meanwhile raised in the air like that of an inquiring goose.

With the salutation of "*Boque-tum muene, calunga*" we entered the hall of audience and sat down at the further end, leaving a free space for that grand official, the *m'puca* and other *macotas* to introduce those dreadful calabashes of *quingunde*, intended for the morning's libations. The remaining members of the suite arranged themselves as best they could, until the hall, though a

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large one, was completely filled, leaving only a clear space around the sovereign.

Cha-N'ganji on seeing the grand toilette of the Sova, advanced a step and prostrated himself on the ground, his face wearing an expression half respectful and half doubtful, while he cast hasty glances at ourselves and the Sova. The latter at first made no sign but appeared to be collecting his thoughts, which, owing to the deep potations of the night before, seemed a somewhat lengthy operation. Meanwhile, every soul was mute with expectation, and looked towards ourselves to learn the meaning of this spectacle. We, however, appeared also wrapt in meditation, whilst as to the pretender, N'ganji, he put on so idiotic a look, that it was enough to ruin any cause of which he was the champion.

The great *Quissongo* at length ventured to commence his invariable oration, with the usual amount of gesticulation and grimace, and he was followed in the customary way by the ambaquista, our interpreter, who pronounced a set speech. The only sign of intelligence that either of them elicited from the great man was the exclamation *Eh-o-ah!* but this was repeated so frequently that by the time the next speaker had ended, he must have pronounced it fifty times at least.

As his Majesty seemed decided not to travel outside the domain of interjections, the situation had become somewhat embarrassing, and looked very like a dead block, till the great *Quissongo*, whose wits seemed equal to the occasion, seized a jug, and filling it with mead, raised it to the Sova's mouth. N'Dumba-Tembo took a little sip, and then passed it on to us. We both hated the sight of the stuff, but nevertheless performed the duty of tasting it, and then returned it to the chief, who emptied the liquor at a draught.

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The jug then went rapidly round the assembly, and eight times—as we counted—it went to the Sova's lips full, and returned thence empty. Conversation then became general, and N'Dumba, who seemed somewhat to have recovered his spirits, favoured us with some personal reminiscences connected with his recent wars on the further banks of the Cuango, where, it seemed, he and his braves performed prodigies of valour; and the great journeys he took in his youth to the Catanga and Garanganja, pointing to two or three about him who were his companions on the occasion.

Meanwhile, Cha-Nganji, who had retired into a further corner, was evidently at a loss how to act, and could not be set entirely at his ease by the turn the conversation assumed; for N'Dumba, after swallowing a couple more cansful of mead, not only launched out into praise of that liquor, which, in his opinion, had no equal save the *aguardente* of the whites, but he kindly informed us that his forefathers entertained the same opinion, and that his deceased uncle, his predecessor in the state, consumed such huge quantities of it that it fired his brain, and made him, on grand occasions of ceremony, so playful that it invariably led to his ordering four or five heads to be struck off the shoulders of importunate and troublesome persons, *pour encourager les autres.*

It seemed now time to introduce the question of the pretender; but we felt that we were treading on delicate ground, and must use a certain amount of diplomacy; and more especially did we deem it desirable not to attempt to obtain, unawares, a concession from the Sova which he would be inclined afterwards to retract. We therefore commenced through our interpreter, a lot of circumlocution, dwelling upon the state of the country of the Songo, and the little safety enjoyed by the traveller

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and the trader; referring to our annoyances at Mongôa, and bringing forward at every opportunity the testimony of N'ganji; and then venturing, by way of wind up, to suggest that he might perhaps be the fitting man to undertake the government of the Songo.

A bomb-shell falling in the midst of the assembly could scarce have produced a greater sensation! N'Dumba, a man of excitable temperament, and whose brain was inflamed by the depth of his potations, started up like a madman. His eyes, rolling in their orbits, seemed to emit sparks of fire. He clenched his fists at the crouching form of N'ganji, while he poured upon him a torrent of abuse, in words that we could not understand, but which were made intelligible enough by his gestures, and rendered still more clear by sundry glances at the *mu-coali* or executioner's knife, suspended from the wall.

We closely observed this scene, without comprehending it in all its bearings, and fully expected that orders would be given to seize the person of the pretender. The *macotas* looked alternately from that personage to their master, who at length wound up his objurgations in a final burst of rage, and pointing to the entrance, cried out,—

"Begone, miserable wretch! while your skin is whole!"

Cha-N'ganji did not wait for a second bidding. With one bound he left the hut, followed by his ragged crew; and the last we saw of him was when he was in full flight to the entrance of the stockade.

"*Bin-delle*," then exclaimed N'Dumba, turning to us, "I cannot believe that you know the nature of this man, whom you have saved from death. May the rain never again revisit this earth, if I do not have him throttled

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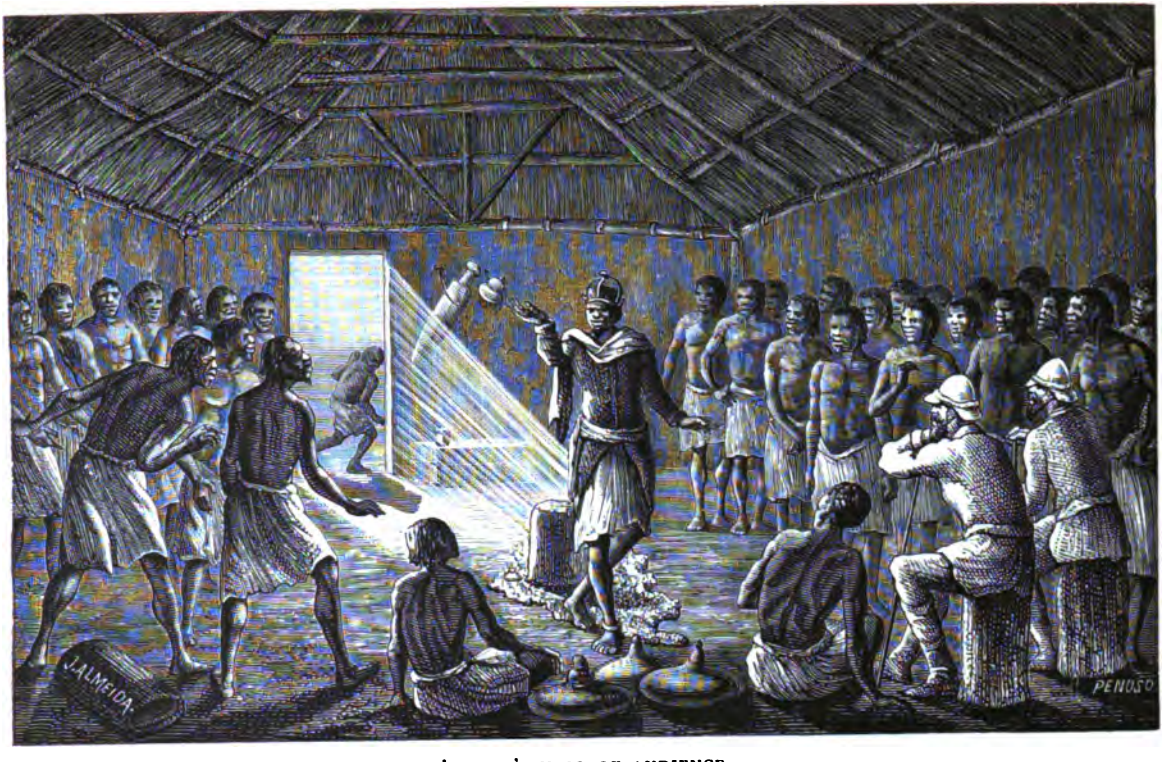

N'DUMBA'S HALL OF AUDIENCE.

Page 208.

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by the lowest of my vassals, should he dare to show his face here again!" And uttering these words he disappeared.

Still in doubt whether this burst of passion was due to the effects of alcohol, or was put on by the Sova to strike terror into his vassals, we considered this memorable audience at an end, resolving in our own minds that it should be a lesson to us never to interfere again in matters which in no wise concerned us.

We subsequently learned that his Majesty had ideas of his own upon the subject we had so unadvisedly broached, and that Cha-N'ganji had more than once been accused of fetishism. His venturing, therefore, at all into the *m'bala* was an act of hardihood that would undoubtedly have been punished with death but for the circumstance of his coming in our company and our showing him a little countenance.

N'Dumba having by this time a little calmed down, reappeared, and condescended to have a long and friendly chat with us, promising that on the following day we should be supplied with forty carriers, on the express understanding that they were to be paid in advance.

The number was far less than we expected, and it was therefore in no very pleased frame of mind that we returned to our quarters, where we set about the disagreeable task of diminishing our material to accommodate ourselves to the exigences of our position.

And indeed it is not easy for the uninitiated to appreciate the perplexity which assails the explorer who, possessed of goods that require at the least a hundred carriers, suddenly finds his means of transport reduced to less than half that number! The disorder that ensued in the *quilombo* was something wonderful to behold. On one side were bales of different cloth, casks

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of powder, bags of salt, cowries, and beads; on another brass bangles, iron-wire, lead for bullets, guns, and knives; yonder was a heap of hatchets, hammers, nails, saws, cases and instruments of various kinds; and all round stood sacks of food stores, calabashes for water, domestic animals, men, women, and children, chattering, scolding, and squalling—everything in confusion, a very Babel of tongues and noises, that it appeared almost impossible to deal with or marshal into order.

Our only way to meet the difficulty was to pass these heterogeneous objects under a rigorous review, and sink in the neighbouring river, as we had previously done in the Bihé, everything that was not deemed absolutely indispensable for our requirements. Under this latter category came the remainder of those articles reserved for our personal comfort, such as a canvas tent, camp beds, sundry trunks and cases, carefully arranged in Europe, and which, at the time they were packed in the *Bazar du Voyageur* at Paris, we were far from suspecting would form objects of speculation to the crocodiles and hippopotami of an African stream.

Resigned, however, to our fate, hard as that fate might be, we sternly made the sacrifice, and determined in our own minds to make a virtue of necessity and find comfort in the woods and wilds by the aid of the sole materials they could offer us. To the contented mind we argued, branches of sycamore and acacia will make as good a shelter as a symmetrically shaped tent, and leaves and grass may furnish us, when fatigued by long travel, with a couch as soft as any bed produced by the ingenuity of a Parisian upholsterer. And in this spirit we effected the desired reduction, and were at length prepared to start with Tembo's forty carriers upon our projected journey along the two banks of the Cuango.

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This done, we rested for the remainder of the day, leaving till the next morning the task of completing our arrangements and distributing the goods among the men, who were to accompany us to the senzala of N'Dumba Chiquilla.

We had at this time in our service a negro, a native of Ambaca who, possessing our entire confidence, ordered things just as he pleased in the encampment. We fell in with him at Cha N'ganji, where he offered himself as a guide to the interior, and more particularly by the Macalungo road which, he said, he knew well. His name was Francisco, and he acted as our *muzumbo*. His serious deportment, his activity and his respectful demeanour, made him a great favourite with us, and we again and again congratulated ourselves on such an acquisition, for we not unnaturally concluded that such a man, who was thoroughly acquainted with the Quiocos and Macosas, would smoothe away many difficulties in dealing with people by whom Dr. Livingstone had been seriously troubled in his passage from the Cassai to the Cuango. Any complicated questions concerning the carriers were arranged by him with the utmost facility. He would give a couple of bracelets and four yards of *zuarte* to one; ten *cargas* of powder and five yards of cotton to another; forty strings of red beads and four yards of gingham to a third, and so on. If one man wanted to exchange beads for cowries, or another did not want a particular kind of cloth, Francisco arranged it all and made everybody satisfied. "Hurrah! for the *muzumbo*! The man's a perfect treasure;—worth a dozen of your lazy African louts!" and in the enthusiasm of the moment we dressed him in a suit of new clothes.

Little did we deem whilst he was so careful of our

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interests, that he had even a keener eye to his own; and that in his modest hut, within a few paces of the one which sheltered ourselves, he had gathered together a very pretty little store, with which he proposed to move—but in a *contrary direction* to our route—when the time of departure arrived. Yet, unhappily, it was but too true, and on the 22nd of July, before sunrise, our trusty servant vanished like the mist, with arms and baggage, for some unknown land; nor did we ever learn, though we made strict inquiry, the road he took or what became of him.

The audacity and want of faith shown by many of these fellows in the interior of Africa in their dealings with Europeans are really remarkable. Insinuating themselves into the good graces of the latter, they lead them by whatever paths best suit their nefarious purpose, the while they utterly mislead them as to the character of the country and people they are passing through; they talk to them of rivers, mountains, and valleys, which have no existence saving in their own lively imaginations; they advise them to seek the friendship of this or that Sova, as best fitted to give them aid and protection, and then conduct their dupes into the senzala of some unscrupulous chief with whom these unworthy guides are in collusion; and they will not unfrequently abandon their masters in a difficult and dangerous country, and fly, under cover of night, with the booty they have been enabled to secrete!

Imagine the feelings of an unfortunate European who is thus deserted when, on awaking some morning, he is informed that his guide has decamped, carrying with him his gun, some rounds of ammunition, two or three pieces of valuable cloth, and most of his choicest beads; and this in a perfectly strange territory, leaving him

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with scarcely any rations and in a position where a mistaken course may lead him to destruction! These are bitter moments to pass through, and all his energies and force of will are needed to prevent him succumbing to the troubles and anxieties thus cast upon him. The explorer, from his first day to his last, must always be prepared for such contingencies. He must make up his mind to reverses and deceptions; to face hunger and thirst, with an even mind; to bear pain and sickness and fever with patience and resignation; and never to lose heart though, figuratively speaking, the ground may be cut from beneath his feet, and the rope upon which almost his very existence depends, turns out to be a spider's web.

At a very early hour on the 21st, the carriers were all paid, this business operation being got over as speedily as possible in consequence of an invitation we had received from N'Dumba. No sooner had the men obtained their wages than they dispersed for their respective dwellings, with feathers in their heads, bangles on their wrists, guns, bows and arrows flourishing in the air, and screaming, hooting, and hallooing like boys just escaped from school; most probably passing the rest of the day in contemplating their sudden wealth and pondering, as is their habit, upon the readiest way of spending it.

Having further distributed some half-dozen waist-cloths among the children of the senzala by way of conciliating their mammas and keeping them in good-humour, we started for the *m'bala* of the Sova.

Long ere we reached it, we heard the monotonous chants of female voices. They were the houris of the seraglio bepraising their lord in choice couplets.

The object of the gathering was a visit to a hunting-

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station. Sundry hunters in the south-east had sent a messenger the night before to inform the Sova that they had secured various heads of game and taken an *ongue* in a snare, and entreated him to come with the white men to try the effects of the explosive bullets. A hasty litter having been rigged up for N'Dumba, composed of a cloth with the four corners secured to stout poles, we set out, with a whole cohort of *quissongos*, *seculos* and *quilolos*, under the direction of a guide whose portrait we beg to present to our readers.

He was a hunter of T'chiboco, tall, straight, thin, but sinewy, with a couple of feathers and an antelope horn in his head-dress, a string of small bones and horns round his neck, a chin tuft, with false hair plaited in to make it longer, a couple of jackal or hyena skins suspended from his belt, thick bangles on his wrists and ankles, and armed with gun, hatchet, and knife.

We had been about half an hour on our road when an incident occurred that proved to us the agility and precision of some of the trained negroes in the management of their arms. A hare was started close to the caravan, and before we had time even to unshoulder our guns, a young fellow in front had sent an arrow unerringly through the body of the animal as it was in the act of leaping into cover.

Our course lay partly through a dense forest, where an immense quantity of bee-hives hinted at the wealth of wax and honey existing in the district. We observed at more than one spot, beneath the hives, a large quantity of dead bees, killed (as we were informed) by the other inhabitants of the hive to prevent an inconvenient consumption of honey.

Further on we came upon a cemetery, well furnished with graves; the resting-places of hunters being specially

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A HUNTER OF T'CHIBOCO (QUIOCO).

Page 214.

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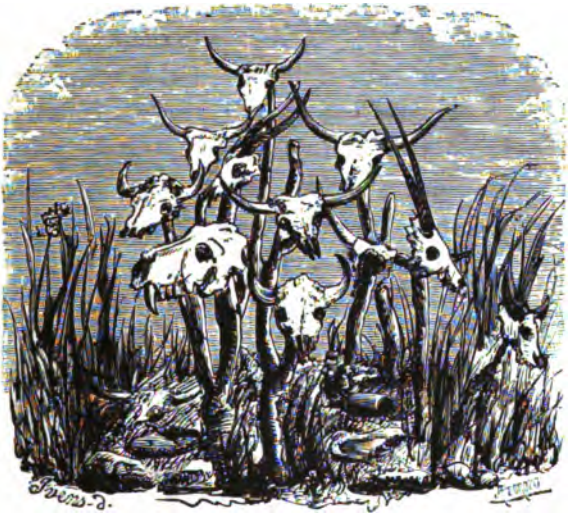
distinguishable by the skulls of antelopes, buffaloes, and hippopotami stuck upon upright poles, mixed with those of oxen killed in honour of the defunct. On account of this mode of sacrifice the burial-places of chiefs or wealthy persons are at once discoverable by the quantity of ox-skulls. Strewed over the graves were various articles that were ordinarily used by the deceased, but so disfigured as to offer no temptation to human robbers,



A HUNTER'S GRAVE.

whilst the body itself was protected from hyenas and other carnivora by large stones heaped upon the mould. As a rule, the natives show extreme respect for the burial-places of the dead, and carefully look after their preservation; and perfect strangers will replace the stones that an accident has removed, or re-erect a pole with its skull, which the wind or some animal may have thrown down.

On the left bank of the Barraguenho rivulet we found

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a miserable little hamlet, where an ancient *seculo* came out to meet us, and prostrating himself before N'Dumba, made so many obeisances that he reminded us of those Japanese toys which will go on bowing for an hour unless they are stopped.

Approaching the wretched hut of this polite old personage, we were astonished to see lying just without the door a young woman, well-nourished, but in a complete state of nudity, her body sprinkled with a white powder, apparently flour, her head dripping with oil, and a grass collar with brass wire—a species of amulet or talisman—about her neck. She had been placed out in the sun "to be cured," as the bystanders informed us.

Judging, from the yellowish tinge about parts of her skin and eyes, that she was suffering from a bad bilious attack, we administered to her a strong dose of bitter salts in water, at which she made very ugly grimaces, and after a profusion of thanks and more salaams the royal *cortége* continued its way.

At ten o'clock we reached the summit of a hill, on the eastern slope of which ran the Endoa rivulet, hastening to cast its waters into the Atlantic by the embouchure of the Cuanza, but with all its haste it would not reach its great goal till it had performed a journey of 500 miles, in twenty days at least of time, a calculation that made N'Dumba stare when the fact was made patent to his comprehension.

One of the circumstances that caused him most surprise was the facility with which we defined the direction of the territory he was best acquainted with. The natives retain perfectly in their memory all the bearings of the places they have visited, and very frequently upon questioning them, at the moment of departure, as to where they are going; and on their arrival, as

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to whence they have come, they will not err five degrees in the difference of opposite azimuths. Having therefore this knowledge, when we demonstrated by means of science, the direction of the Cha-Quilembi or the Lunda, he was lost in astonishment; and as he watched the needle concluded that it was all written down there, though only the white men's eyes could see it!

On the opposite bank of the rivulet, a column of smoke was issuing from a thicket and spreading cloud-like in the air. It was the hunters' rendezvous for which we were bound.

Descending the green hill, in spite of fatigue, which all began to feel, we were struck with the enchanting prospect displayed before us.

The declivities, so gently sloping, composed in great part of granite, with masses of pure quartz and feldspar scattered here and there as they emerged from the surface soil, covered with leafy trees, and a streak of limpid water running in between them, gave one the idea of an immense basin, glowing with richly-tinted flowers.

We were so entranced with the loveliness of the view that we were for some time left alone to enjoy it, for the caravan, intent only upon one object, still pushed forward, and we were compelled at last to tear ourselves away and follow in the direction they had taken.

At the bottom of the valley, and near the mouth of a ravine which, during the rainy season, must receive many a rushing torrent, we found the hunters' camp, with N'Dumba standing in the centre and receiving the loud welcomes and salutations of a motley crew.

The whole scene was at once so savage and picturesque that we were transported, as it were, to prehistoric times.

In the broad, clear space produced by the felling of a

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dozen trees, was burning a huge fire; grass-thatched huts were standing in an irregular circle about it, and an infinity of strange objects lay scattered in every direction. On the ground, mixed with heaps of fire-wood, split up and ready for use, appeared the bones and skulls of innumerable animals, bearing the teeth marks of dogs and jackals, which had been engaged upon them after human, but scarcely less savage jaws had cast them aside; sticking out from the sides of the huts were the horns of the buffalo, the *oryx*, and other antelopes, many of them still adhering to the skulls, others detached from them and used, for the most part, in the fashioning of fetishes. Skins of many wild beasts, fastened to the flooring of the dwellings by wooden pegs, made the interior warm and soft, but, swarming as they must have been with vermin, could not otherwise conduce to the comfort of the occupants.

Huge hunks of flesh, with portions of the intestines and tails of animals suspended from horizontal rods, were being dried in the smoke for the purpose of preservation for future use; and round about the fire and moving in and out the huts were a score or so of men, partly clad in skins, of ferocious aspect, their hands and arms, and indeed great part of their bodies, besmeared with blood. These were the people of the place, and hunters by profession.

We were presented to the oldest inhabitant, who received us with a certain respect not unmixed with diffidence. He had been probably told of the wonderful precision and power of our arms, and the account had not lost in the telling.

He assured us that though game was becoming rare in Quioco, it still was to be found; that the buffalo, the elephant, and the *chicurro* (rhinoceros) were not yet

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driven out of the district; that with respect to the latter he would show us an enormous horn, only recently acquired; and finally, that if we desired to scour the country, he would willingly accompany us in order that he might see our mode of hunting big game.

It being now time for breakfast we sat down before a small case, that served as a table, and began in company

THE HUNTERS' ENCAMPMENT.

of Tembo to attack a large steak of roast meat and mushrooms, and an enormous bowl of *infundi* prepared for the occasion. His Majesty seemed perfectly delighted. Nothing seemed to please him better than to take his meals in our company, and use a knife and fork in more or less European fashion. Our own satisfaction on

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such occasions, however, was not so great, for we were fully aware that if any sudden indisposition befell him, we should be at once considered the exciting cause.

During breakfast we watched one of the hunters loading his gun; his ammunition consisted of paper cartridges, cut in the shape of an isosceles triangle, having a bullet at its lower extremity. With a couple of dozen of these cartridges, a piece of tinder, two flints, and a roll of tobacco, the traveller is prepared to perform a journey of ten or more leagues.

On the termination of our meal, we separated from N'Dumba Tembo, who returned by the road he came.

A TRAP.

He probably considered it beneath his dignity to visit, in company of so very mixed a crew, rhinoceros trophies and traps for panthers.

We, however, stayed on some time longer, desirous to see a little more of the mode of life and customs of these savages. Animated by this feeling we purposed entering one of the huts on the invitation of our hosts, but for the life of us could get no further than the hole which did duty for a door. A confused heap of stones, animal and fish-bones, offal and vegetable refuse blocked up the passage, and emitted so frightful an effluvium that it all

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but turned our stomachs, and we gladly listened to the other proposal to make a trip into the environs.

As the path wound rapidly up the ravine we were in a few minutes clear of the fetid atmosphere of the bivouac, and inhaled with indescribable pleasure the balmy air, made delicious by the perfume of the many flowers, which had attracted us on our arrival.

The ground, as far as the eye could reach, exhibited broad undulations, like the long rolling billows of the Atlantic, for the most part clothed with trees, but occasionally bare. The extent of the prospect, the peculiar formation of the land, the rich patches of colour, and the soft, yet refreshing breeze, quite absorbed us, till we were aroused from our agreeable abstraction by loud cries from our attendants.

Looking in the direction where many fingers were pointed, we espied in the distance a vast herd of antelopes, which were too far off for any chance of a shot. If we could judge by the exclamations of "*malanca! malanca!*" uttered by the natives they were the species known as the *Hyppotragus equinus*.

After a march of between three and four miles, we reached another encampment, similar, in every respect, to the one we had just left. Here we found the snare, but no *ongue* in it, as announced. The creature had perhaps heard of the white men's guns, and by making an extraordinary effort, had escaped during the night. We did, however, see the rhinoceros horn the old hunter had referred to; it was slightly curved and spongy, and measured nineteen inches in length. The owners wanted to sell it, as, in an indirect way, they gave us to understand, and we fancy they were rather astonished at our making no bid.

Apropos of the rhinoceros, our entertainers furnished us with such extraordinary information that we took

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note of it, and record it here, but we of course do so with the utmost reserve. According to their account there are no fewer than five (some said six) varieties of the animal upon the African continent. Two black, with one or two horns, which of course are the *R. bicornis* and the *R. queitloa;* two dark grey, some of which possess two horns, one very large and another small, probably the *R. simus;* and two other smaller ones, quite unknown to us. Several of the hunters spoke of an ash-coloured beast with three horns, and a black one without any!

On our return to the first camp, we bade farewell to our hosts, who pressed us to remain longer to partake of a bowl of mead; and distributed among them, by way of *souvenir*, several of our cartridges, whose metallic envelopes were well-fitted to ornament their braided tresses, or tip their elongated chin-tufts.

The first object which saluted us when we got back to our *quilombo*, was a little boy, whom our people presented to us as the son of the fugitive interpreter, inhumanly abandoned by the father in his flight. The poor little fellow regarded us very wistfully, but it must be said without any appearance of fear; perhaps because he was too young to understand the danger to which he was exposed by this cruel desertion among strangers.

That the absorbing necessities of life in the interior should awaken in the mind of the native a covetous desire for everything he sees, and the consequent tendency to possess it by stealth, is intelligible enough; that the arid regions which he occasionally inhabits, and the absolute want of food should urge him on to cannibalism, is also intelligible, however horrible it may be to the civilized mind; that the brutal superstition of fetishism, aggravated by the monstrous practices of the

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diviner, should habituate him to those scenes of carnage, so frequent in Africa (and which, more than once, we found ourselves compelled to witness without the means of preventing them, as we shall have occasion hereafter to relate), may be comprehended: but the total absence in the greater part of the aborigines of those feelings which, so to speak, are innate in man, such for instance as the love of offspring, disposing of the little creatures as slaves, or abandoning them to the certainty of such a fate, is as remarkable as it is painful to contemplate.

As we are now on the eve of our departure from T'chiboco, we think it well to transcribe from our diary some of the particulars we were enabled to collect respecting it, as the territory is one which, for many reasons, deserves a special record.

In a lofty position—the mean altitude being 1531 feet—the intense heat of the tropics is far from predominant, and the breeze which is stirring during a part of the year, renders the climate soft and salubrious to the European. Standing upon a granitic plateau, the region may properly be described as the *Mother of the African Waters*, a veritable hydrographic centre whence issue, through deep gullies, the streams that flow to the two great oceans by the channels of the Congo-Zaire, the Cuanza, and the Zambese.

Its mineral wealth is considerable, abounding chiefly in oligist iron; native copper exists more to the eastward, where, if we may rely upon the reports of the natives, the lodes are easily worked.

The vegetable products, more especially upon the banks of the great rivers, are important. There are *Apocinaceas*, or india-rubber trees; *Burseraceas*, which yield aromatic resins such as the *Eleni; Herminieras*,

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used in the building of canoes; *Rubiacias*, or teak, mixed with *Erythrinas*, producing cork; several *Euphorbias*, acacias used for dyeing purposes; *Typhas*, and a species of *Borassus;* grasses of various kinds, such as the *panicum* and *andropogon*, the *penisetum*, both smooth and barbed (massango), hemp, and a large number of *Convolvulaceas;* all these we ourselves saw.

Among the variety of wild fruits of T'chiboco are distinguishable the *fungo*, not unlike a plum, but less pulpy and more sour, which grows upon a medium-sized tree; the *ma-colla*, of the granular species, having the shape and size of an orange, but resembling internally the American muruenia, that produces purgative effects when taken in large doses; the *tongo*, similar in form and dimensions to the white plum; and the *tundo*, almost equal to a cherry in taste, and having black seeds. The abundance of wax is really remarkable, and towards the south and south-east it constitutes an important branch of industry.

The inhabitants are tall, slender, strongly knit, and extraordinarily agile, but do not improve upon acquaintance; among the races we have hitherto seen, they strike us as being the most active in mind and robust in constitution. The colour of the skin is perhaps less dark than that of the tribes further to the west. The head is round, the chin somewhat pointed. The hair is invariably braided in lengthy tresses; and a long, thin chin-tuft at once distinguishes the *Ma-quioco* from the other peoples.

A couple of skins suspended from the girdle, a necklace of beads or little wooden cubes adorned with brass-headed nails, constitute their almost invariable dress and ornaments.

The women interweave with their braided locks small

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fragments of metal foil, to render them more brilliant; and wear a light waist-cloth pendent, like those of the men, from the girdle.

Both sexes pierce the ears, in which the men place metal rings, and the women small wooden sticks; and many perform the same operation in respect of the cartilage between the nostrils, and thrust through the orifice a piece of carved wood.

The natives of T'chiboco seldom travel beyond their own country, and it is a rare sight to behold a caravan of *Ma-quioco* journeying westward for the purposes of trade.

On the other hand they are capital agriculturists, and turn to good account a certain black clay found in the district, which they manufacture into pipes of considerable finish, pans, pipkins, and other articles; and there is no doubt that this branch of industry would be much more cultivated but for the abundance of gourds, which are converted into numerous utensils for daily use.

As blacksmiths they have considerable skill, and convert the iron of the country into axes, knives, assagais, arrow-heads, and other articles, wonderfully fashioned when we consider the tools with which the natives work, consisting generally of rude bellows, a stone for an anvil, and a hammer.

Great respect is shown by them for their chiefs, whose power is almost always absolute and admits of no questioning. The aborigines submit to the will of their Sova with the utmost resignation; and as the elementary principles of law are utterly unknown here—as elsewhere in Africa—the chief's orders are obeyed, whatever their nature; the idea of protesting against them never entering their minds.

Returning now to our narrative, we sum up in few words the trivial events preceding our departure.

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Fagged out as we were with the day's amusements, we were not destined to have any rest; for within half an hour of our return the *m'puca* waited upon us with an intimation that his Majesty, as a last proof of his friendship, proposed to pay us a visit, accompanied by his musicians and dancers; and that his nephew, whom we may style the leader of the orchestra, and *primo ballarino assoluto*, would give a performance for our special amusement. There was no help for it, so we resolved to submit with a good grace, and shortly after the whole noisy company assembled.

The musicians were decked out on this occasion with feather head-dresses, collars, and petticoats, and they not only played upon their instruments, but went through various acrobatic performances at the same time, such as placing their hands upon the ground and kicking their legs in the air, to the manifest inconvenience of the bystanders, whilst they contorted their bodies almost to the dislocation of the joints, and exercised their lungs by the utterance of the most horrible and indescribable shrieks and cries.

They then, figuratively, came round with the hat, but were quite satisfied with a little missanga or a handful of cowries, and this encouraged them to renew their gambols.

As the dance proceeded it became still more animated, and seemed by degrees to turn the heads of the on-looking crowd, until every man and woman was frisking, leaping, or whirling round, and shrieking in so shrill a fashion, that we could liken the scene to nothing but a sudden invasion of imps of darkness fresh from the infernal regions! And so the time went on; and the night was far spent ere we were relieved from the presence of our numerous and noisy visitors.

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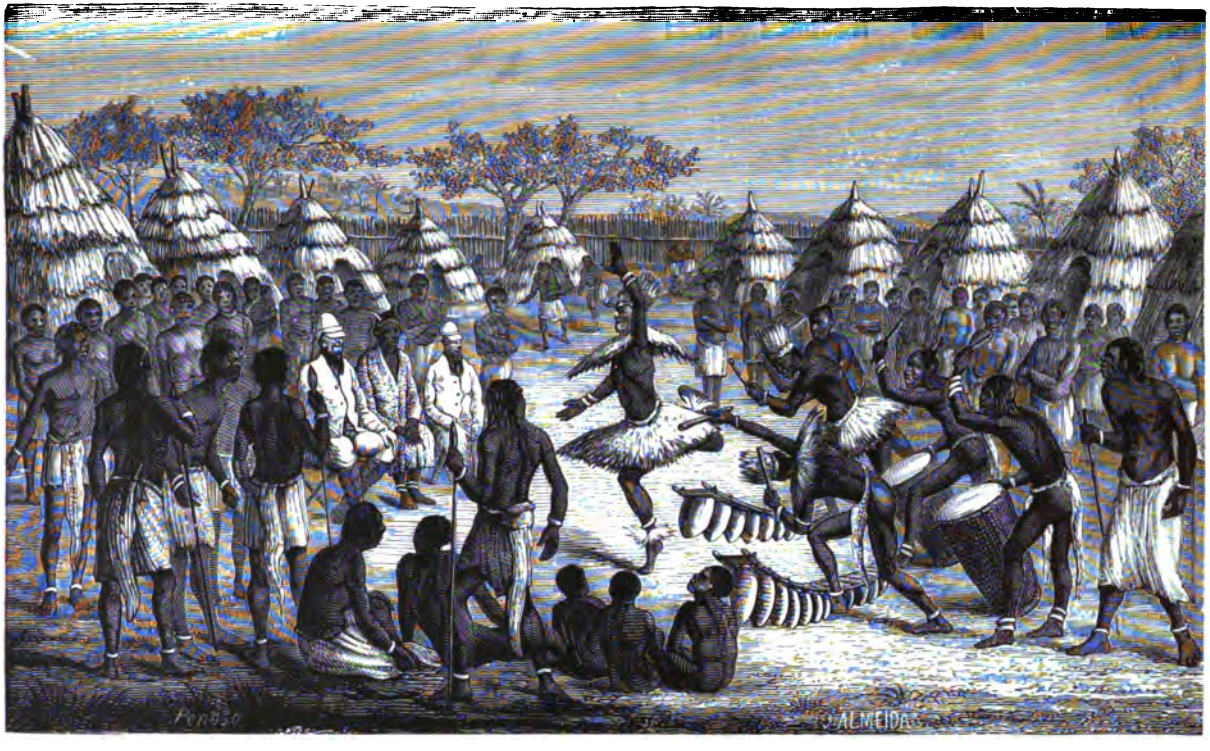

THE DANCE BECAME STILL MORE ANIMATED.

Page 226.

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Serious work yet remained for us before we could think of slumber. The baggage intended for each of the expeditions had to be reviewed for the last time, and care taken that each was provided with the requisite thermometers, hypsometers, tartar emetic, quinine, and sulphate of magnesia; and then, having alotted a couple of compasses to one and a sextant to another, we closed the trunks and sought our welcome rest.

Daylight appeared—all too soon—but with its first glimmer we were astir. The two expeditions were ranged side by side, and the order for departure was received with a sadness never experienced before. We had been so long together, each encouraging the other when dull, and nursing him in sickness—and now, we had to go on alone!

The feeling was natural enough, but there was no hesitation in carrying out our plans.

"Farewell, friend, we meet at Cassange."

And with another grasp of the hand we took our places and departed our several ways.

THE GOÎTRE OF THE PLATEAU.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Itinerary of the western caravan between Mogongo and the river—Vegetation, aspect of the country and divisional line of the Cuanza and Congo-Zaire affluents—Muene Coje or Mazul—The *itambi*—The bee-country—Muene Lhinica and his magnates—Moi-Chandalla, the female Sova—Sketch of a *cumaghia* or senzala—Illness and death of a *mu-sumbi*—Muene T'chicanji and Muene Pezo—a grand *battue*—The Cuango at parallel 10° 27′ and some remarks upon its course—A wonderful fetish—A traveller from the interior and an abstract of his journey—How a rain-charmer came to grief—Our casting-net and a narrow escape—A trying journey and the end of our rations—A true oasis—A noteworthy quadruman—African parrots—Rest at last.

From Quioco to Cassange the track crosses the deep and broken valley which lies between the precipitous heights of Tala Mogongo on the west, and Moenga on the east, over soil of a shifting character, covered with broad forests containing some extraordinary species of plane-trees, *m'pafu*, *mu-hungo* (teak) *m'bambu* and others—a track which the reader is now invited to pursue, in company of the column that has selected the west bank of the great river.

A feeling akin to solemnity and awe takes possession of the mind on traversing this region where Nature appears in all her wildness and where the solitude must at times be absolute. The undulating surface of the ground was, at the outset, easy enough to the foot, owing to the quantity of grass with which it was covered; the trees afforded the traveller an agreeable refuge from the mid-

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day heats, and the numerous ant-hills produced even a semblance of human habitations: but as we drew on these more pleasant features yielded to giants of the vegetable kingdom, whose wide-spread branches, by shutting out the sun, kept the soil beneath bare, damp, pappy, and to the last degree unwholesome.

In the short space of four hours we were compelled to wade across a dozen little streams, and as each had a wide bed of its own, with shallow, but irregular banks, a journey that we calculated at nine or ten miles in length, proved, on reference to the map and astronomical observations at the two extreme points, to be only half that distance.

The course lay through the thick of the forest, with a foliage so dense that not a ray of sun could force a passage through. At times an antelope would be startled by our approach and, darting across the path, disappear so suddenly amid the labyrinth of tree-trunks and drooping boughs as to make us believe that the creature was a mere trick of fancy.

The first station at which we halted was in Mungombe, where the caravan stood at an elevation of 4593 feet, on the divisional line of the Cuanza and Congo-Zaire waters. On the west ran the N'jombo, an affluent of the former; and on the east the Cu-afo, a tributary of the Cuango. The ground all about was the birth-place of an infinitude of little rivers, springing into life within a few miles only of each other. Among them were the Muiji, Luculla, Cadoche, Cuime, T'chigundo, N'jombo and Cu-afo.

On the 25th we reached the residence of Muene Coje or Mazul, having been accompanied so far by a guide lent us by N'Dumba, and who, in proof of the high charge intrusted to him, carried on his shoulder the great Sova's own musket.

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Our troubles began to overtake us at this early stage owing to a musumbi of our troop, named Filippe, being attacked by an unknown malady, which took him completely off his legs, and necessitated his being conveyed in a litter.[1] The negroes have such a repugnance to carry a fellow-creature under similar circumstances that it was only after repeated exhortations and the payment of a heavy fee that we were able to hire men for the purpose; and Muene Coje had the face to demand eighteen yards of gingham as the price of four carriers for one day's journey. As it would have been impossible to continue at this rate, which would soon have stripped us of everything we possessed, we resolved to push forward in search of a more humane chief, who would be contented with a reasonable share of plunder.

We were now in the very heart of the country of the bees. Thousands of these small hymenoptera crossed and recrossed each other in every direction, so that the air was full of them, and worst of all they alighted upon every object within their reach. Grass fires, constantly kept alive during the daytime, only partially saved us from their presence, for if there was a spot which the smoke for a moment left free, it became instantly covered. At meal-times we suffered a perfect martyrdom, and it was only by the exertions of half a dozen

[1] This was not the sole occasion of our becoming acquainted with a sickness, whose characteristic commencement is a gradual wasting away of the flesh, followed by nervous disturbances, shiverings, difficulty of perception, want of muscular energy, blindness, and death.

The custom of sleeping on the bare ground is a dangerous one, and assists the progress of the disease.

The unhappy creature to whom we here refer would pass whole hours exposed to the sun's rays, blazing full in his face, and during the night he would gaze in the same way at the flames of the fire, lost to everything around him.

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of our men, armed with grass rods, which they kept waving in the air, that we could eat anything at all.

Unhappily, too, for our peace, we had arrived at a moment when the funeral ceremonies of some important personage, who had died a few days previously, were being performed with great *itambi*.

The *batuques* were inordinately prolonged to the sound

MORE FREE THAN WELCOME.

of *bumbos*, fifes, clapping of hands, and the shouts of an enthusiastic multitude, so that, in spite of ourselves, we were compelled to remain longer than one day as the carriers would not stir till they had seen the last of the festival. This circumstance permitted Muene Coje to favour us with his company in the encampment, where he appeared, surrounded with a perfect troop of his ladies

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singing choruses in his praise, and attended by others, who brought presents for the white man.

The majority of the men we saw in this region were tall of stature, but of excessive thinness; and some of the children were little better than skeletons. Goîtres, too, were visible among them, but in fewer numbers than we had observed elsewhere.

VISIT OF MUENE COJE.

Keeping on the bank of the river Luali, and travelling northwards, we arrived at the *libata* Maoanda, in the dominions of the Sova Muene Lhinica. Whilst the men were clearing the ground in a thick wood for the construction of our encampment, and we ourselves were taking observations, perched on the branches of a tree,

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we were suddenly surprised by a circle of natives, fully armed, and uttering horrible cries.

Quickly gliding to earth and seizing our arms, we stood about our goods, prepared to defend them against possible aggressors, when a native, in a breathless state, made his way to the front, and uttered some incoherent cries that he accompanied with extravagant gestures.

"What is the matter? What is up?" we inquired.

But in the hubbub not a word was audible.

"They are thieves," exclaimed some of our people.

This, however, we doubted; and we were right, for after the first few moments of confusion, arising from their sudden appearance, they dropped their arms, a movement which we imitated, and drawing nearer, we asked the chief of the band for explanations.

It appeared that the inhabitants were at feud with another tribe settled at no great distance, and observing the arrival of an armed band within a stone's throw of their village, they took us for the enemy, and surrounded us in the manner related. "It was a mercy we did not fire on you," exclaimed the chief; "which we should have done but for seeing the *T'chin-delle* (white man) and the *mu-zumbo*."

"Much obliged to you," was our reply; "we should certainly have regretted being popped at, and probably killed by mistake."

Whilst this exchange of compliments was proceeding, Muene Lhinica himself came upon the scene, and doubtless wishing to give to his first visit all possible solemnity, he had surrounded his person by a troop of courtiers tricked out in the most absurd rags; and he himself with a battered old hat and a dirty coverlet pendent from his waist, looked like a mountebank at a fair.

Seating himself at a distance upon a panther's skin,

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he waited for us to approach him, and when we did so he presented us his foot.

Rather astonished at this mode of salutation, but wishing to do the correct thing and follow what we took to be a custom of the country, we were about to present him with one of our own in return, when some of his followers, pointing to the right ankle of the Sova, directed our attention to a nasty wound, for which he required *milongo*.

"The Sova," they said, "has been suffering from this for a long time, and only you, white man, can cure him."

We at once proceeded to examine the leg, and sending for our little medicine-chest, drew from it some phenic acid and a little bark and camphor, which, to the wonder and admiration of the crowd, we at once applied to the sore.

The noble savage, obeying the instinct of gratitude which moved him thereto, presented us at the close of the operation with a fine fat kid that one of his macotas held by a cord. Three hours afterwards, however, the same noble savage, repenting of his liberality, claimed it back again; and our weakness, either of mind or stomach, was such, that we compromised matters by buying it of him.

At about eleven that night one of our *cabindas* suddenly entered our hut, and putting one hand upon our arm and raising the forefinger of the other hand to command attention, exclaimed,—

"Listen, *n'gana!*"

We were taken by surprise, nor could we at first by the flickering light of the fire, which projected strange shadows on the uneven surface of the wall, make out who the dusky figure was, so we merely said, "What is it?"

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"Listen!" again cried our interlocutor. "Hear you not?"

Fixing our eyes upon his face, whilst we placed our head in a position to catch the slightest sound, suspecting the presence of some spirit from the other world (in which the natives devoutly believe), or, what was more likely, some treachery in the camp, we remained immovable until the cry of a night-bird broke shrilly on the ear.

"It is a bird," we said, considerably relieved.

"Yes; it is a bird; a bird of ill-omen, that you, white man, must kill; bring your gun, therefore, and let us make haste to destroy it ere it takes to flight."

As it appeared to us a matter of pure impossibility to hit the bird in the dark, we at first refused to stir, but the man persisted.

"Oh, do, senhor, come and kill it; it is a creature that no one spares, for when it alights near a dwelling it means death to some one inside, and my wife has just got a son!"

"A son!" we exclaimed, with astonishment, not being prepared for this sudden addition to the staff of the expedition; "you don't say so."

"Yes, senhor, a son just born, and directly he arrives there comes this cursed bird, seeking for his death; it is a fetish sent us from T'chiboco!"

"Well, under these exceptional circumstances, we must see what we can do; let us go and kill the bad bird."

And quitting the hut we pointed the gun into the dense foliage above our heads, where we fancied there was something stirring, and fired; to the great relief of the new *papa* and ours too, for the bird having not unnaturally flown away, we returned to bed.

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Unfortunately, however, the *cabinda* was none the less confirmed in his superstition, for before morning I knew from certain female cries and lamentations, proceeding from a neighbouring hut, that the little baby boy had flown too.

Among the natives we discovered that there were many birds which enjoyed an evil reputation, and to which

AN AFRICAN SENZALA.

unlucky auguries of many kinds were attached, among others the *Scops capensis* and the *Toccus elegans*.

So thickly was the country clothed with wood that it was not easy to make our way through, but fortunately Filippe's carriers, who served as our guides, prevented us going absolutely astray.

At some fifteen miles from Muene Coje, along a track

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that took us three days to get over, we came upon a picturesque *libata* in the very heart of the forest; and as we neared it, a great number of women appeared on all sides, who saluted us with loud cries. In their midst was one of gigantic stature, with the smallest possible waist-cloth for only clothing, but by way of compensation her head-dress, somewhat in the fashion of the Ganguellas, was wonderful to behold. Not a single man did we see among them.

We were informed that this overgrown lady was named Moi-Chandalla-Dicoata, a female Sova, the chief of the pretty *libata* before mentioned, which was a sort of nunnery, as only women resided there.

One of these dames, who bore an infant on her hip, came towards us, raised the little black imp on high, and exclaimed,—

"*Tala muene.*" (Look at it, senhor.)

She added some other words, which our guide explained as meaning,—

"Say that you are its father, and it shall be your son!"

A most pleasing declaration, which we took to be rather free and easy on the part of a lady whom we saw for the first time, however flattering it might be to our *amour-propre.*

As we were falling short of provisions and Moi-Chandalla was well supplied, she was good enough not only to furnish us with what we wanted, but to lend us ten carriers of her own sex to carry our flour, a delicate attention, which cost us our silk comforter, that, in an impulse of romantic generosity, we made her a present of. The obligingness of the illustrious lady was nearly, however, bringing us to grief, as we had to keep a constant watch over our unruly followers, to prevent any rudeness to the women.

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Shortly after this we reached another small but pretty village belonging to a chief named Chanfana, who called upon us and invited us to his place.

A visit to his senzala, or *cumaghia* as it was called, required but little preparation, and what "lions" it contained were soon seen. A group of huts or *disnas* of uniform size, all circular, with conical roofs of grass thatch, set in a circle, and doorways in the centre so low that one had almost to creep on "all fours" to get through them, were built on good firm soil at no great distance from the river. A sort of temple, some twelve or thirteen feet in diameter, called a *django*, surmounted by a cupola of thatch, surrounded by a fantastic stockade, the interior furnished with a few big stones by way of benches and a fire-place in the middle, constituted the meeting place of the elders of the senzala, where they passed the time in talking, smoking, drinking *garapa*, and discussing the momentous questions affecting the community.

CHANFANA.

We observed among the dwelling-huts several smaller ones, no more than three or four feet high, that were used as granaries and drying-places for cereals, on which they bestowed the name of *mu-cete*. The picture was

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completed by a dozen native men cutting *mabella* into strips for the making of mats; five or six women, with their infants at their backs, preparing *fuba* in wooden mortars; a group of children with disproportioned stomachs; a few pigs, a sprinkling of fowls, and three or four dogs, whose extreme thinness gave them the appearance of walking skeletons.

Chanfana, the Sova of this flourishing senzala, received us with the frankest hospitality, and appeared to be perfectly happy, notwithstanding the burthen of his eighty years, which he bore better than many of his brother potentates in Europe carried half the load.

Round about the village the worthy patriarch possessed extensive plantations, which the rats frequently invaded, and large quantities of banana-trees that the monkeys also assailed, but the mischief they did was comparatively trifling, owing, as he explained, to a combined system of fetishism which neither rat nor monkey could resist.

Chanfana after our first visit made us a present of a goat and a fowl, and would, in his extreme kindness, have added a live crocodile caught in the Lu-ali. This, however, not being naturalists, we declined with thanks, on the unanswerable plea to a native, that it was "fetish."

On that same afternoon we tried to enter into negotiations for the reception, on reasonable payment, of our unfortunate Filippe whose condition made it next to an impossibility to carry him any further. But the old man would, on no terms whatever, entertain the proposal.

"Why, muene," was his argument, "do you want to leave me a man to die in the senzala? It would be a general misfortune, and all of us would one by one fall victims." And in his turn he wound up his refusal by exclaiming that it would be "fetish!"

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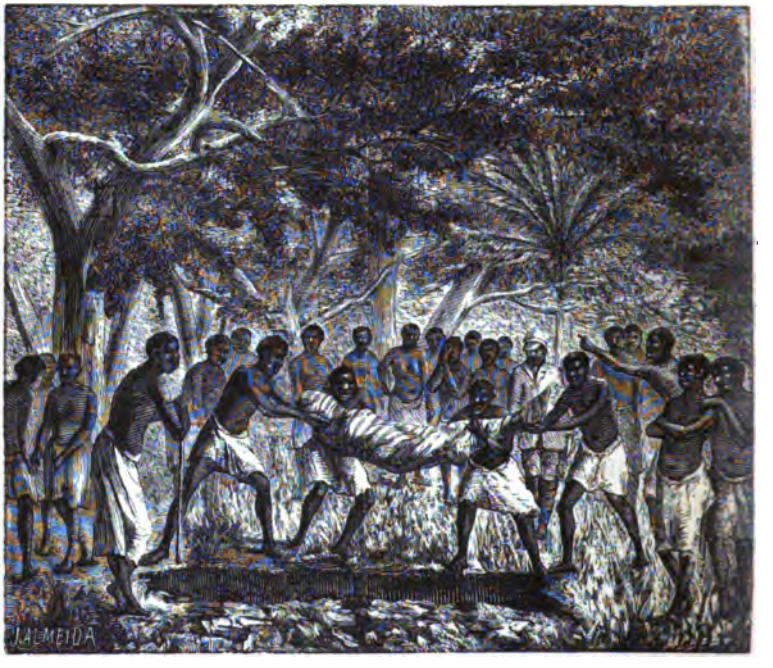
After this, all our persuasions and eloquence were fruitless, for the old man was inexorable.

As it happened, the poor fellow was not destined to be much longer a burthen upon any one, for in the afternoon of the 30th July he drew his last breath, and in the adjoining wood, as the sun went down, we saw his body



FILIPPE'S FUNERAL.

consigned to the grave that had been dug for him in a retired spot.

We started the following day in a northerly direction, still through forest land, along the deep valley traversed by the Lu-ali, our object being to reach the bank of the Cuango.

Bare as the region was of human habitations, it abounded

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in animal and insect life, among the latter being various kinds of coleoptera, black myriapodes four and a half inches in length, and legions of ants. The branches of the trees above our heads were alive with monkeys, which fled at our approach; while some of the larger ones, (*galago monteiri*) and baboons (*galago senegalensis*), who were less active in their motions, became victims to our men's guns, and were eaten with great *gusto*.

Just as we were crossing the Luali to reach its right bank, a herd of spotted African deer rose out of the tall grass, and one of them fell to a simultaneous discharge of fire-arms, a perfect stroke of luck, as our provisions were at that time getting very low.

We imagined that we were the only human beings in that solitary district, but the report of the fire-arms by awakening the echoes far and wide brought two strangers on to the scene.

"They are hunters," was the remark; for according to the negroes all men that are met with in wild and deserted localities must necessarily be so.

They were wrong, however, in this instance, for they turned out to be envoys of Muene T'chicanji, a Sova of the neighbourhood, who, perhaps apprehensive of our refusal, only delivered their message a couple of hours after we had travelled together. It was to the effect that as he was the greatest Sova of those parts we ought to call upon him; that our brother had gone by another road; and that if we did not pay him a visit, he would not see either of the white men.

Willing to gratify the not unnatural curiosity of the chief, we followed in the footsteps of our guides, and on the 2nd of August came in sight of the residence.

The Sova was impatiently awaiting our arrival, and as

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the conversation that ensued was of the briefest kind, we report it *in extenso*.

"*Tchin-delle*, you are travelling?"

"I am."

"Dost thou come from the great water?"

"I do."

"Where is the ivory and the wax thou hast bought?"

"Nowhere."

"Dost thou then purchase men?"

"Still less."

"Nor this?" he asked, showing us an india-rubber ball.

"Nor that either."

Each of our replies was hailed with a burst from the bystanders, partly of laughter, partly astonishment.

The Sova seemed quite puzzled to make us out, travelling through the country, without doing any trade, but only to look (*ocu-tala*) and to write (*ocu-sonéca*) as they all averred; nor could he believe that the goods and beads we carried with us were for the sole purpose of obtaining food and carriers.

"And what is the use of all that writing?" inquired the curious chief.

"To show the whites in my own country."

This seemed mightily to tickle the Sova and his officials, though some looked grave as they regarded the written characters.

The remainder of our interview may be summed up in few words. We received several presents from Muene T'chicanji, who in return, wonderful to relate, refused everything in the shape of toll; we beheld him get very drunk in our encampment, noted the usual marks of astonishment at the length of our beard, and were pestered for "medicine" to furnish a similar appendage: and

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when we took leave were pressed to remain three or four days longer.

Muene Pezo, an important chief dwelling on the bank of the Cuango, and the next potentate with whom we had to do, behaved to us in a very different manner to our recent friendly host. He also sent out a messenger to meet us, but the envoy brought with him the following peremptory and amusing communication,—

"The whites are to know that the Cuango is mine, so let them come here and look at it."

Which elicited from us an equally curt reply,—

"Tell the Sova that the river belongs to everybody, and we have no intention to pay him any visit."

It was on the 3rd of August that, descending a declivity, we found ourselves in the valley of the great river, precisely at the parallel of 10° 33′ 30″. Extensive chains of mountains, granite counterforts, as it were, of Moenga, and Mogongo, rise grandly on either side, their bases washed by the rushing stream.

Compelled to find a passage for its waters—of a dark green hue when seen under reflection—the course of the Cuango becomes extremely tortuous. We found its width at that spot varied from twenty-five to forty yards, and that the current was two miles. Along its banks there are vast tracts of land covered with tall, gramineous plants, not unlike the ordinary European reed or cane, by the natives called *marianga* (*Penisetam?*). Graceful and lofty tufts of *bombax*, looking like enormous nosegays, mixed with *pandanus*, *mabu* (*Papyrus*), and sundry *typhas*, grow in the vicinity of the water; while as one proceeds the characteristic African vegetation re-appears.

We reached about one o'clock in the day a senzala, called Cha Calumbo, and concluded from the unusual

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commotion among the people that something extraordinary was going on. Upon inquiry, we found that it was a great hunt; and impelled by curiosity, we pitched our camp hastily and started with a few men to witness the curious spectacle, which took up the rest of the day.

We transcribe a brief record of the proceedings from our note-book, as the method employed was similar to others we afterwards witnessed, where in the dry season the inflammable nature of the grass makes fire so powerful an agent.

When a tribe resolves to make a battue among the innumerable antelopes which people the forest, inquiries are first made as to where they have been seen in largest numbers, the tracks they follow, and particularly their favourite watering-places.

The day appointed for the hunt being arrived, all the available men of the senzala are gathered together in the neighbourhood of the selected spot, accompanied by their mastiffs—half-savage brutes, looking more like jackals than sporting dogs, with sharp snouts, tawny skins, thin to attenuation, and specially trained for this kind of work. The intelligence of the aborigines is shown in their perfect knowledge of the habits of these animals, and the advantage they have learned to draw from their extraordinary swiftness of foot.

Armed with bows, arrows, guns, and assagais, and having a sufficient number of dogs, the party of huntsmen is divided into two bands; one, the smaller, passes to windward, and sets fire to the grass over a space of a mile or two; the other, taking up their station to leeward, in a semicircle, shoot down and destroy the creatures that are fleeing in terror from the flames.

Thus it was in the present instance, and we beheld one of the most extraordinary scenes that it has ever been

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IN A CIRCLE OF STEEL AND FIRE.

Page 244.

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our fate to witness. The frightened animals ran and leaped hither and thither in a circle of steel and fire, and driven back whenever they attempted to cross the line by the discordant cries and shrieks of the huntsmen, were shot down by the score.

It was a magnificent sight! The evening air, with all its opal tints on one side; on the other the black volumes of smoke reflecting the lurid glare of some giant of the forest that was blazing like a huge torch; the earth in the far distance enveloped in red and yellow flames; and, dashing panic-stricken through the brake and underwood, beasts of various species, pursued by hundreds of black figures with every instrument of death, made indeed a picture never to be effaced from the memory.

Whilst admitting to the full the sadness of this sacrifice of so many defenceless victims, we could not but feel that it was stern necessity that lay at the bottom of it—the necessity of food to support existence in regions where life was a hard struggle at the very best. It might be wanting in the refinement which distinguishes the battues of civilized life—to which it bore many points of resemblance—undertaken for the purpose of affording educated gentlemen a few hours' sport; it might be considered rude in conception, vulgar in execution, and altogether barbarous in the weapons that were employed, and the "get up" of the natives who wielded them; but it had the excuse—a sorry one we will admit—of being undertaken under the pressure of hunger.

With nightfall the hunt came to an end, and the whole returned in procession to the senzala, bearing the fruits of the chase.

Day broke on the 4th of August clear and beautiful, and shortly after we left the senzala of Cha-Calumbo, where, as we could see and hear, the Sova was storming

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like a madman, his voice being heard above the vociferations of men, women, and children, each anxious for his or her share of the venison, which was then being cut up and distributed.

Proceeding along the Cuango, over broken and precipitous ground covered with splendid specimens of grass, some not unlike the Chinese bamboo, leguminous plants, and numerous thorns, we followed the innumerable zigzags formed by the winding river. Its course at the outset of our day's journey was north-east, then for a couple of miles it ran due north, and for another mile north-east, when its basin considerably widened and became strewn with rocks, until, at parallel 10° 27′, it formed a slight fall, chiefly visible in the summer season.

The bank being clothed with trees, whose branches overhung the river, enabled us to obtain with tolerable exactness the height of the water in a low and full state; for many of the boughs alluded to had the remnants of vegetable matter adhering to them, and left there during a recent flood. At the point where we stood the difference amounted to seven feet.

Our track soon altered its character for the worse, and became soft and boggy, so that our progress was slow and laborious. Plodding along as best we could, followed by the attendants and carriers, listening to an interminable story of a fetish, seen by some of our people in Quiôco, in the hands of a certain *senhor*, and which was such a perfect charm against bullets that its owner did not even fear the fire-arms of the whites, we fell in with an individual, tall in stature, large-boned, thin, with long well-greased tresses, large bracelets, his hair covered with powdered clay, an agreeable cast of features, but with an air of mistrust at finding himself suddenly confronted by so many people. "Who is he?" we inquired.

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"He belongs to Quiôco."

"Whence comes he?"

In reply to this inquiry the stranger, extending his left arm in a north-easterly direction, began with the forefinger of his right hand to mark off certain distances, pronouncing at the same time half a dozen words, to which our men responded with an "*Uh-lu!*" in chorus.

"What does he say?"

"He comes from afar, *N'gana*, and he has been six months always marching."

Hoping to procure from the traveller some valuable information, we kept him by us, and induced him to talk of his journeyings. What he told us appeared so interesting that we at once jotted it down in our journal, in the shape in which we now present it to our readers.

PORTUGUESE-AFRICAN EXPEDITION. (Fol. 217.)

Right Bank of the Cuango, near the Matchimbo Rivulet.
Aneroid 2200 ft. Temperature 83° F.

9.30 *a.m.* A native of Quiôco, who said his name was Cha-Quicala, was met with here. He has just given us an account of his travels in the company of relatives who reside in Muene Çaengue and Cha-Tumba.

Their course lay along the T'chicapa, until it emptied its waters into the Cassai or N'zare Munene, about half a day's journey below the spot where the Lu-ejime disembogues into the same stream.

He asserts that at a day's march up the river the Cassai makes a great curve, and falls in the cataract called Caembe-Camungo, in the territory of the Sova N'guvo.

He also stated that on arriving at the river, they found war had broken out with a chief named Tundo; the caravan was divided into two, and the half to which he belonged crossed the stream.

That they then passed through the territory of the Banza N' Borungo, and in three days arrived at Canguanda, a senzala on the left bank of the Lu-lua.

Proceeding onwards they fell in with enormous rivers, among which he named the Luquengue, an affluent of the Cassai, and the Maoungo, Tango and Juiguije, tributaries of a colossal branch, known as the

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Moaza-n'gombe (Sova Fumaranga), issuing from a lake that bears the name of Quifanjimbo, whereon numerous canoes were visible.

The people of the marginal region were called *Zuala mavumo*, and, according to his statement, they were accustomed from childhood to pull out the skin of the belly, and so to stretch it, that in the course of years they required no other covering, as it hung down to their knees!

He also averred that they were unmitigated cannibals, and that further to the north there were other tribes called *cutieques*, cannibals likewise, of dwarfish stature, and ferocious character, with enormous heads.

That he had visited various encampments where he saw dead bodies intended for food, and which the great Sovas generally bestow as presents upon those who wait upon them to pay tribute. This almost always takes place in the densest portions of the forest.

He described with minuteness the mode of treating the body. The hands and feet, after being chopped off, were salted and then smoke-dried on sticks. The trunk was cut up into joints, and the chiefs specially reserved the heads for their own delectation. No women were allowed to appear at their banquets, which were followed by dances, apparently of the usual pattern.

He concluded by stating that the Cassai has, on the opposite side, an even larger number of affluents, among others the Lu-bilachi and Lu-buri, the great stream being then so wide, that it is only by a musket-shot or by large fires that caravans desirous of crossing the river can give notice of their presence; and that beneath the action of the wind the water rises in billows like the sea!

After he had terminated his account, and received in return six yards of gingham and a few beads, the traveller went his way, parting from us with the brief salutation,—

Calunga muene, n'gila mumo. (Farewell, senhor, my road lies thither.)

The effect produced upon our men by the narrative they had just heard was not of the most cheering, and the fear of cannibals seemed to take entire possession of their senses. Even the *pimpões* of the Celli, who are themselves reputed to be anthropophagi, shivered at the thought of figuring as the *pièce de résistance* in a banquet of their fellows.

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We used all our eloquence to point out to them that notwithstanding the horrid stories that were afloat from the Bihé eastward concerning *ma-quioco* and others, to whom it was predicted we should fall victims, they had themselves been witness of their want of foundation; that there could be but little doubt of our having before us energetic tribes, in dealing with which it behoved us to act with all due care and caution; but as we had hitherto triumphed over the difficulties that stood in the way, we should doubtless do so again. We tried also to convince them that none would dare touch an experienced European or his caravan in any part of the world he wandered; and finally we asserted that there was no fear of any one attempting to eat *us*, as it was well-known that the flesh of the white man was poisonous!

They listened to our words, but we do not think our arguments had all the effect that we intended. If we could judge from their open mouths and general air of blank astonishment, they were in a perfect state of bewilderment, but we soon found that an idea had arisen and been discussed among them of inducing us to change our route, and continue by the territory of Cachellangues when once we had joined the other part of the expedition at Cassange, and should re-continue our march as one body.

Prudence dictated the advisability of active exertion to turn the thoughts of our men into a new channel, and we therefore gave orders to raise the packs and start, but had scarcely done so when loud cries of "*N'guvo, n'guvo*" from two of the carriers who had reached the bank of the river, made us hasten in that direction.

We were just in time to see a couple of enormous hippopotami emerge from the thick grass and flop into the water. As their huge snouts appeared above the surface we managed to put a couple of explosive bullets down the throat of

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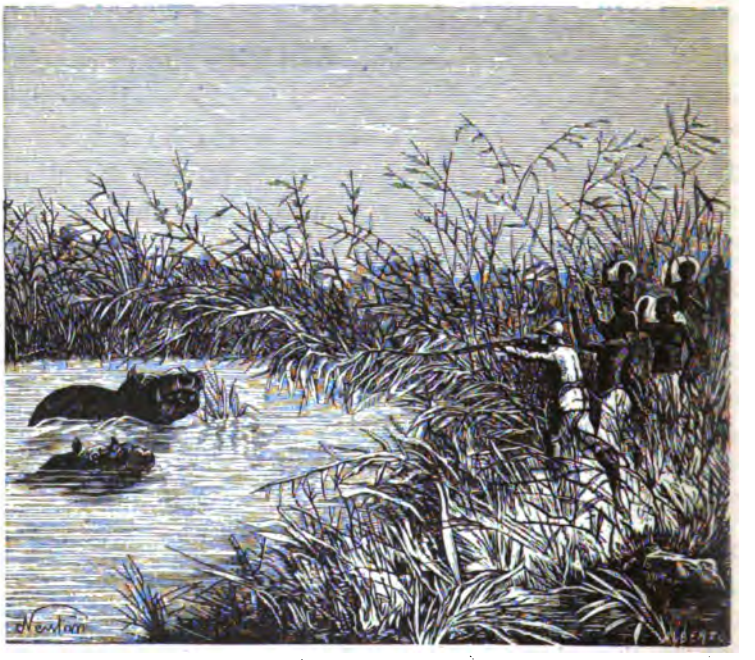
the nearest, who disappeared in so sudden a way as to make us doubt whether he liked the application.

"We shall soon have him up again," they all exclaimed, and I waited with the rest to see him float to the surface; but, whatever the cause, he did not reappear, and after watching for some time in vain we resumed our journey.

For two miles and upwards the same dense, high



THE N'GUVO.

grass and marshy ground impeded our progress, but we afterwards got on with a little more comfort. At midday we camped at a spot that seemed convenient for the construction of our huts, and having made our astronomical observations, done other necessary work, and written up the diary, we started at half-past two with a couple of our best men in search of game, taking a

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N.N.W. direction. Not a ghost of a beast, however, appeared, and we returned supperless.

If we add to the above brief record three or four stoppages during the march to test the azimuth needle, two or three halts to drink some water, and four or five others to cut a path through the underwood, the reader will have a tolerable notion of an explorer's favourable day, such as we passed on the 4th day of August, 1878. Its close was not so comfortable, as a heavy thunder-storm came up from the south-east, and during the night the rain drenched us to the skin.

In respect of this same storm we may mention an amusing incident whereby one of the African charmers or fetishmen came to grief in a way that we hoped might prove a lesson to our followers.

On reaching the camp we sat down for a rest near some stones, and almost immediately afterwards a native, belonging to a small tribe in the neighbourhood, came up to us. Seeing we were apprehensive of the approaching tempest, he proposed to ward off the rain by means of an incantation if we would give him a couple of yards of cloth. We at first refused to listen to the fellow, but our men begged so hard for the experiment to be tried, that we at length yielded—more especially as the price he asked was not an extravagant one.

The artist commenced operations by proceeding to a tree whence, with a very grave air, he plucked a few leaves, which, having broken into little pieces, he strewed about the place where we were sitting. He then raised to his lips a small horn, and gave two sharp whistles, and finally drew from beneath his arm the potent fetish he possessed, composed of a fragment of wood by way of handle with an ox's tail attached to it, the whole adorned with beads of various colours and shells. With this he

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retired into the thicket, where he stopped ten minutes, and on his return performed a *pas seul*, kicking up his heels and brandishing his fetish in a frantic manner.

As he went on pirouetting he got more and more excited, made the most horrible grimaces, defied the coming storm both with gestures and ejaculations, at one time turning to us, then shaking his fetish at the black clouds which came rolling on in their grandeur and darkening the whole of the heavens.

Just as the fervour of the operator had reached its height, and his powerful instrument was being whirled above his head, the tail parted company from the handle and flying into the air, flopped down into the river, and disappeared for ever beneath the surface, to the no small chagrin of the performer, the horror of our men, and our intense amusement. It was certainly an unfortunate circumstance, for owing doubtless to this casualty four hours afterwards the rain came down in torrents.

This singular belief in the possibility of warding off rain, or bringing it down, is very common among many African tribes; indeed, there are few who do not possess among them a rain-charmer.

The left bank of the Cuango, as we were informed, is extremely broken, and from the lofty hills spring innumerable streamlets that help to swell the great river. We found out to our cost that this was the case with the bank we were traversing. A succession of high mountains runs right along it from north to south, cut perpendicularly by deep fissures, forming the beds of such affluents as the Chaduiji and others. These mountains constitute the spurs of the great Moenga chain, which helps to form the Cuango basin on the one hand and that of the T'chicapa and its affluents on the other.

The region thus traversed by one of the most impor-

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tant rivers constituting the Congo system, is of vast extent, but left no very pleasant impression upon our minds, owing to the obstacles by which our track was beset, and the privations we had to undergo, through the dearth of provisions and want of game.

On issuing from its comparative confinement, the Cuango continues its majestic course northwards, almost undisturbed by the human voice; its green-black waters bearing frequently upon their surface the trunks of trees that, from their proximity to the banks, have become gradually drawn into the stream.

The numerous tribes established on the western side are those of the Songo, whose territory extends as far as the margin of the Cuanza: those on the eastern are the Ma-quioco, who occupy the ground up to the Cassai, and are known in these parts as far as Catende, by the denomination of Ma-cosa.

We met there, for the first time, a noteworthy vegetable, of pleasant aroma, and of similar flavour to the carob-bean of the Iberian peninsula, with the simple difference that the section of the fruit, instead of being rectangular, is perfectly square. A large number of thorny plants, among which was the beautiful Farnesiana, were also observed. The soil, covered as it was with prickles and thorns, made locomotion a matter of great care.

Pretty well fagged out with the last few days of our journey, we resolved upon taking minute stock of our provisions, and as the inquiry resulted in the pleasurable fact that, besides the leg of a gazelle, we could boast of a couple of fowls and four *bagres* (*clarias anguillaris*) we determined to take a rest for that day, and pitched our camp in a very convenient site upon good, solid ground.

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Thus passed the 5th of the month, our repose only disturbed by one little incident, which might have been a serious one.

Among the lads attached to the caravan, was a stout young fellow of the name of Mutu. His duty was to carry a splendid casting-net, which on that day, finding himself on the bank of a famous stream, he bethought himself of using, partly for our benefit—if he caught any fish—but more, we fancy, to gratify his own pride, as it was something to dip a European net into those unknown waters.

Creeping along the trunk of a tree, which overhung the current, he cast his net to such good purpose that it alighted on the surface at a dozen paces distance. He never calculated on the impetuous nature of the current, and when he saw the net flying away from him, he tried to stop its progress by taking a turn of the rope round a branch of the tree. But it was too late, and in his efforts to make the thing secure he tumbled into the water, from a height of some ten feet. It was with immense difficulty that we succeeded in saving him, the men running by the side of the stream with poles and branches of trees, but the net was irretrievably lost. On the other hand, it was a great gain to have snatched a human creature from the jaws of the crocodiles, and to have our numbers undiminished, for our party was not so large that we could afford to lose any of its useful hands.

About this time a feeling of disquietude began to creep over our mind, that our progress was very slow, or that the distance to Cassange, the first place appointed for the meeting with Capello, was further removed than we at first suspected. The great bends that we were compelled to make, in following the Cuango from Quiôco;

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the necessity of scaling the mountains, whose precipitous sides continually barred our way; the fatigue both of body and mind, created by forced marches; the wounds produced by the thorns and brambles of the woods we had to cut our way through, all helped to retard our journey; so that, when at the end of a fortnight we hoped to enter the parallel of 9°, we only stood at 10° 20′! No wonder that some anxiety should be experienced when reflecting upon these things, and one could not help reflecting very deeply upon them. Several of our men were suffering from sore feet, and as they had tolerably heavy loads to carry, our marches must necessarily become shorter each day. Nor were our pecuniary resources of that flourishing kind to make the thought of a prolonged journey a matter of indifference.

The Cuango, a little further northward than the point we had reached, suddenly took a north-east direction, as we found upon the 6th of the month, the day on which we resumed our march. We kept close to the bank of the river, and had a terrible time of it to make any progress at all.

Never surely was there ground more broken and atrocious. In the short space of seven miles we had to cross twelve little rivers, and more than twenty lines of water, which, taking their course among the Cahinda Hills, rush downwards to the valley. Then a lofty mountain on the north-east stood right in our way, compelling us to make a considerable *détour;* in this, imitating the example of the river itself, which, rushing round its foot, disappeared at the back of it, in the midst of a dense forest, that shut out all further view in that direction.

A fresh annoyance was created by a huge patch of country that had been subjected to the action of fire,

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and it was with great labour and difficulty we made our way through charred underwood, and over ground inches thick in ashes, which rose up in clouds, and filled eyes, nostrils, and throat to the most painful degree.

But the want of food was now becoming very serious; the men were faint and weary, and we despaired of meeting with any human habitations, or falling in with any tribe that could give us help, for we had scoured the country so far as it was open without discovering a soul. A couple of wood-pigeons, which fell to our gun, were looked upon as a perfect godsend.

The civilized European who never suffered from hunger or thirst, but has always had the means of satisfying the caprices of his appetite, can with difficulty estimate how importunate the stomach becomes on such occasions, domineering over all the faculties, and converting man into a mere animal, intent on the one idea of filling his belly. The cavity of the stomach, that has been empty for hours, demands at least a constant lubrification, due to the influence of an elevated temperature. At the outset Nature supplies the want, and saliva appears in greater quantity. But if that want continue for any length of time, the stomach, by reason of the diminished fluidity of the secretions, becomes dry, and its volume being lessened, the other viscera do their best to occupy its place, and contractions in the abdominal walls are the consequence. Having reached this point, the throat becomes like parchment, the tongue cleaves to the roof of the mouth, the air produces on the vocal chords metallic vibrations, the barytone becomes a tenor, a feeling of indefinable lassitude accompanies the rumblings of the intestines, the sight is enfeebled, intense anguish supervenes, and—if relief be not afforded—the sufferer

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falls. Only the aspect of a handful of flour can reanimate him, but then, the saliva, formed one knows not how, but with incredible rapidity, constitutes another phase of suffering.

Our condition was fast approaching to the frightful climax above described, when at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 8th, having crawled towards a slope of the mountain, we sighted, with a great leap of the heart, some flourishing plantations. The natives flocking around us at our approach, would not at first believe that the chief of our little band was other than a negro like themselves; and it was not until we had removed our helmet—from beneath which the perspiration was pouring down our blackened face—and they beheld the whiteness of the skin beneath that they believed our story.

Before us stood a handsome village, composed of two streets running parallel to each other, lined with well-built houses of clean appearance, and the whole set in groves of abundant banana-trees. Fowls, pigs, and sheep, on which we gazed with eager eyes, were running free in this unexpected oasis, whereon the inhabitants had bestowed the name of Catunga.

Seated beneath a pleasant shade, surrounded by wondering groups of men and women, we endeavoured to procure some information about the place and its belongings; but all we could gather from the heap of exaggerated nonsense with which we were assailed was, that the community represented a mixture of several races hailing from the Songo, the Minungo, and other places; that Cassange was at no great distance, and the Cuango near at hand; that the monarch of the territory on the north was called N'Dundje; and that if we wanted provisions they were quite disposed to sell them.

This last intimation was indeed a welcome one, but we

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tacked to the proposal the condition that we should erect our own special encampment, and to that end pitched upon a convenient spot in a neighbouring thicket.

A little crowd of ready sellers joined to innumerable idlers quickly followed on our steps, and who watched our movements, and commented on our every act in an amusing though troublesome way. We bought and bartered till we were tired, and then, with a few fried *bagre* from the river, a dish of cakes made of *pirao*, and half a dozen toasted bananas, we feasted with an appetite that princes might have envied!

We could not, however, easily get rid of our visitors, who were never tired of examining our arms and instruments, and were thrown into ecstasies of delight with a few shots from the Winchester rifle, the capsules of which we subsequently exchanged for the skin of a remarkable quadruman (*Colobus angolensis*), black, with long white ears, the only specimen of the kind we met with in Africa.

Its habitat is amid the wild regions on the right bank of the Cuango, viz., Peinde, Chinje, &c., where the imperial parrot, erroneously called upon the coast the Cassange, exhibits his vermilion plumage, and the white one (perhaps the albino), styled by the natives of the country the "Lord of the Earth," chatters incessantly as he leaps from bough to bough.

Our arrival was a capital excuse for a festival, and as evening set in, the inevitable *batuque* commenced. The grotesque capers and wild bounds of the men, accompanied by the never-failing chorus of voices which seemed to gather strength as they proceeded, kept the whole of the people alive for hours, and it was long ere we could close our eyes in desired slumber.

What a strange organization is that of the negro!

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Under the influence of a scorching temperature, his body bathed in sweat from the violence of his exertions, he, the man who, of all others, evinces the greatest dislike to ordinary motion, will pass entire nights in dancing without the exhibition of any fatigue. He begins, it is true, with a little reluctance, but when once set going he is as difficult to restrain, so that the newly-arrived traveller is lost in astonishment at his superabundant energy; and we have seen our own men, after a ten miles' march, dance for eight hours at a stretch, and still be ready at daybreak to lift their loads, and resume their journey!

The night, soft and mild like most nights upon this continent at the present season, invited us, after our labours and suffering of the last few days, to meditate deeply upon all we had gone through, to lose ourselves in conjectures about the future, and to draw consolation from the wonderful change which only a few hours had wrought in our position. The sighing of the south-east wind, as it made its way through the leafy branches of the varied trees which peopled this most savage land, appeared to whisper to us of the strange secrets and mysteries of the desert it had swept over in its passage, and remind us how, but a short time previously, when encamped on the lofty plateau of Quiôco, it had half-frozen us with its icy breath.

The distant murmur of voices of our people seated in small groups about the crackling camp-fires; the sound of the marimbas, vibrating their sonorous and monotonous strains under practised hands; the puling cries of the infants at their mothers' backs—beginning, in spite of the warmth of their position, to feel the advancing cold of night—so acted upon our mind, left thus abandoned to our solitary thoughts, that we were compelled, after a brief space, to spring to our feet and seek some kind of occu-

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pation to drive away the depression that was creeping over us.

Entering the hut, we bade Francisco, our remaining valet, bring light and coffee. The former consisted of a small gourd with palm-oil and a cotton wick, fastened to one of the stakes which formed the support of the dwelling.

Seated on the edge of our earthen bed-place, our elbows on our knees, and head buried in our hands, we waited with half-closed eyes for the valued beverage. It came at last; in a few minutes it was devoured; within a very few more we were lying full length upon our not too easy couch, but it did not prevent our sleep—or stay our dreams.

M'PEIXE (PIPE).

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CHAPTER IX.

Departure from Catunga—Sterile aspect of the country—Vegetative power—Tala Magongo and the plateau of Cassange—Brigham Young and a problem for mothers-in-law—Revelation of a cataract—Muene Nama's hearts—Bananas and mosquitoes—A council and a flight—Nocturnal march and the Sova's envoys—Nature of the soil and the Caparanga or Louisa falls—Wild animals—A dangerous and an useful plant—The panthers—Lost in the plain and imprisoned on the river-bank—Firing the forest—The honestest of men belies his assertion—The *Cucus indicator*—A strange bee-hive—Native voracity—A den of thieves—The salt-river and the territory of the Queubo—A dangerous ant—Native salt—The fair of Cassange—A kindly reception and interesting revelations.

HAVING recovered our strength and laid in a stock of provisions it behoved us to be again upon the move, and move we did, on the 9th day of August, with the first glimpse of daylight. We started with the intention of descending the steep slope of Tala Magongo, the edge of which we had been skirting for several days previous to our arrival at Catunga.

There are several months in the year when not a drop of rain falls in these regions, and during that period of drought the aspect of the country is most depressing. The heat then increases day by day; the leaves and tender sprays of the numerous trees, which so wonderfully embellish the landscape from March onwards, are then but few; the vegetative strength of nature appears to be in abeyance; the plants that are withered and

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blackened with ashes, so generally the case in the vicinity of human dwellings, stand like melancholy monuments by the wayside, and are rendered more striking and dismal beneath the rays of the blazing sun.

Few prospects can be more dreary than those presented by the plains, hills, and deep valleys of the great continent, after they have undergone the terrible ordeal of fire to which they have been subjected by the aborigines during the months of June and August. The sterile aspect of the land, the trunks of noble trees, charred and blackened by the flames and smoke, the want of water, the great restorer in many a tract of country, make the heart of the traveller sink within him, for, if he be at all fanciful, he deems the earth to be mourning for the loss of her wealth, her beauty, and her ornaments. Happily, this state of things does not endure for ever. When the months of October and November again come round, the waters once more assert their influence, and the lethargy, into which all things had fallen, gradually gives way to renewed greenness and hope.

Plodding along through the country already described, we reached at about ten o'clock in the forenoon the slope of Magongo, and as we waited for a brief space to wipe away the abundant moisture which our exertions and the ardent rays of the sun drew from our every limb, we were struck with wonder and admiration at the splendid panorama that was spread out before us.

From the elevated point we had now reached, the view embraced in a westerly direction the entire hydrography of the Cuango, within the limits of the Minungo territory! Standing at a height of 4000 feet above the sea, the eyes had to travel down 1500 of them before alighting on level ground, and this, without a break or crag to afford foothold to a goat! When tired of contemplating this vast

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precipice, the spectator might note the land as it spread out northwards to an horizon forty-five miles distant, in vast plateaux forming the region of Cassange, inhabited by the Ban-gala tribes.

The surprising aspect of the serpentine course of the Cuango, now glittering in the sunlight, now momentarily lost in the masses of verdure which, for the most part, clothe its banks; the senzalas of the Ban-gala dotted here and there, forming with the deep green of their plantations a charming contrast to the masses of yellow grass; and the vast dome of azure that enclosed all these attractive objects, made so delightful a picture, that we would have fain pitched our tents where we stood, the better to study and enjoy the loveliness spread out before us.

The expedition, however, on which we were embarked, would not allow a mere love of the picturesque to stand in the way of its progress. An explorer may dawdle by the bank of a river, or climb a mountain, if he do so in the interest of science; he may spend days in a senzala, or pay court to a powerful Sova where necessity or policy dictates the proceeding, but nothing short of a lake or a cataract should excuse him for wandering from his path, or lingering by the way.

It was when we were taking a farewell look at the glorious scene, roughly outlined as above, that Otubo (the head of our ban-sumbi) espied an individual who was in the act of descending the mountain; and as, in those latitudes but scant ceremony is used in ordinary intercourse, we called to him and inquired where he was going.

"To my senzala," replied the stranger.

The first question having, so to speak, authorized a second, we put it in the shape of,—

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"Where do you come from?"

Before he answered this query he eyed us from top to toe with an air of superiority mixed with apprehension, and then replied, the interpreter partly explaining, partly translating his words,—

"This man is a noble. He is returning from the house of the parents of one of his wives, whom he has just taken and left there, because she is about to have a baby, and could not give birth to it in her husband's house!"

OTUBO.

As we thought the latter part of this explanation very extraordinay (there was nothing in the former portion to cause surprise) we could not refrain from pursuing our inquiries.

"But why cannot she be confined in her husband's house?"

"Why," responded the ingenuous interpreter, quite astonished at our asking such a question, "it would be fetish, you know."

"Ah, yes," we exclaimed, "of course;" as we thought of our adorable mothers-in-law in old Europe, and of what they would have said under such circumstances.

And as no law or religious principle fixes the number of wives a man may possess in this blessed land—where

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if the prophet of the Salt Lake thrust his nose, he would discover a slight drawback to his sweet polygamic system—the thought flashed across us that a tender husband, who was a strict observer of his marital duties towards his score or so of wives, would be kept scouring the country half the year in escorting his partners to and from their retirement; and as a matter of fact our African Brigham Young himself informed us that he had made four such journeys within the last thirty days!

In the course of further conversation we gathered the whole family history of this worthy noble, the country he came from, his mode of life, the amount of his property, and various other things, among which he referred to the existence of a cataract in the Cuango, and at no great distance from us.

The reader will have gathered from a hint we dropped a page or so back that cataracts are rather weaknesses of ours. So when we heard of one in the vicinity we determined to stick to the stranger in order to find it out, and, therefore, descended the mountain with him in the direction of a senzala that was visible from the height.

It did not, however, seem as if our object would be greatly advanced by the step we had taken, for on our arrival at the village, the whole of the inhabitants at sight of us rushed into their houses. Trusting to convince them that their fears were totally unfounded, we took a stroll about the streets, whilst the guide, in pursuance of our orders, went among the people to assure them that our intentions were pacific—a task which he performed with such success as to induce the gentlemen and even the ladies of the place to venture to approach us within, at most, a dozen paces.

We then, through the interpreter, made known to the inhabitants that, as we wanted a guide, we should like to

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speak to the Sova; and the words were scarcely uttered than an ill-favoured individual stepped out from the assembly, and declared himself to be the personage we sought.

We hesitated at first to accept him as the "genuine article," for neither his manner nor appearance favoured his claim; still, we had got so accustomed of late to shabby specimens of rulers that we accepted him on his own assertion, and addressed him as follows,—

"Sova, as it is you who govern here, we desire to say that hard by, in the river, there are certain falls we wish to see; we have a present for you, so give us in return a man to show us the road."

As was not unusual with these petty dignitaries, Muene Nama (for so he was called) made no answer, but eyed the objects we presented to him.

We waited a decent time, and then urged the interpreter to press for a reply; whereupon we were told that the matter required reflection, and that the Sova would decide.

Making a virtue of necessity, we sat down upon an empty case (*full* ones were becoming very rare with us), surrounded by our people, to wait, with all the patience we could muster, for the resolution of the council assembled within a neighbouring hut.

After a lapse of some ten minutes, the decision came in the following terms,—

"Let the present be produced, so that the Sova's *heart may be enlarged!*"

Eight yards of gingham, four handkerchiefs, and a bracelet were sent in, and time having been given for their examination the messenger reappeared.

"The Sova requires tobacco that he may smoke over the matter and arrive at a decision."

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A ball of tobacco was given him.

Then came another messenger, demanding *aguardente*, which he did not get, for the simple reason that we had none: and afterwards appeared a fourth emissary, requiring a shirt; and then the Sova himself, who wanted a coat. One would have thought we were a parcel of old clothes' men.

It was, in fact, the old story—an attempt to despoil us; and this is almost universally the case in first negotiations with the aborigines. There is scarcely a negro in Africa, more especially if he be a Sova, who can see an European and not try to strip him. The insatiable desire to possess, is no doubt the prime motor of his acts, which leads him to shameful extremities, and in some cases (Muene Lhinica to wit) to the ridiculous point of endeavouring to get back what he has freely given away. In the present instance, as we felt no inclination to comply with his many requirements, the Sova and his council put their heads together again, and subjected our patience to a fresh trial.

Muena Nama, who cared little for the contemplation of cataracts, and who probably conceived that a journey to the falls of the Cuango would divert from his senzala an unexpected booty, began to raise all sorts of objections to our departure, alleging that the way to the river, on account of the state of the roads, was extremely dangerous; that the only men who could serve us as guides were absent from the place, and at remote quarters; that he could not himself accompany us owing to physical inability; and, finally, that the district was infested with wild beasts that would assail us in every direction if we ventured into its unexplored forests, which lined and almost sealed the entrance to the river.

After all sorts of lies and subterfuges, the old fox

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continued by saying that an European would comprehend how repugnant it must be to *his heart* to deny our request, which, if granted, could only have the most fatal consequences, and would remain a gnawing remorse for the remainder of his life, already well advanced; would be prejudicial to his subjects and to all who travelled in his territory.

This sublime and subtle discourse, uttered in a tone and manner fitted to draw tears from the eyes of unprejudiced listeners, and to raise the respected chief, whose affection for his people and all mankind was so manifest, to a high place in their estimation, was, somehow, but little to our taste; nor were we any better pleased when he went on to declare that he congratulated himself on seeing us in his residence, inasmuch as it afforded him a *double felicity*, viz., great satisfaction of mind (we could not for the life of us tell why), and the being able to prove to the white chief that he did not possess *two hearts* (a favourite phrase with many of these Sovas, to express the good faith by which they are animated).

Whilst this speech was being pronounced, a fantastically bedizened individual, a species of exorcist, kept dancing about us, wielding at the same time a sort of baton, wherewith probably to ward off any wicked influence that our presence might create; a circumstance that awakened in our mind the suspicion that his master had *three hearts* instead of *two!*

Tired of all such nonsense, and convinced by this time that we should not attain our object, we gathered our men and turned our backs upon the speaker for sole response, boldly retracing our steps through the tortuous lane by which we had entered the senzala, and then marching straight forward till we arrived on the borders of a lake between two lofty hills.

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After mature reflection, which tended to modify our sense of the position, we set about satisfying the cravings of hunger, and sacrificed upon that very common-place altar, half a toasted fowl, six bananas, and the contents of an immense calabash of *garapa*, deferring till evening the solution of the problem before us.

We may remark by the way that a repast of this nature, without salt or condiment of any kind, is, to say the least of it, somewhat insipid. Hunger, however, which has been well described as the best sauce, renders a traveller on such occasions perfectly independent of the culinary art, and the recollection of the straits to which he has been put, considerably assists in after-years to make his tastes simple and his mind contented with the plainest and homeliest fare.

As evening set in, we called a council, with a view to decide whether we should again appear before the Sova, or give him the slip on the following day without the formality of leave-taking.

The matter having been fully discussed, it was unanimously resolved to adopt the second suggestion; not merely that we might have nothing more to do with the venal old rascal hard by, but on the ground of economy, as our whole fortune at this time did not exceed the very moderate sum of a dollar and a quarter.

Knowing nothing of the road we had to travel, we fixed upon a mount, and marked it 101° true, to serve as an indicator on the following day; and having thus settled things to our mind, we turned in to our respective cribs.

Night soon enveloped us in her thick mantle; the usual noises about the encampment gradually ceased; the mists began to rise, and the expiring fires only crackled at intervals. Sleep, the restorer, was our

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sweetest hope and expectation; but man proposes—and mosquitoes occasionally dispose.

By ten o'clock clouds of these impertinent and most pernicious insects had taken possession of the premises, and were making fierce war upon the inmates. The silence which had first fallen upon our little community was broken by groans, curses, ejaculations, and vigorous slaps with the hand on the naked bodies of the almost defenceless victims. The cruel foe neither gave nor took quarter; their shrill trumpets afforded us due notice of their approach, but their numbers were legion, and with so many assailable points about us, all of which it was simply impossible to defend, we suffered a perfect martyrdom. Every means was tried in turn, and tried in vain; fire, grass, smoke, they laughed our efforts to scorn; and it was only when standing upright that we had a chance of doing battle with the enemy: but then—adieu to sleep!

The uninitiated can form no idea of the persistency of the mosquito in these parts, or with what cunning it discovers the weak part of one's armour. It is a perfect scourge to the traveller, who can find no shelter from its assaults saving in a good mosquito net. The natives boast of being acquainted with a certain wood, the smoke from which, as they aver, will suffocate these tiny monsters. Judging, however, from the little effect produced upon them by ordinary smoke, we should say the remedy is about as efficacious as the smoke from a burning antelope's horn is to keep away the snake; or the stones reputed to be in the head of the viper, are as an antidote to its own poison.

We spent, therefore, the remainder of the night in walking in and out the huts, breathing the fresh air, and impatiently watching for the first gleams of daylight. But they did not come, and the fires went out.

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Out of temper with the nocturnal vigil, we wished the mosquitoes at the very deuce, and gave orders for departure. The men not unwillingly obeyed, and we were soon upon the march in the darkness, crossing a plain in the direction of the hill, our land-mark, near which, as we imagined the evening before, the road or track must run. We left Muene Nama's residence on the north-west, not far from the course of the Lu-ito, and where, doubtless, he and all his crew were bound in sleep, not even dreaming that the caravan from which so much was yet expected, was quietly slipping from between their fingers. So dark was it that the crowing of the early cocks alone betrayed the existence of the village.

Our object was to reach the forest before break of day. Once beneath its shade, we should be screened from the penetrating eyes of the natives who can discover a man, in the open, at a distance of twenty miles. The broken ground, however, and the absence of track in the direction we were pursuing, made our progress slow, and a thick mist did not allow of an extensive prospect.

HYENA FUSCA.

Here and there we caught sight of some savage beasts upon the prowl, but could not distinguish what they really were. Most probably wolves, jackals (*Canis aureus*), and striped hyenas (*Hyena fusca*) which abound in those parts, and steal in the darkness round about the villages and encampment. Frequently during our tramp we heard the melancholy *Ih-ah!* of the first-mentioned animals.

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Day at length appeared, and the masses of verdure and numerous trunks reflecting the golden light in the east, produced, in contrast to the region we had left behind us still steeped in darkness, magic effects of light and shade.

The sun speedily cleared the craggy heights in the east, but we only occasionally caught glimpses of his rays through the foliage. The innumerable voices of nature, awakened with the wakening day, were heard around us as we marched along; in about half-an-hour we stopped to rectify our course and determine a fresh distinct point to which we could bend our steps, so as to avoid wandering about the forest and missing the object we were desirous of attaining. This done, we went on again, having failed, after minute search, to find the slightest evidence of a beaten track.

The burnt grass and stubble wounded the naked feet of our men, and matters were not much improved when at half-past six we emerged from the forest on the opposite side, and found before us a series of lofty hills and ravines running perpendicularly to the direction we were following. This formation, notwithstanding the disgust its aspect excited—for it is no pleasant matter to travel over craggy ground with sixty pounds' weight upon one's shoulders—was, at least, so far satisfactory, as it hinted at the possibility of the cataract whose very existence we had more than once begun to doubt; seeing that our march had been for the most part over level ground, and no dip or fall which could give birth to it had met our eyes.

Trudging along through deep ravines, and making comparatively but little progress, we began almost to despair of reaching the limits of the broken ground and sighting the river, when, having come to a temporary

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halt about ten o'clock, one of our men espied upon an eminence a group of natives fully armed, who were evidently on our track.

They proved to be envoys of the Sova, sent by that cunning old rogue to protect us and keep watch during the period of our stay at the cataract—of course, for a consideration, fixed at half a piece of trade cloth on our return—a veritable trait of African policy!

Although we tried hard to dispense with their services they absolutely refused to leave us, on the plea that they dared not for their lives disobey the Sova; all we could do was to get rid of half of them, but the remainder would not quit our side.

Not a single human dwelling had been visible along the way we had come. The soil composed of broad tracts of schistus rock, split into parallel planes, has a very peculiar aspect. The grey colour is tinged with iron, and is rigid as granite.

The promise of a good long rest at the falls had so encouraging an effect on the caravan, that men, women, and children, brightened into greater activity, and after a couple of hours' journey we began to hear the roar of the waters which, a little more than a mile further, were presented to our delighted view.

The Cuango, rushing from its broad and sinuous bed, suddenly falls from a height of 163 feet into a narrow valley or ravine with sharp craggy sides, so near together, that at first sight it seems impossible that the huge volume of water can escape between them. We stood for a time on the edge of the mountain to enjoy the sublime picture and measure the height of the falls, and were much impressed by the splendid contrast presented to our view. On the upper region the river, with water dark as night, runs quietly and evenly enough between

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its well-wooded banks, so that the traveller at a hundred paces remove would not even suspect its existence; and then suddenly with this drop of 163 feet, the whole scene is changed. The current, increasing in velocity as it nears the abyss, tries to bear down the rocks which bar the way, and failing in the attempt, leaps majestically over them in every direction, and precipitates itself with a huge roar into the gulf below. The water in the act has lost all its dark hue that distinguished it above, and like a silvery sheet enwraps the black and angular peaks as it rushes downwards, until, on reaching the bottom it flies up again in spray to catch the beams of the bright sun, and form mimic rainbows across the chasm.

On escaping from the turmoil the river descends all cream and froth through the narrow perpendicular rocks, in the shape of dangerous rapids into the valley, where it again flows more placidly amid a perfect labyrinth of forest and jungle.

The natives bestow upon the falls the designation of Caparanga; but we, out of a spirit of imitation of the sons of noble Albion, rebaptized them by the name of Louisa!

Numerous hippopotami inhabit the river at this point, enticed by the comparative quiet of the waters below the rapids. The neighbouring mountains abound in wild animals; and we saw traces in various points of the passage of wild boars (*Phacochærus ethiop*), antelopes[1] (*Cephalobus mergens*), palancas (*Hyppotragus equinus*), and others. Among the plants most worthy of note that we met with in this spot, we should mention the *Mucuna pruriens*, with fleshy leaves covered with a sort of down

[1] The antelope here referred to, is an animal somewhat resembling a large wild goat, of a light chestnut colour, with small horns and black spots. The Portuguese dwellers in the interior of Africa have a great dislike to its flesh—so great indeed as to refuse to touch it.

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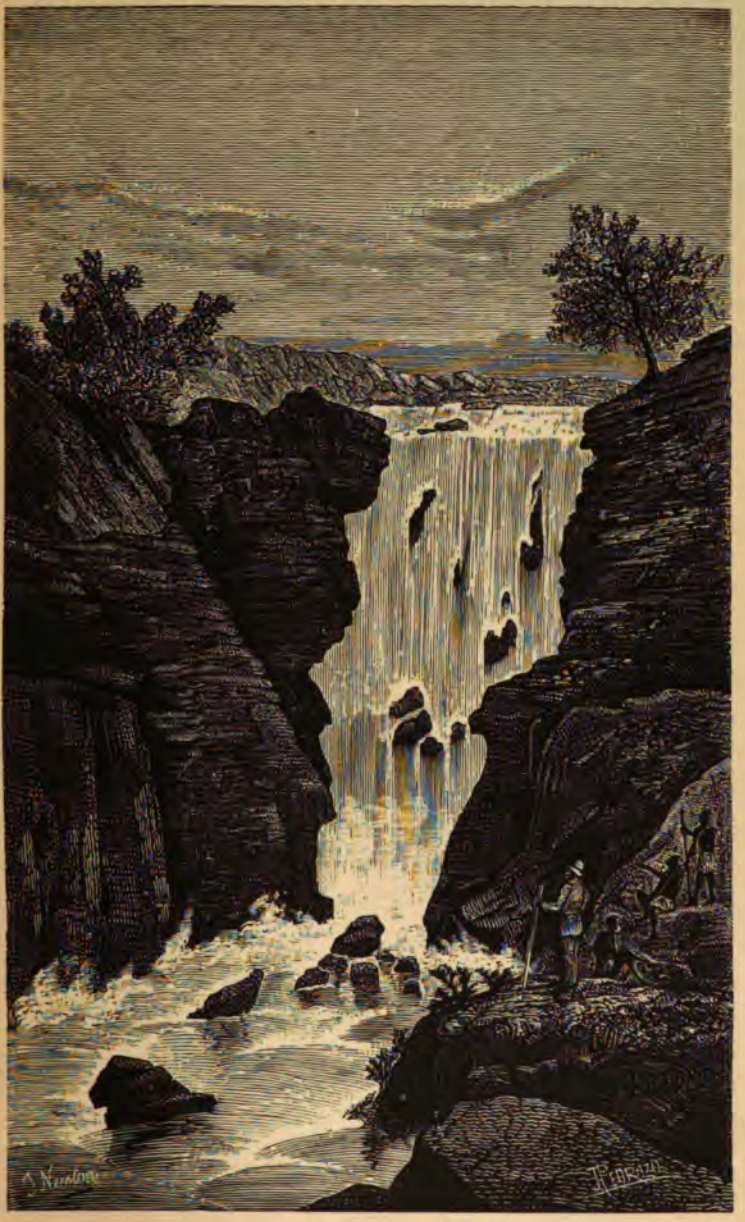

CAPARANGA OR LOUISA FALLS.

Page 274.

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that produces in contact with the flesh an intolerable itching; the *Cassia occidentalis*, with flat leaves, called *fedegozo*, or stinking, which the Portuguese substitute for quinine as a powerful febrifuge when placed in infusion.

On leaving the falls we kept along the sandy bank of the river until we reached an accessible spot, where we resolved to camp. We were engaged upon this work, when a couple of panthers, unknowing of our presence, leaped from the thicket on to a ledge of rocks within a few paces of us. A dozen shots at least were at once discharged at the crouching beasts, but with so poor an aim that when the smoke had cleared away it was seen that one only had fallen, the other having made his escape. It was with the greatest difficulty we saved the skin, for the voracity of our men was such that they would have left nothing of it but the fur.

The whole of the night we were forced to be on the alert, owing to the unusual gruntings of the hippopotami. Perhaps we had inadvertently selected the vicinity of their recreation-ground for our encampment; any way, they were in and out of the water through the entire hours of darkness, and carried on their conversation with a freedom that betrayed a perfect indifference to our presence if they were aware of our neighbourhood.

After a couple of days' rest, dismissing our undesired escort, by whom we sent a flannel shirt as a present to the Sova, we bid adieu to the falls, and crossing some high ground, descended into a plain where we found ourselves in the midst of such tall and thick grass that in the course of a couple of hours we completely lost ourselves. It was a perfect labyrinth, amid which the caravan marched and countermarched, constantly going over the same ground, till they were worn out with fatigue.

By dint of great labour and effort, keeping constantly

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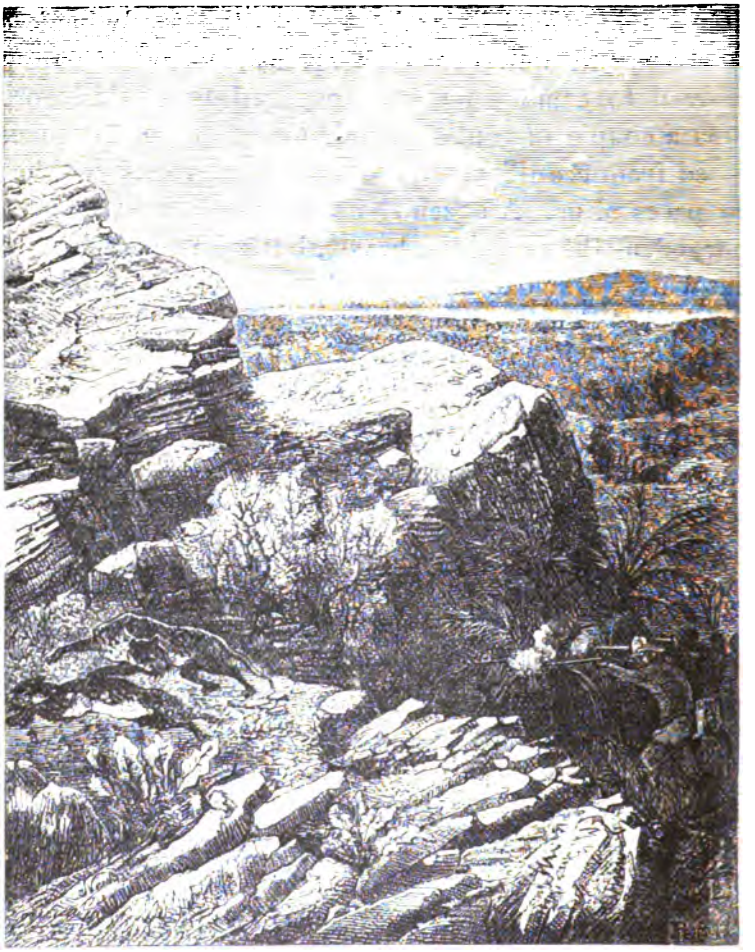
to the eastward, where we had reason to believe the Cuango was to be found, we at length got back to the margin of the river; but not till we had pushed our way



THE PANTHERS.

through a thicket of sharp thorns, which left our clothes and skin in a deplorable condition.

When we had reached the stream, however, we seemed

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to be worse off than before, inasmuch as we were completely surrounded by a dense vegetation, which it seemed impossible to break through; indeed, so closely did it invest us, that we were compelled to gather upon a sand-bank near in order to reorganize the caravan and determine in what way we were to escape from the trap into which we had fallen.

It was a mystery excessively difficult to unravel, for we had no hint to help us to a solution. There were no guides, no landmarks, no human dwellings, not even a sound, beyond the rushing water. *Hoc opus hic labor est!* Having turned the matter over, and taken counsel of the clearest heads among us, there seemed to be but one course open, and one which only sheer necessity would have induced us to adopt, namely, to fire the wood! The flames, driven by a south-easter that was then blowing, would open a road, and release us from our painful imprisonment.

The resolution once taken was forthwith carried out; and with the speed of the lightning flash, the flames applied to the dry grass flew across the plain until the whole earth seemed enveloped in their embrace!

The sounds which accompany conflagrations of this kind are no less remarkable to the ear than the dazzling spectacle is to the eye. To the general roar of the flames are added the spitting and crackling of the green plants and leaves as they writhe like serpents from the intense heat; the groans of some giant of the forest, from whose trunk age has gradually drawn the sap and left him thus an easy prey to fire; the crash of falling trees which, in toppling over, drag others in their fall; and all the other undefinable voices of nature expressing her lament and protest at the wholesale devastation.

A sensation of terror, not unmixed with shame and

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remorse, takes possession of the mind on watching the fearful destruction of which one has been the author, and only the powerful motive of self-preservation can palliate to one's conscience the letting loose so devouring an element as fire.

It did not, however, appear that any such feelings troubled the minds of the caravan. Its members not only expressed no regret at the ruin suddenly wrought in the district, but like children, they ran from place to place, and tossed burning brands on to patches that had escaped the flames, so as to make the destruction more complete.

Having given time for the earth and ashes to cool, we began, in a very depressed state of mind, to survey the now open country, when, in passing a deep cavity, a sound like groans issued from its depths.

Surrounding the place, with guns cocked ready for any emergency, we were about to pursue our investigations further, when there emerged from the cavern first the head, with the hair stiffened with clay, and afterwards the body of a human being partly enveloped in a piece of the inner bark of the *Adansonia digitata*.

On being brought before us, he prostrated himself on the ground, evidently apprehensive of some terrible fate; but when he found that neither torture nor instant death awaited him, he recovered his confidence.

To our astonishment he entreated in good Portuguese that we would not kill him.

"We can promise you that," was our answer; "but tell us who and what you are."

"The honestest of men," he replied; and as our readers may feel an interest in beholding such a phenomenon, we beg to present them with his portrait.

Then he continued, "I have passed my life in trading

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in the interior. I was carrying to a distance a large quantity of goods for which my master was responsible, when I was waylaid and robbed, and have since wandered about the woods, afraid to return."

We did not believe a word of his story, but had no means of testing its truth. It was much more probable that, like a rogue elephant, he had been banished from

THE HONESTEST OF MEN!

his kind, and got his living . . . . how he could. Any way, it could matter little to ourselves, so ordering him to fall in with our troop till next day, we gave instructions to have him closely watched, and pursued our journey.

The conflagration still continued, and at night huge volumes of smoke which covered the heavens reflected the red glare of the burning trees and underwood. The

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effect upon the atmosphere was painfully oppressive, and when the wind shifted in our direction we were almost suffocated with the heat and smoke.

Squatting upon the bare soil we resolved to wait patiently till morning, that is to say, with what patience we could muster; for that virtue was put sorely to the test by the attacks of the mosquitoes, with which we did battle the night through. If there was one thing we might have hoped to escape in making our lodging *à la belle étoile*, after the fire which had swept over the earth, it was certainly a visitation of mosquitoes, but there the little wretches swarmed, as lively, nay, livelier than ever, as if smoke and flames rather agreed with them than otherwise.

Before half the night had gone, our men came to inform us that our *too honest* guest had fled, carrying with him the knife and gun of one of the sentinels and a couple of cloths belonging to the other. Notwithstanding our injunctions the guards had believed in his story and relaxed their watch, with a result which annoyed, but in no way surprised us. The worst of it was he got clear off with his booty.

We were astir by daybreak and made our way through the burning wood in a direction selected after some deliberation, but with, of course, no track to guide us. We continued it for about a mile, having then left the smoke and flames behind, when an incident occurred that greatly engaged and interested our attention.

As we were marching along we noticed a small bird which fluttered around us, and then, with a plaintive cry, hopped from bough to bough in our immediate vicinity.

Our men at once laid down their loads and watched its movements; and from the experience we had recently gained of the evil omen attached to some of the feathered

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THROUGH THE BURNING WOOD.

Page 280.

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tribe by the natives, we began to apprehend the effect on their superstitious fears.

In the present instance, however, our apprehensions were ill-founded, as it turned out to be the honey-bird or Indicator (*Cucus indicator* of naturalists), which seemed bent on attracting our attention in order to guide us to the hidden stores of which it had cognizance.

Wheresoever it alighted, our men pressed forward in the search, but notwithstanding their diligence they hunted for a long time in vain. We were beginning to despair of discovering the treasure when one of the fellows bethought him of attacking an ant-hill, the presumed abode of termites, against which some of the packs were leaning; and driving his foot into the mound a swarm of bees immediately issued from the orifice. Hastily retiring, the men gathered bundles of the dry grass growing near wherewith to smoke out the industrious inhabitants, seeing which, the indicator, deeming his mission ended, flapped his wings and departed, not waiting for the share of plunder to which he had shown the way.

The combs, in perfect cells of rectangular shape, appeared horizontally disposed within the ant-hill in beautifully regular layers one above each other; but there was scarce time to note the symmetry and economy of space displayed in this novel hive, when wax, honey, and larvæ disappeared down the voracious jaws of our gluttonous crew who, as they licked their fingers, glanced askance at some other mounds in the neighbourhood.

Plunging thence into a vast champaign country, covered with low shrubs, graceful and aromatic acacias, among which we again saw the *A. farnesiana*, the *A. albida*, whose bark, rich in tannin, serves for the dressing of skins, whilst the leaves are good pasture for cattle,

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white jasmines, with a delicious perfume, and other plants; we sighted, at half-past ten, a small village, at which we arrived a few moments later.

As we were passing through it—for the straggling huts were erected on each side of the track—and noting the repulsive aspect and miserable rags of its inhabitants, a tall, lean wretch, blind of an eye, stood right in front, as if to bar the passage, and inquired, in an impudent tone, but in good Portuguese,—

AN ESCAPED CONVICT.

"Where is the white man going to?"

Not deeming the inquiry put in terms that were worthy of reply, and convinced in our mind that the fellow was some outlaw who had broken loose from a prison on the coast, we were about to pass him by, when the impertinent rascal griped one of our arms for the purpose of detaining us, and repeated in an imperious tone.—

"I asked you where you were going?"

This was too much, so without a moment's further hesitation we threw off his arm, and gave him with our right fist so fair a blow over his remaining eye as sent him sprawling half a dozen paces off, to the astonishment of the bystanders, and we fancy to the no slight surprise of himself.

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A cry of anger and defiance then came from the ragamuffin crew, some of whom were advancing towards us in a menacing attitude, but drawing our revolver, and standing at bay, we ordered our men to proceed; and as none of the companions of the defeated leader chose to face the open barrels of the pistol, we quietly followed the caravan without any attempt at molestation.

Ten minutes' march brought us to the bank of a river that was winding through the plain. All being thirsty, we bent down to get a draught of the clear-running water and fill our calabashes, but our disgust was great to find it salt as the sea! The name of this disappointing river was the Lu-ito, and that of the hamlet "Carimba," which, as we subsequently learned, was a perfect den of thieves, inhabited mainly by convicts who had escaped from the Portuguese penal settlements.

We had been so little prepossessed in its favour—although we did not then know its evil reputation—that we were anxious to put the water between us and its inmates, but as at the place we forded the stream it was between three and four feet deep, we got tolerably wetted in the passage.

Re-forming on the opposite bank, we tramped on for a couple of hours, when we arrived at the village of Muntimbo, about half-way between the Cuango and Lu-ali, situated in a plain covered with high grass, through which we marched in single file.

Taking advantage of what remained of the daylight, we roamed round the spot selected for our encampment, for the purpose of obtaining notes for our diary; but our investigations led to very trifling results.

The country is a poor one. As regards its vegetable kingdom, we gathered a liliacea (*Urginea sp.?*) with a

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largely developed bulb, full of cracks, and with white flowers; the leaves and stalk of which, as we were told, the natives eat. We likewise observed some other plants, not unlike the hyacinth, with white petals streaked with vermilion, and for the first time we saw the Santa Maria of the Ambaquistas (*Chenopodium ambrosioides*), of which we shall have more to say later on.

Of the fauna, we met with a gigantic specimen of a gasteropode mollusc (*t'chiquecula—Bulimus*), scattered profusely about, and which, according to the natives, is the favourite food of the snakes. The fact, however, of the latter cracking with ease the hard shell of the creature referred to, was one that we had some difficulty in believing.

Just at the close of our excursion we had a narrow escape of being bitten by a formidable red ant of considerable length, that inflicts a sting which can only be likened to the pain produced by a red-hot iron. We were passing near a group of shrubs, and observing that some of the leaves were fastened at the edges by a web, so as to form a nest, we fancied that they were the abodes of an industrious spider, perhaps of a new species, and stopped to examine one of them. But on breaking one of the stalks there rushed out of the nest a little colony of ants, and at the cry of alarm from our companions we cast it aside without further examination, merely learning that the pernicious insects were more dangerous than the dreaded *bi-sonde*.

The following days were spent in marches of no very interesting character, wherein we crossed at right angles, travelling in a north-west direction, some of the affluents of the Cuango.

On the 17th, near the Fumbezo rivulet, hard by a salt

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lake named T'chinbondi, our attention was attracted by thick columns of smoke rising into the air. On drawing nearer we found numerous natives employed in collecting a so-called salt, which is very abundant.

The process is simple; they put a portion of the soil which forms the banks of the little lake into broad baskets lined with leaves, and adding a little water allow it to filter through. The liquid thus obtained is evaporated by the action of fire, and gives a dark residue that is difficult to distinguish from ordinary mould.

This article, a mixture of chloride of sodium, nitrate of potash, &c., and which they style salt, is placed in cylinders made of straw, called *mu-cha*, of various dimensions, and used as current coin in the interior. Dysentery at times, and severe colics very often, attack persons who are unaccustomed to its use.

Mineral salt, an article of the very highest value in the interior of Africa, is treasured with the utmost care in places where it is found, the natives paying high prices for the coveted condiment, and frequently travelling enormous distances to procure it. The possession of a salt-mine is always looked upon as a source of great wealth; and the Sova whose good luck it is to be the possessor of one, enjoys indisputable commercial and political influence.

Often and often have we had occasion to observe the eagerness with which the natives would rush forward to take a pinch of salt we offered them in the palm of the hand, and which they would take up with the tongue like a dog, to the last particle; and it was quite a sight, when Capulca in his cooking let any fall on to the ground, to see the boys and girls pushing and scrambling to lick it up.

Chloride of sodium—the want of which is the source

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of various maladies observable even in Europe among some domestic animals, and which in Africa produces poverty of blood—is so indispensable to the animal organism, that where it is absent for months together, the aborigines season their food with dirt or saline vegetables, and in extreme cases will use the urine of oxen.

The refined salt we carried with us never failed to strike the natives with wonder, their admiration being accompanied by the exclamation of *môngoa-iá-puto* (salt of the whites), and which they held to be a *milongo* or *remedy* proper to Europe. And we may observe, by way of hint to future travellers, that with salt in their possession they can always barter it with the utmost ease in the interior for the provisions they require.

Having forded the Cassanza, we found the track led through the vast champaign, completely covered with verdure and full of marshy ground. The forests of the Cuango had given place to grass, while occasional groups of bananas still pointed out the position of ancient senzalas, abandoned in consequence of war or the occurrence of some fearful calamity.

Our stock of provisions had reached its extreme limit, and there was not a pint of missanga left for the men. A leg of a fowl and a handful of flour were all we could set aside from our morning's meal to stay our hunger at night in case of our not arriving at Cassange before darkness fell. By great good fortune, however, we succeeded at half-past twelve in sighting the first outlying buildings of that important mart; and as they broke upon the view eyes gleamed and white teeth shone, while one dusky follower after another exclaimed,—

"There's the fair! We shall have our belly full now! They've even got *aguardente* there!"

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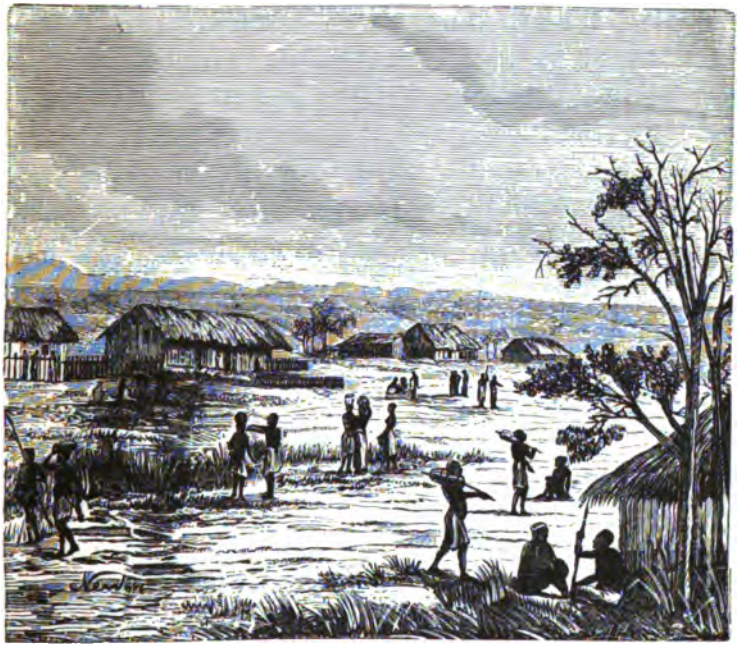
And at this prospect there was an universal grin; the step became more elastic, the load appeared less heavy, and he who before tottered in his walk, found a spur to give activity to his motions.

We ourselves participated to the full in the general satisfaction, mentally calculating the effect that would be produced by the appearance in that celebrated mart



THE FAIR OF CASSANGE.

of an European who, not being a trader, had nevertheless travelled from the western coast. But at what cost he had done so—through what privations and suffering—his face bore but too plainly the indelible marks.

Nor did the crew, of which he was the head, fail to show similar traces of hard usage. They were, indeed, in pitiable condition; emaciated, shambling, bent be-

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neath the weight of so much toil, foot-sore and in rags, yet, as we have said, brightening up and forgetting half their misery on approaching a place where plenty was to be obtained.

It said something in favour of their energy and force of will that they had arrived thus far, and had not thrown up long ago in disgust an undertaking in which they had no interest or sympathy, and where the labour was great, the privations were frequent, and the suffering was most severe. For it must be remembered they were leaving everything that was dear to them—home and country; were threatened at every moment with danger; walked, as it were, with their lives in their hands; had the sorry prospect if they fainted by the way, of lying beneath a heap of stones scores of miles distant from their kith and kin, and of receiving at the close of their hard task a guerdon utterly disproportionate to the service rendered.

A mile or so further on—for we had not yet reached our destination—we were met by a tall and slender African; his head covered with a broad-brimmed straw hat, and his shoulders with an ancient cloak. His long legs, thin as they were, were thrust into such narrow drawers that he could only move with precaution, and his desire to be exceedingly polite made his attitudes still more remarkable.

Having saluted us very courteously, he inquired in good Portuguese,—

"May I know whom I have the honour of addressing?"

The question aroused in us the sense of our exceptional position, so we replied in a tone intended to impress our interlocutor,—

"To a member of the Portuguese-African Exploring Expedition."

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Somehow the tone did *not* produce any remarkable effect, for he only put another question,—

"The one that entered by Benguella?"

"Just so."

"But how did you manage to get here?"

To this we made no other reply than that the state of our stomach was such that if something were not put into it very shortly it must collapse, and its owner along with it.

Such a calamity did not, fortunately, occur, for ten minutes later we were supplying the vacuum at the hospitable table of another merchant, one of the kindest and worthiest among the many we met with in the interior, Narciso Antonio Paschoal.

Before it was over, we had for company half a dozen land-owners and inhabitants of the neighbouring residences who had flocked in to see the stranger.

Among them was a young fellow whose age might have been between twenty-five and thirty, short, thin, fair, a native of Traz-os-Montes, in Portugal, by name Antonio, with whom we afterwards had some most agreeable conversation, and who kindly furnished us with valuable particulars concerning the Lunda.

Commencing his apprenticeship to the trade of the interior at a very early age, he performed at the age of nineteen a remarkable journey through countries even now but little known. Starting from Malange, he travelled *viâ* Catende as far as the *caquinhata* of the Cazembe, on the right bank of the Lu-alaba, crossing that stream two days' journey below its source. As, however, the Sova was a tributary of the Muato-Yanvo, a *quilolo* of that ruler surprised him in the senzala, and, without listening to his remonstrances, conveyed him to the *mu-sumba*. The reigning monarch was at that time

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Muata Yanvo Moteba, who, without ill-treating him, kept him in the Lunda for a whole year.

As we listened to his narrative we felt a longing to behold the countries he so picturesquely described, and in turn we gave an account of some of our own adventures on the lengthened track from the seaboard thither.

"And where is your companion now?" inquired one of our listeners.

"That is more than I can tell. There is no fear, however, but that he will turn up in due course."

T'CHIQUECULA (BULIMUS RUCIFEX).

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CHAPTER X.

Journey of the eastern caravan and causes of its delay—N'Dumba Mughande—His dwelling—The *mu-quiche* as a traditional occupation—His influence and objects—An envoy—A tempestuous night and incidents of the march—Muene Catuchi—The *ma-quioco*, the *django* and scarcity of tobacco—Value of salt—The *ulo* and *clurias anguillaris*—Sport and sportsmen—A doubtful honour and the advantages of exercise—N'Dumba T'chiquilla—Propensity for drunkenness and pretensions to grandeur—T'chinguri, the prime minister—His Majesty's nose and the general consternation of his people—Capulca in a new character—Muene Caengue—The caravan from Cassange and departure for the north—A happy escape—The river Cu-cumbi—The halket-boat—A prisoner set free—Ceremonies among the Ban-gala—*Banzas*—Cutièques—Arrival at Cassange.

The chapter just closed contains the narrative of the caravan by the west bank of the river Cuango; and the reader is now invited to start from the same point in the T'chiboco, and accompany the other division on the eastern side, with the view of completing the hydrographic survey of the upper course of the river.

We regret to say that it was not so successful as we had reason to hope, owing to the obstacles encountered at many points through want of staff to carry our belongings: still, something of an useful character was performed in the shape of a survey of great part of the Cuango, although it became absolutely necessary to modify the plan we had laid down for ourselves, by renouncing the idea of a visit to the river T'chicapa.

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Frequent desertions of our men kept us in continual hot water, and at the very outset, Cauéu, the nephew of the Sova, whose feats of dancing we have already recorded, and who had promised to accompany the expedition, went from his word, and by his defection discouraged the spirits of a good many carriers who had volunteered under the persuasion of having him at their head.

At N'Dumba Cachilo-Chilo others refused to proceed further, alleging that their engagement terminated at that spot and not at N'Dumba T'chiquilla, twenty days' march further northwards; and again, upon the road, first one and then another gave us the slip and disappeared.

Then the soldiers were filched from us by an importunate Sova, who wanted them to build his house, and having, neither with our leave nor by our leave, compelled them to do his work he would only consent to let them go on payment of a ransom. To his credit be it said N'Dumba Tembo used his efforts to call some of these fellows to order, and compelled them to return us the goods they retained in their possession; but, under such critical circumstances, of what use to us was all our merchandize when we had no men wherewith to carry it? There was nothing for it, however, but to submit with patience to these manifold annoyances; and having, as we have stated, modified our plans to suit our altered means, we continued our way to the best of our ability.

Leaving Cangombe on the 22nd of July, and traversing the territory lying to the north-east, we reached Cha-Quicumbe on the 23rd, Cachilo-chilo on the 24th, and N'Dumba Mughande on the 25th of the month, after crossing over to the left bank of a small rivulet and camping near a senzala, amid loud cries and exclamations of *Uh-lu! Uh-lu!* from the natives.

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The hamlet where we halted was wedged into an arid and sombre ravine, and the extremely wretched aspect of its inhabitants and the unprepossessing physiognomy of their chief at once raised in our minds a doubt as to the possibility of procuring the extra hands we required.

It appeared that a considerable number of the villagers were then engaged in hunting, and that there was no little danger in approaching the woods, for though the huntsmen did not bring down much game they were very skilful at wounding one another. This put us rather in a fix, for the carriers we had, on learning this news, could not be persuaded either to advance or retire, and there consequently we were forced to stick.

These fellows are certainly the most extraordinary creatures that the sun ever shone upon. If they are under engagement to feed themselves, they carry their niggardliness to such a point that they will abstain from food for days, and more than once we have seen them adopt the original contrivance of gradually taking a reef in their belts, in proportion as their dimensions lessened by the prolongation of their fast.

If, on the other hand, their temporary masters are bound to supply the food, they dispense with their belts altogether, and allow their stomachs to swell without let or hindrance.

Though resigned to our fate, we kept on worrying for men, in the hope of succeeding by our persistency, and meanwhile passed our time in wandering about the neighbourhood, conversing with the chief, dosing ourselves with quinine to subdue the fever, and other similar occupations.

One evening, on our return from a little excursion into the neighbouring wood, we found in the encampment a man in a mask, who was cutting antics all over the place.

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His dress was composed of a sort of net made of the leaves of the *Borassus*, which enveloped him from head to foot; from his girdle was suspended a fringe or kilt of long grass: bangles formed of the seeds of some plant were round his ankles; fastened to his wrists were a couple of grelôts, and in one hand he carried a baton and in the other a small bell. His face was hidden by a large wooden mask.

THE MU-QUICHE.

"The *mu-quiche!*" was the explanation of our fellows on observing our look of astonishment. "The fetish-man of the wood, who divines and knows everything."

The mask, then leaping and dancing in a vigorous manner, gave vent to an occasional funny remark, or humorous saying, if one could judge from the broad grins and bursts of laughter with which it was received;

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and then, drawing near to us, executed a very creditable *pas seul* to the accompaniment of his bell and grelôts. The performance was, of course, wound up with "a collection," to which we had the honour of being the first contributor.

THIS WAS A SECOND MU-QUICHE.

We had scarcely recovered from this first visitation when there issued from the thicket another figure no less exquisitely attired than his predecessor. This was a second *mu-quiche*, who walked upon long stilts, but with whom we were not destined to make a closer acquaintance, for, observing—like mountebanks under similar circum-

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stances—that the ground was already occupied by a rival, he stalked off, the lanky figure being now visible over the top of a bush and now disappearing amid the trees.

To none of the questions we put upon the subject of these maskers did we get any satisfactory reply. The office of a *mu-quiche* would appear to be a traditional one, retained in certain families among many African tribes. An absolute secrecy is observed respecting the person who fills it. He deals occasionally in fetishism, but no doubt one of his main duties is to counteract the pernicious influence of the fetishes of the interior, so frequent in the Quioco, and preserve the people from spoliation at the hands of these unscrupulous practitioners. He is known also to inflict prompt chastisement for grave offences. This last assertion is derived from the fact of our having seen in the Cuanza one of these masks belabouring various individuals with a whip, to the great satisfaction of the bystanders and hearty ejaculations equivalent to, "Serve them right!"

It may therefore be assumed that the *mu-quiche*, notwithstanding his special character of a fetish-man, exercises utilitarian functions, such, for instance, as the castigating misdemeanants, the punishing shameless women, and the accusing criminals. It must be added, however, that his avocations have a much wider range, and embrace the calling down of rain and staying its fall, the turning aside of threatening tempests, and the supplying counter-charms or antidotes to dangerous fetishes.

His strange attire is carefully concealed in some part of the forest, and his occupation is known only to the immediate members of his family.

If we have been rightly informed the *mu-quiche* has been more than once employed as a spy for special purposes; and natives have been even known to adopt the

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costume with a view to discover any real or presumed infidelity of their wives. We have heard of husbands and wives at masked balls in Europe putting on dominoes for a somewhat similar purpose, showing how little difference after all there is in mankind, though ages of civilization may lie between them!

The track which leads to the Cuango runs approximately to the north-east; and on the 13th of August, having reached the river through wild and dense vegetation, and anything but hospitable tribes, we crossed it on that day.

Extremely tortuous, the stream runs through a deep valley, where precipitous banks prevent its overflow, and at the point where we made the passage it was found to be three yards wide by six and a half feet deep.

Having pitched our camp on the right bank, we shortly afterwards were visited by an envoy from Muene Catuchi, a Sova residing to the north-east, who sent us his compliments and a small present consisting of a *quinda* of flour, half a dozen maniocs, a fowl, and a pound of half-dried grubs, wrapped in a banana leaf. The messenger further proposed to present to us his chief, but as we had not the slightest inclination to repeat, for the hundredth time, the troublesome and annoying task of a reception, we begged to be excused. Having duly rewarded the envoy, we dismissed him—and the grubs together, by pitching the latter into the river.

The sun was on the point of disappearing behind the heavy clouds which were invading the atmosphere. It was already dark in the valley; the western horizon appeared of a deep green colour, caused by the combination of the yellow beams of the departing luminary and the indigo hue of the clouds, whose lower edges, of fantastic shape, were brilliantly illuminated.

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Everything denoted the near approach of a storm, which three hours later swooped down upon us in a torrential rain. And yet rain, as meaning water falling in drops, however abundant, can very meagrely express the water which *did* fall. It was a cataract tumbling from heaven, and looked like a new deluge upon earth. By midnight everything was afloat. From the very ground we occupied flowed rivers of water in every direction, rushing in torrents on to the lower ground and thence into the roaring Cuango, which found itself suddenly enriched by newly-created affluents from both its banks.

During this time, perched on the top of cases and trunks, shivering with cold, all our fires out, we could only wait and long for the cessation of the awful tempest. No one can imagine the confusion which fell upon our camp when the storm began! In the hope of preserving our belongings they were hastily carried within the huts, but in the darkness there was no discovering where they stood, and if any creature moved he was sure to go sprawling over something that stood in the way; and when day appeared the scene was pitiable!

Bales of goods and trunks were completely saturated; fire-arms were buried in the mud, compasses and pedometers were scattered hither and thither, and the inmates of the camp—their scanty clothing dripping with water—looked woebegone, cold, and utterly miserable.

And there was no moving from the spot until the sun got high and somewhat dried the ground, for the path we were to pursue was in parts still under water and occasionally undistinguishable.

We were then witness to one of those singular scenes with which, however, travellers in the interior of Africa are not unfamiliar. Men, women, and children, *in puris*

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naturalibus, might be seen walking or squatting about, their arms crossed, shrinking into themselves, some trying to get warmth by exercise, others out of the sputtering wood, which with all their efforts would not burn, waiting till their bits of rags, that were hanging on the boughs of a neighbouring tree, could be persuaded to dry. A glass of *aguardente* did wonders in the way of restoring their animal heat and spirits, and by degrees something like order was wrought from out the chaos.

The residence of Muene Catuchi, some seven miles distance from the place where we stood, would take us, according to calculation, well into the afternoon to reach under favourable circumstances, so we set off as soon as practicable, which was about eleven o'clock. But the circumstances were *not* favourable, for the road was broken and most trying, and the clayey soil, owing to the recent storm, was in such a state that one man after another slipped and left the impression of his entire body on the ground. A case burst open by the fall, the breaking of a bottle containing something precious, constituted minor incidents in our list of troubles.

Descending the slope of the mountains that shut in to the southward the Little Cuango, we camped at half-past four at Catuchi, where we constructed, with more than usual care, our accustomed huts, for the experience of the night before had taught us a severe lesson.

The *Ma-quioco* in this part of the country were somewhat more savage in aspect than those we had hitherto met with. Their dwellings, nevertheless, were well-built, and tolerably neat and clean. The oldest of the tribe is put at the head of the smaller senzalas, which for their size are well peopled.

The majority of the men seem to pass great part of the day in talking, smoking, and spinning long-

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winded yarns, seated within the meeting-house or *d'jango*. The time thus expended might be far more profitably employed, of which fact some of the more industrious give practical evidence by making benches, assagais, pipes, and other articles. The arrival, however, of a caravan is a signal for a general stir, and the whole population then turn out to stare at the strangers, flock into the new encampment, wonder at all the goods they behold, and only with the utmost reluctance retire when night comes on and there is nothing more to be seen.

The absolute want of tobacco in this territory gives the weed very considerable value in the Quioco; and as the inhabitants dearly love their pipes, it would be a difficult question to determine the proportion which charred wood bears to genuine tobacco in their daily smokes.

Salt again, is exceedingly rare; the greater part of that which is consumed in the country comes from the Songo and the Quembo, and the dark colour and the disagreeable earthy taste of the article which does duty for chloride of sodium make it bearable only as an extreme resource.

The plantations, owing to the fruitfulness of the soil, are rich in manioc, massambala, massango, palma christi and inhame; but they owe little to cultivation. Owing to this cause, there is a scarcity of maize, and yet it is highly appreciated.

Honey is extraordinarily abundant, and is made use of in a variety of ways. It is collected towards the end of August; and as hunting for honey is more agreeable to the vagabond habits of the natives than the steady cultivation of the land, the *Ma-quioco*, as a rule, pursue the former eagerly enough, but they are very poor agriculturists.

The numerous streams abound in fish that are caught by various devices. The principal methods are the use the *mughande*, a basket shaped like a vase, with broad

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mouth and narrow neck; and at low water, short stakes driven into the current of the river. The leaves of the *ulo*, a vegetable bearing a yellow flower, are also greatly used; thrown into the stream, they intoxicate the fish to such a degree that the creatures are easily taken with the hand.

The *ébande* or bagre (*Clarias anguillaris*, Lin.) varying in size up to three feet and even more, are frequently caught here, and being cleansed, dried, and strung upon twigs, are conveyed to various places and constitute an important article of food. The natives also consume with great gusto dried larvæ, of a genus quite unknown to us; mushrooms, mice and rats, snakes, locusts, and other strange comestibles.

ÉBANDE (FISH OF THE CUANGO). (*Photo. from Nature.*)

For eleven whole days we were detained by illness in Catuchi: the rains, exposure, and perhaps the food, having brought on fever of a violent character which made it impossible for us to proceed.

To the west of our encampment was the river Cuango, running in a north-west direction. To the south-east, about twenty miles distant, rose the T'chibongo range and Mount Canjamba, southern

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spurs of the Moenga. And on the lofty plateau to the eastward flowed the T'chicapa, whose course was north-north-east.

Numerous antelopes frequent the extensive thickets which are scattered in all directions, and fall an easy prey to the sportsman. Every sporting excursion we made in

THE WILD BOAR WAS LOST.

the environs of Catuchi was successful, and would have been more so but for the unskilfulness of our men. On the third day of our residence, having turned out at early morning in the direction of the deep valley of the Little Cuango, and come back at four, we brought home an *oryx* and a small gazelle; having lost, through the clumsiness of our fellows, the most splendid wild-boar that had been seen for many a year in those parts.

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In the woods we were shown for the first time the long stems whence, as the natives asserted, they were accustomed to procure their india-rubber, and which, to all appearance, was an *Apocinacea*.

Great was the delight of Muene Catuchi at seeing us return with our spoils—so great indeed, that on entering his senzala he seemed half inclined to have us carried in triumph round it.

"Behold!" he exclaimed to his vassals, "the abundance of game existing in our country! The white man, in a single walk, without fire and without assistants, kills more than all of you put together; he knows what he is doing, but as to you, you know nothing!"

"But the white men are always hunting in their country," was the response.

"Next time," observed the Sova, without attending to the remark, "I will myself join in the chase. Here, *t'chindelle*," he continued, handing us an old rusty musket without a lock, "mend this gun for me, and when it's ready send it back to me. Then you will see how a son of the Quioco can shoot." Afterwards turning to the negro to whom he had first spoken, he exclaimed, "Umbi, let the *t'chindelle* mount upon your shoulders, and do you carry him to his camp, accompanied by all the macotas! The son of the *calunga* should be held in high esteem among hunters!"

The honours thus showered upon us quite confounded us; but however flattering to our pride might be the making a triumphal entry into our own camp, carried pick-a-back upon a stalwart negro, it struck our sense of humour in too ridiculous a light to make it acceptable. We excused ourselves, therefore, first on the plea that we were but poor *horsemen*, and secondly on the ground that exercise was absolutely necessary for our health;

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which was true enough, for in Africa, indolence—to any but a native—is death!

On the great continent one feels more than elsewhere the gain to health through regular and active occupation. As long as we were at work or on the move we kept tolerably well, but directly we were confined for three or four days in camp, the fever laid hold of us. The copious perspiration engendered on the march may be weakening, but on the other hand it is a valuable means supplied by Nature to counteract the morbid influence of the climate, and it is well known that to perspire freely in Africa is to ward off fever.

Quitting Catuchi, of unpleasant remembrance owing to what we suffered while confined there, we pursued our way, descending towards the valley of the Little Cuango, a river running between precipitous banks.

Painful marches over mountains and through valleys carried us to the residence of N'Dumba T'chiquilla, situated on the banks of the Yula, an affluent of the above river; and immediately on arrival we paid a visit to the chief.

We found his place to be a small senzala, perched upon high ground and almost bare of inhabitants, owing to the tyranny he exercised over his vassals. We also found himself—a repulsive old fellow of eighty, or thereabout, and who must have had a constitution of iron, for during the thirty-three days of our residence in his territory we never, but on one solitary occasion, saw him sober. The annexed engraving will furnish a better idea than we could supply in words of the outer semblance of the man whose importunities, during our prolonged stay, put our patience to the severest trial.

Left almost alone in the world, the old fellow dragged

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on his miserable existence, drinking to excess, and brooding over his departed glory.

"I was once great, *t'chindelle*," he said to us; "very

N'DUMBA T'CHIQUILLA.

great; the most powerful Sova in these parts!" and then, after a pause, he exclaimed, in the hearing of the whole senzala, "All is gone: my sons have abandoned me!"

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There stood near him a wretched creature, as old as himself, no doubt his prime minister, attenuated, bent, toothless, with sunken eyes, and a few scattered white hairs upon his shining skull. To him his playful master administered two vicious blows with a stick, whilst he bawled out, "T'chinguri!"

The poor creature, moved by this vigorous and unexpected interpellation, prostrated himself on the ground, his shrunken limbs giving him the appearance of an animated skeleton. T'chiquilla continued,—

"How say'st thou? Was I or was I not great? Was I not impoverished by the flight of my people? Are not the N'Dumbas lords of all the Quioco? But all hope is not fled. If I but raise my arm, I can yet destroy a host!"

And uttering these boastful words he flourished his baton in defiance of the world, and appealed to the feathers with which his head was plentifully adorned.

"*Calunga, calunga muene n'gana!*" cried out poor old T'chinguri, as he threw handfuls of dirt upon his breast, and each time drawing nearer to a calabash of mead, from which the Sova had more than once helped himself, and whereon his minister cast eyes of admiration and longing.

This scene went on for a short while longer, but was interrupted by a tremendous uproar just without the senzala. On running to the place to learn the cause, we found that a serious dispute had arisen between the Catuchi carriers, who had accompanied us thither, and T'chiquilla's people, who had made one of the former prisoner.

It appeared that the Catuchi men had killed an antelope in the other's country, and had omitted to give the latter their share. This had given mortal offence: so seizing their opportunity they had laid hold of one of

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the new-comers, with the intention of extorting a ransom from his relatives and friends. The circumstance led to a general scrimmage, in the midst of which the prisoner ran a good chance of being torn to pieces.

T'chiquilla darted about, first on one side then on the other, skipping here, stumbling there, and eliciting no sort of attention from his people, notwithstanding his grotesque gestures. While dodging in this fashion he either slipped, or was accidentally pushed to the ground, and in falling split his nose, while his plumed head-dress, the insignia of his authority, tumbled off his head and in the confusion got trampled under foot.

It was difficult to keep a serious countenance on beholding this burlesque scene. The Sova, getting up with difficulty, owing to his inebriated state, and all of a tremble, raised his hands to the wounded organ; and his fright, when he saw the blood flowing, could only be likened to that of a child under similar circumstances.

"*Manhenga!*" he exclaimed, "*manhenga-mo-zulo.*" (Blood from my nose.)

And in his efforts to *see* the mischief done, he rolled his eyes and squinted, and made such extraordinary grimaces that no practised clown could have surpassed them.

His alarm then gave way to rage, and clutching his staff he began belabouring the heads and backs of every one within his reach till all incontinently took to their heels, the intended prisoner among the number.

We then came to the rescue, in order to quiet the old man's fears; and in the afternoon N'Dumba T'chiquilla might have been seen, seated on a bench in his own dwelling, with two small strips of adhesive plaster in the shape of an X upon his nose, smoking his long pipe, and dwelling as usual upon his ancient glory—the while

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his *macotas* and other head men—instigated, we fancy, as much by curiosity as anything else—peeped in at the door to make their salaam.

The fortunes of the old ruler in whose dominions we were sojourning being on a par with his own aspect and that of his mansion, that is to say at a very low ebb, we had soon consumed everything the inhabitants could spare from their own requirements, so that it behoved us to seek provisions elsewhere.

We learned from various sources that at Muene Caengue, a place lying some twenty-five miles eastward, on a track running from Quimbundo through the ravines of Canjamba in an east-north-east direction, we should find abundance of food products; and as it was a matter of the highest interest to enlarge the area of our labours, we decided on making a trip thither, with the double object of survey and procuring stores.

In order to carry out this resolve it was necessary that a portion of the caravan, with the goods, should remain behind, and the difficulty was to select the most fitting person to whom such a duty could be entrusted during our absence.

After mature consideration the choice fell on the renowned Capulca, whose dress and cap had always imposed a certain amount of respect, which the readiness of his hand ably seconded; and having invested him with the supreme command, we hoped for the best, and set out upon our journey.

Following the valley of the Yula we crossed in two days the tract of country lying between our point of departure and the ravines of the Serra Moenga; and on the third, mounting the slope which led to the upper plateau, we arrived as evening fell at the territory of Muene Caengue.

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On the north-north-east lay the sources of Cuilo Munene and the Luangue, whose waters meet at parallel 7° 30′ near the lands of the Muata Compana and at no great distance, as we were informed, from the residence of their chief. These lands, being in part under good cultivation, raised in us the hope of obtaining supplies, nor were we disappointed, for after two days' stay in the place, we succeeded in purchasing sundry stores and 500 lbs. of *unga*,[1] a most precious article of which we stood very much in need.

Having thus happily performed our mission we hastily retraced our steps, anxious to relieve the illustrious cook from his unwonted stewardship; and on the 6th September, the day of our return, we were received with delight by our whole crew, Capulca himself included, who, owing to the general shortness of commons, had felt little inclination to indulge in his usual tendencies.

"No news, senhor, whatever," was his salutation. "The Sova is quite happy for his nose is whole again. The 'remedy' fell off two days after you had left."

But we were no nearer our departure than before, nor could we see any means of getting out of the abominable hole. No temptations we could hold out to any of T'chiquilla's men had the slightest effect upon them; not one would budge. Old T'chinguri himself, a ferocious warrior once upon a time, as his master described him, had neither power nor inclination to second our views; and all he did, in reply to our reiterated proposals, was to roll his bleared eyes and shake his venerable head while he gazed vacantly into space.

Thus it happened that on the 10th of September, whilst one-half of the expedition had reached Cassange, on its return from an excursion to the north-west of

[1] The name given in Quioco to manioc flour.

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that point; the other half was still a perfect prisoner in T'chiboco, owing to the absolute want of carriers to convey the goods.

What we suffered during the ensuing fortnight, wearing our heart out in anxiety and annoyance, may be faintly conjectured by those who will take the trouble to imagine themselves in our position, where we could neither advance nor retreat, but got up each day with diminished hope and lay down each night with increasing disappointment!

One fine morning in spring (it was the 26th of September) the whole encampment was aroused by the report of fire-arms coming from the direction of the T'chita territory. Rushing to the door of our hut we found Capulca, his cap drawn over his eyes, kneeling just outside, his hands upon the ground, and attentively listening while he was quaking with fear.

"It is all over with us!" he exclaimed: "no one ever travels in these parts, except for plunder. War is going to begin—I said so from the first. Oh! why did we come to this side of the river!"

We ourselves did not know what to think, but in a few minutes we were undeceived, as there issued from the forest a band of natives, some armed, and others with *mangos* on their shoulders, marching in the direction of our encampment.

"They are carriers! They are carriers!" was the universal cry, and in a moment all was joy and confusion, and the Babel of tongues, asking eager questions and receiving replies, was the pleasantest music we had heard for many a day.

The new-comers, forty-two men in all, had been despatched from Cassange in search of us, in accordance with the happy arrangement we had made in view of such a con-

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tingency as the one that had occurred. For seventy days had we and these men been separated; and now, as we had every reason to hope, we should all be shortly again united as one band. We then learned that two of our humble friends had left us for ever: poor Filippe, the *muzumbo*, and a young negro who had died at the residence of Muene Lhinica.

On the 28th of September, everything being in readiness, the caravan, in high spirits, descended the slope which leads to the valley of the T'chita, leaving the ridiculous old chief and his long-suffering prime minister in a state of bewilderment and consternation. It was amusing to hear the commentaries of our men as they trudged along the road:—

"What a Sova!" cried one.

"A Sova without men and nothing to eat," observed another.

"We were in a trap!" remarked a third: "and I thought we should never get out of it."

"Do you know the reason?" inquired Capulca, who stopped and turned round as he put the question.

"No: what was it?" they all asked at once.

"Fetish!" he replied, with a mysterious air, pursing his huge lips and rolling his eyes as he hissed out the word: at which they all murmured "Fetish" in concert, and quite satisfied with the explanation they resumed their march.

For nine successive days the caravan went on skirting the bank of the Cuango, as far as parallel 10°, where, having crossed the territory of Muene Cantalla, it arrived at the residence of the Sova Camassa.

The second day after leaving T'chiquilla an incident occurred which might have ended fatally to more than one of us, and, in fact, our escape was little short of miraculous.

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We had reached a little rivulet and were enjoying a few minutes' delicious rest, after slaking our thirst, when we were surprised by unexpected visitors, seeking like ourselves a drink of the fresh water. This was a herd of buffaloes, and our alarm was considerable when the huge creatures came crashing through the long grass and underwood, and we beheld their enormous heads, crowned with powerful horns, their fierce, blood-shot eyes, saliva dropping from their open mouths, and steam issuing from their nostrils, within a few paces of us.

Our men scattered like the wind, each seeking safety in flight, and we fully expected that a rush would be made in our direction; but from some unexplained cause, the beasts themselves appeared seized by some panic terror, and one taking the lead they dashed through the open glade and disappeared from our view!

After this escape we deemed it high time to resume our journey, which we did without further delay; remarking as we went that all the waters we met with ran eastward, and flowed into the river Cucumbi, which conveyed them to the Cuango.

The recent rains, having swollen the numerous streams, were great obstacles to our march, for no sooner had we forded one, up to our waists in water, than another appeared in sight. The dense forests that clothe the extensive valleys are perfect hot-beds of infection; and at certain periods of the year must make a passage through them highly dangerous, and any long detention absolutely fatal.

The passage of the river by the halket-boat caused a profound sensation among the men.

"It's a black cloth," exclaimed the natives, "that the *bin-delle* use to cross the water in." And it was amusing

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IT WAS A HERD OF BUFFALOES.

Page 312.

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to note the importance that the vessel suddenly acquired in their eyes.

Having reached the opposite bank, we plunged into the Quembo territory, the domains of the *jaggas*, traversing the table-land which extended northwards as far as the eye could reach. To the north-north-west we sighted

ANTELOPES.

the mountains of the Yongo; and on the west-south-west the spurs of the Tala Mogongo.

The country boasts a variety of antelopes, traces of which we had already observed on the right bank. Their long hoofs and twisted horns make them remarkable. They live generally in the marshy ground, from out of which a large herd rushed when we crossed the Cuango.

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Dr. Barbosa du Bocage, the illustrious director of the museum at Lisbon, to whom we showed a sketch, considered them to be the *Eleotragus reduncus*.

On our way westward, we were detained in the *banza*[2] of the Sova Cambamba, where we found assembled a large number of the elders of the tribe met on the occasion of an important trial.

A poor man, bound hand and foot, lying on the ground, was the offender; the chief crime of which he was accused being his relationship to certain parties in a neighbouring senzala who, by means of fetishism, had brought about the death of the Sova's son. The unhappy prisoner was condemned to be sold or put to death, unless he were ransomed by his friends.

Under these circumstances it behoved us to do our best to set the poor creature free, as he had, of course, not the slightest knowledge of the pretended crime.

"Sova," we exclaimed, "you are doing a great wrong. How can you call this justice?"

"*N'gana*," was the reply, "my son died; this man is a relative of those who killed him, and they are out of reach."

"But what right have you to punish an innocent man?"

"He is the price of my son. They killed him, and must pay for him. This man is worth twenty pieces of trade cloth, and if they do not ransom him, he shall be sold."

"And how do you know that his relatives are guilty?"

Cambamba, opening his eyes with a look of wonder at our ignorance, exclaimed in a tone which was full of conviction,—

[2] This designation of *banza* is used in Cassange indifferently both for the Sovas and their villages.

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A POOR MAN BOUND HAND AND FOOT.

Page 314.

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"Fetish, *n'gana*, Fetish: his relations are fetish men!"

As this was an unanswerable argument in the mind of a native, the best mode of solving the question was to enter into negotiations for his ransom, and we set about it at once.

"What shall we give you to release this man?"

Taken aback by the inquiry, he made no reply, but drew aside with his macotas to where a large sycamore within the senzala offered a welcome shade.

After a warm discussion, which lasted at least twenty minutes, the whole of them returned, stating that they had fixed the ransom unanimously at fifteen pieces.

"Fifteen pieces!" we exclaimed, guessing at once that in their usual style they were trying it on, and took us for a novice; "fifteen pieces of trade cloth are equal to seven and a half of gingham! We'll give you three."

At this they all protested loudly, and once again entered into consultation.

During these proceedings, our attention having been directed to the Sova, we did not observe the little ruse that had been surreptitiously practised. Cunning and faithless, some of the officials had removed the prisoner from the senzala, in order to conceal him in the high grass growing outside, and thus get us to pay the ransom while they retained the accused. Irritated beyond measure by this trick, we sent some carriers in search of him, with express orders to bring him back; and the determination which this measure displayed had its effect in modifying the pretensions of the natives.

The prisoner having been discovered and reconveyed into our midst, we ordered his *bicumbi* or wooden manacles to be removed, and after a little more chaffering we purchased the man for four pieces of cloth.

The bewilderment of the poor fellow was painful to

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see, and not knowing to whom he was supposed to belong, he glanced in a hesitating way first at us and then at the *Ban-gala.*

When we explained to him that he was free and might go whithersoever he would, he gazed at us in astonishment, as if doubtful of the sense of our words, but observing that a lane was made for him by our men, he darted out of the senzala, like an arrow from a bow, and disappeared from sight, without the formality of leave-taking.

CASSANGE CA-CAMBOLLO.

On the 14th of October we encamped hard by the banza of the Sova Cambollo, by whom we were received with much politeness.

The native chiefs of this part of the country are exceedingly ceremonious on the occasion of a visit, and the formalities gone through are curious and interesting.

No sooner has the Sova arrived at the place set apart for receptions than his subjects approach and sit all round him. The latter then commence clapping their hands, and uttering aloud the words "*boque-tum, boque-tum, calunga.*" This first act being closed, they who have come to pay the visit, proceed towards the chief, one after each other, in the order of their rank, and prostrate themselves on the ground, which they touch with their foreheads; they then rise, clap their hands, and retire.

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When two Sovas meet on such occasions, each raises his right arm, then lowers it till the hand rests upon the left shoulder of the other, whilst they both exclaim, "*Calunga, calunga.*"

On the following day, with the first peep of dawn, we were again upon the road, crossing numerous tributaries of the Cuango, and by successive marches we reached the senzala of the Sova Quitumba. Here we met with a couple of Cachellangues from the north of the Lunda, with whom we had a long and interesting talk. Their bodies were tattooed [3] with wonderful arabesques, red and white clay having been rubbed into the marks made with the iron, which gave them, in contrast with their lustrous skin, a very remarkable appearance.

They had been taken as slaves from their own country, which lay between the Lunda and the Cutieques in the north. They described the latter as dwarfs with enormous heads, and of most ferocious character, adding other strange stories concerning them, but so confused and extravagant that we hesitated about lending them any credence. One of the men, for instance, averred that the heads of the Cutieques attained occasionally to so extraordinary a size, that when their owners fell they could not get up again without assistance.

The other, in reply to our inquiries about the existence of a lake in the interior, declared that he had seen it, and that it was of such vast dimensions that it could only be traversed in a large boat with sails, which occupied a

[3] I have used the word *tattooed*, but *branded* would have been perhaps more correct, as the marks are made with a red-hot iron in various designs, and certain pigments applied to the wounds, for the purpose of healing them and imparting colour. A friend of mine informs me that he has seen negroes and negresses (more of the latter) with their bodies from the neck to the waist covered with a sort of embroidery, formed in this way.—A. E.

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whole moon in the passage! He moreover stated that the men, the skin of whose stomachs hung down like a waist-cloth, lived in its vicinity; that their dwellings were erected upon piles driven into the extensive marshy lands; and that they used poisoned arrows in their attacks upon any strangers who entered their territory.

Having incidentally mentioned the Arab Tibu-Tib, they asserted that they had seen him with a numerous caravan; and in corroboration of their assertion mentioned a fact already told us by Stanley, viz., that Tibu-Tib suffered from a nervous affection, that kept his features constantly twitching, or, as they expressed it, making faces!

They gave us no information worthy of record respecting the tattooing and painting the body, which they probably considered perfectly natural. As to the painting, it is common enough throughout Africa, and especially among females. If a woman, for instance, adorn her temples and the tip of her nose with flour, it is a sign she is ill or is otherwise troubled; if, on a certain occasion, she appear with her face besmeared with vermilion, it is because some imperious motive has induced her to leave the conjugal roof, and at that period she is not allowed to cook food; if again, another of the sex bedaub her breasts and the muscles of her arms with a white powder obtained by the incineration of leaves which they call *muquisse*, it is an indication of her being weak and requiring strength. With some, this rage for adornment extends to the covering their bodies with spots, and when they die, they should be happy, for they are then anointed all over!

It was on the 18th of October that the caravan reached Cassange, which place we entered amid the firing of

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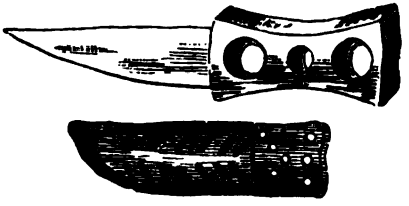
muskets and the joyous voices of our men united in chorus.

The reader may well believe that Capulca was foremost in the noisy throng, and that nothing but sleep was able to put an end to his incessant chatter!



N'POCO (NATIVE KNIFE AND SHEATH).

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CHAPTER XI.

The Quembo—Yongo and Holo—The fair, its importance, decline and causes of decay—The Ban-gala ; their fondness for travel ; their pretensions and quarrels ; their mode of fighting—Fetishism and plurality of wives—Drunkenness—Dwellings of the Ban-gala—The occupations of their men and women contrasted—Unhealthiness of the climate of Cassange—The *jaggado* and the families in which it resides—The *ma-numas* or insignia of rank—Tyranny of the *jaggas* and peculiar formalities—The ceremony of the *human boat*—The banquet of the *Quinguri*—Irresponsible power—The Cuango and the delights of the unknown—Doubts and apprehensions—Five days of sore trouble—A fresh start—A romantic situation—How we passed Christmas Day of 1878.

At last we were reunited in Cassange, and in tolerable health and spirits after the troubles and hardships to which we had been subjected.

Ere recommencing our narrative we deem this a favourable opportunity to give a brief sketch of the country and its inhabitants, both of which present points of interest that are worthy of record and attention.

The territory in which we are now sojourning is divided into three distinct districts; Quembo, Yongo, and Holo, bounded by the Cuango and Tala Magongo, with a superficial area of 8500 square miles, and governed by a supreme chief styled a *jagga*. The native inhabitants are the Ban-gala, and their language somewhat diversifies the other idioms spoken in the south.

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It is in the Quembo that the Portuguese fair is established; a commercial emporium of the northern countries which still plays an important part in the market of Luanda.

There is no question but that its former activity has greatly diminished; still, even to-day it supplies in a great measure the caravans travelling by the roads that run parallel to the Cuanza.

The contentions with the Portuguese in 1860 formed the first step of its decline, and the constant quarrels and little but devastating wars between the *Jaggas*, all ambitious of power, have aggravated the evil.

To the eye of the traveller it exhibits a very singular panorama, which in no way corresponds to the descriptions given of it. He will observe in the midst of an extensive plain, having a radius of twenty miles, and shut in by high land, a couple of dozen straw-capped huts and a few buildings of a more ambitious character; the plain itself being flat, uninteresting, waterless, with the sun blazing down on the spare yellow grass, a handful of stunted trees for only shade, and a few flocks and herds wandering about, and insufficient in number to afford any animation to the landscape.

The question immediately arises in his mind, how it was that the merchants came to select such a place for a factory? And if the inquiry be made, he will receive for answer,—

"Competition in business; all striving to get nearer to the front."

So that in fact the market is not a fixed one; its movements, however slow and gradual, tend towards the countries of production in the interior; and as these lie eastwards, it is easy to foresee that at some longer or shorter period the traders of Cassange, their houses and

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belongings, will move on by the force of circumstances until they reach, perhaps, the other coast!

AN OLD MUNGALA OF THE QUEMBO.

The business of the fair at the present day represents about 800 loads of various products, conveyed by caravans to the West, the carriers being selected mainly from among the Ma-songo.[1]

Connected by means of numerous roads with distant points of the interior, Cassange receives ivory from the Lunda, Peinde, and Luba; india-rubber from the Quioco, gathered in the Itengo and Caboluma forests on the banks of the T'chipaca and Lu-ajimo under parallel 10°, and wax from the south-

[1] From information furnished us, we calculated at 800 to 1000 loads (of 4 *arrobas* 32 lbs.) each, the annual business of the market, subdivided as follows: 500 india-rubber; 200 to 250 bees' wax; 100 to 150 ivory; at the average prices given below.

Ivory	medium,	1 lb.	5*s.* 5*d.*
	small,	1 lb.	3*s.* 0*d.*
	standard,	1 lb.	6*s.* 0*d.*
Wax,		1 lb.	0*s.* 6½*d.*
India-rubber,		1 lb.	0*s.* 10¾*d.*

Which, with the charges in Luanda for transport, will give the following figures,—

Ivory	medium,	1 lb.	6*s.* 1½*d.*
	small,	1 lb.	3*s.* 8½*d.*
	standard,	1 lb.	6*s.* 7*d.*
Wax, clean,		1 lb.	0*s.* 10*d.*
India-rubber,		1 lb.	1*s.* 3*d.*

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west of the Songo and Ganguellas, exclusively collected by the Ban-gala.

Well versed in trade, for which they are extremely eager, these people are at present the only middle-men between the traders and the far-distant sources of production. Wonderfully fond of travel, they are always on the move, their vanity being tickled with the supposition that they are the most important people of the interior; and as they show great hostility towards all others who attempt to use the same tracks, they monopolize, so to speak, the trade of the neighbouring countries.

No one can cross the district of the Ban-gala without considerable difficulty, and consequently the best road from Malange to the interior is that which runs by way of Sanza to Quimbundo, through the southern part of Minungo.

They work solely on their own account, and it is very rare for them to join the caravans of strangers, but they make up caravans of their own wherewith to perform their long journeys.

The Ban-gala are warlike and turbulent, a disposition which is constantly bringing them to loggerheads with their neighbours. From this peculiarity also springs almost continual litigation, which they enter into on the most trifling pretexts. For instance, a negro accuses another of bewitching his cattle or injuring his son by fetishism, and the accused is bound to defend himself. Or an ox belonging to a certain herd munches an ear of maize in passing by a village, and the injured party, on its coming to his knowledge, forthwith requires indemnity or brings the matter before a court. Or again, if an inhabitant of a village kills a head of game, he is bound to make known the fact to the neighbouring districts, so that none may appropriate the carcase if he come across it;

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and if any party should do so, he is held to have committed a crime, and must be judged accordingly.

The most curious part of these trials is, that not unfrequently when the case comes on, some of their cunning advocates manage to turn the tables on the accuser by accusing him in turn of some other crime.

A case of this kind came under our knowledge where a man was accused of adultery. The defendant's advocate managed to ferret out that the husband of the frail one belonged to a senzala where a head of game, caught by some of the companions of his client, had been surreptitiously removed and eaten, and he therefore claimed that he (the accuser) should pay the difference between the two *ba-cano* (offences) the fine in the former case being four pieces of cloth and in the latter five. The jury admitting this view of the case, gave judgment accordingly, and the poor man had, therefore, not only to put up with his wife's dereliction of duty but pay a piece of cloth into the bargain!

In their wars they endeavour to kill their adversaries by shooting at them from cover, rarely venturing into the open. At Cassange, for instance, when misunderstandings have arisen leading to hostilities, they have given notice to the traders to shut up their stores, and then, seeking the shelter of the houses, the two armies have popped at each other with their favourite weapon, the "lazarina" musket, till one or other or both had had enough of the amusement.

The Ban-gala profess fetishism, and have recourse to it in every act of their lives. The remarks we made upon this subject in the fourth chapter of the present volume when dealing with the Bihénos are, in the main, applicable to the people of whom we are now writing.

They possess a plurality of wives, and indulge in four,

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six, and even eight spouses, whom they purchase by agreement with their families for five or six pieces of "wholesale" cloth.[2] Adultery, although punishable, is of frequent occurrence among them. When discovered the man has to pay, under penalty of the confiscation of his goods or imprisonment of his person; the woman generally escapes scot free.

Ere terminating this sketch we must not refrain from mentioning the fondness of the Ban-gala for spirits, of which we had a strong and annoying instance.

During the latter days of our sojourn, when completing some zoological collections for despatch to Europe, we brought out and put upon our work-table some bottles containing reptiles and other animal specimens preserved in spirit, which, owing to the length of time it had been in bottle, was so thick and unsightly that we determined to change it.

Two days afterwards, however, noticing a very disagreeable smell, we hunted about for the cause, and found, to our astonishment, that one of the bottles was completely dry, two of our fellows, as we learned upon inquiry, having sucked out the contents!

The greatest ambition of a Mun-gala[3] is to possess a *banza* or senzala, and be surrounded by slaves. He will work to this end for years, hoarding up a piece of cloth to-day and purchasing a slave on the morrow, until having got together a sufficient number of the latter, he constructs his residence, and sets up in business on his own account.

In the establishment of his senzala he begins by selecting a convenient site, marks out the various buildings,

[2] This name is bestowed upon pieces of eighteen yards. In the market the current measurement is nine yards, equivalent to one of standard.

[3] *Mun-gala* is the singular of *Ban-gala*.

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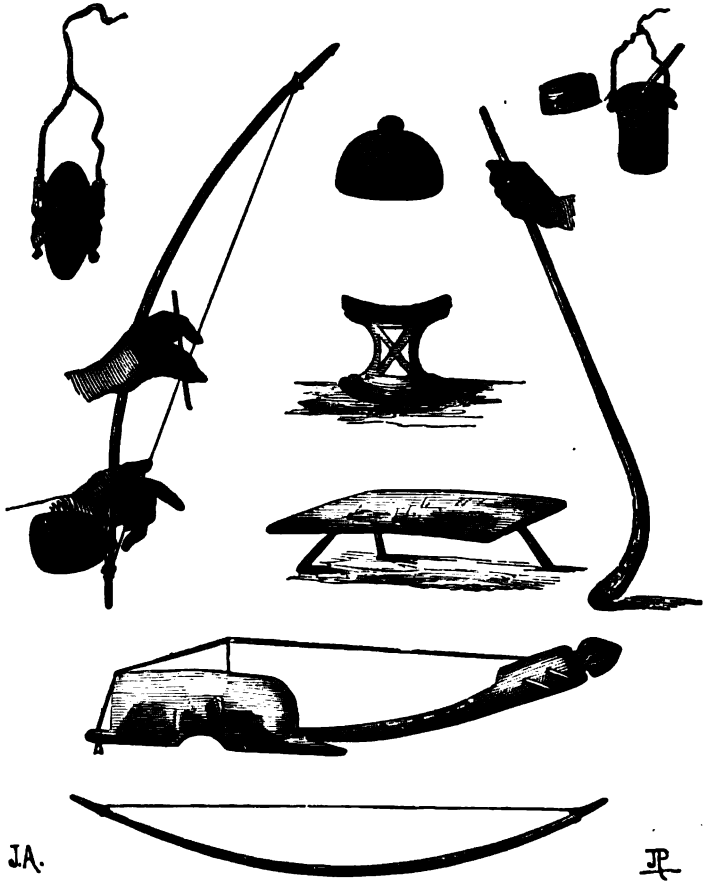
and clears a space of ground for his plantations, taking care that the cattle shall not encroach upon it.

There is no difference whatsoever between the habitations of the rich and poor, the same neatness or want of



ARTICLES OF BAN-GALA WORKMANSHIP.

it being observable in either case. Their construction is not unnaturally an object of some importance, and men are by preference employed about the work. Having cut down a large number of poles and conveyed them to

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the appointed place, the builders plant them strongly into the earth alongside of each other, till they enclose a space varying from eighteen to thirty-four feet. A layer of grass or clay is then put on, and the whole is surmounted with a grass-thatch roof of conical or other shape.

The interior is divided into two compartments, one serving as a sleeping-room and having a mat, in lieu of bed, for only furniture: some, however, are supplied with a *mu-tala*, a sort of bedstead, composed of four, stout, forked stakes driven into the ground which support a couple of poles, whereon are laid a row of sticks with a mat upon them, and a bolster; a small bench, a powder-horn, a gun, hatchet, and knife.

MISSALO (SIEVE).

The other apartment will probably contain two or three calabashes, a *cajinga*, two or three small pipkins for *infundi* and fish, a larger one for the preparation of *garapa*, a *missalo* or cylindrical sieve intended for *fuba*, a snuff-box, a bench, a hanging mat and a wooden pestle in the corner.

The master of the house retains the first apartment as his own, assigning to his wife the second: and where there are many wives, they are located in small huts set around the central one.

During his rare moments of labour—we say rare, as the Mun-gala, when at home, is habitually idle and devoted to his pipe and interminable talk—he makes mats or carves pipe-stems or handles for hatchets, in the latter case spending whole days in search of wood to his mind.

Few things can rouse him from his apathetic state, he never hurries himself, not even for his food. The women, on the contrary, have no bounds set to their labour. They till the land, plant and sow it, get in the

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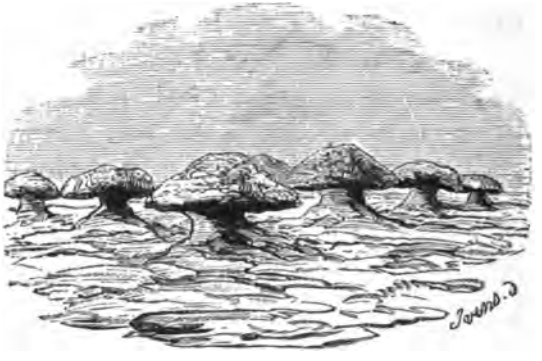
crops, look after their children, and attend to the domestic animals. But their chief care is devoted to their husbands, for whom all sacrifices are made.

It is by no means rare to see a woman, after preparing a portion of flour for her husband's meal, go on for hours at the arduous toil in order to barter the fruits of her labour in an European's camp (where a sheep or ox may happen to be killed) for a small quantity of meat to furnish for her lord's evening meal, which he greedily devours without dreaming of bestowing a mouthful upon the partner who has gone through so much to obtain the



ANT-HILLS IN CASSANGE.

longed-for dainty. Accustomed to dispense with the company of his wife on such occasions, the native takes his meals alone in his own apartment.

The Ban-gala possess numerous flocks and herds, and in all their villages the pens and yards are well supplied.

The climate of Cassange is very unhealthy. The population, which is numerous, struggles hard though not very successfully against the rudeness of nature. The torrential rains, which in certain years are prolonged from September to March, inundate the fertile soil and form veritable marshes, not readily drained; vegetation, there-

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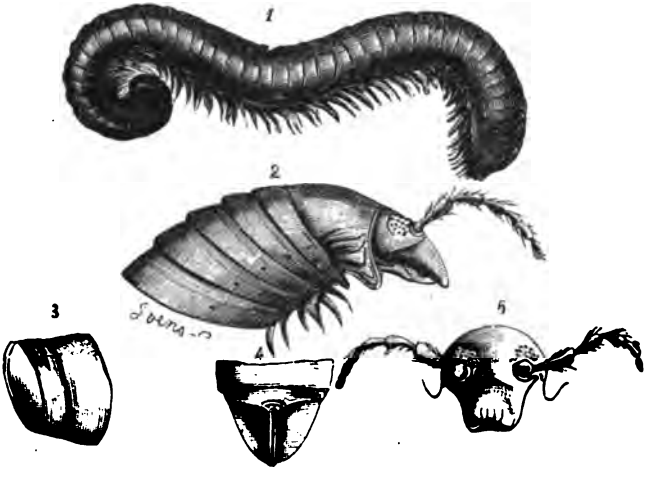
fore, under the sun's heat is rapidly developed, so that herbaceous plants spring up in extraordinary abundance, and form hot-beds of infection, to which Europeans fall easy victims.

Millions of termites raise their hills from out the slimy soil, presenting the appearance of gigantic mushrooms. An infinity of insects and larvæ, and a long *gongolo* (myriapodes), of which we present a drawing, drag themselves slowly along the fenny ground.



GONGOLO (SPIROSTREPTUS GONGOLO, MATOZO), A NEW SPECIES.
(*Photo. from nature.*)

1. Drawing of the animal, two-thirds of its natural size. 2. Front part of the body including the head. 3 and 4. Anus. 5. Head, front view. Numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, are enlarged for more convenient analysis.

The *Jaggado* of Cassange has been vacant for the last five or six years, owing to the lengthened struggles between the *Jagga* Bumba and the *Jagga* Muhungo. According to special provisions, the power resides in three distinct families: the Calachingo, to which the Bumbas belong; the N'gonga, which seems to embrace the Muhungos and Cambollos; and the Calunga, which in course of succession should rule the state. On the death

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of a Bumba in 1873, an N'gonga or a Calunga should have assumed the helm of government. But as neither of them could be installed without complying with certain formalities and being invested with the *ma-numa*[4] (abstracted, it would appear, by a nephew of the aforesaid Bumba, whose residence is at Cajinga, on the slopes of Magongo), the matter cannot at present be satisfactorily settled. Apart from this, it does not seem that the last ruler left behind him so pleasant a remembrance as to induce the numerous Ban-gala to make any efforts towards the re-establishment of a new one.

The fact is, that the tyranny, barbarity, and extortions committed by these *Jaggas* are too well-known to the people to excite in them any desire to see them renewed. We, ourselves, were more than once victims to their pretensions; and the announcement of the arrival of a *banza* bringing presents, was always a pretext to despoil us of some of our property.

The ceremonies in use where a *Jagga* was concerned were such that no vassal appeared before the great man without going on his knees. The subject dared not look at him too attentively, much less touch his person. The will of the ruler was law: his subjects' lives were at the mercy of his caprice: and they were frequently sacrificed for the slightest misdemeanour.

To afford our readers a slight idea of the horrible cruelties and repulsive practices perpetrated in this country, we will give a hasty sketch of the series of ceremonies performed on the death of a *Jagga* and the installation of his successor.

When the breath is out of the body, the corpse is immediately wrapped in numerous pieces of cloth, and

[4] A case containing a collar composed of a tooth of each previous *Jagga* and other insignia.

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A VISIT OF CEREMONY.

Page 330.

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placed upright on a seat in the centre of the largest apartment of the deceased's dwelling, where, on the conclusion of the formalities, he will be interred.

The *cajinga* is put upon his head; around him are piled the arms, pipes, and other articles of his daily use, and in his mouth are stuck three red feathers from a parrot's tail. The *batuques* and dances proper to the occasion are then commenced, and are kept up until the arrival of the successor.

Shouts, choruses, groans, laughter, wailing and clapping of hands are the order of the day: *aguardente* flows by gallons, and salvoes of musketry and the slaughter of cattle follow in due course. These mixed symptoms of sorrow and rejoicing, which last for some days, constitute the beginning of the ceremonies, the opening act, as it were, of the grimly-comic and brutally-tragic scenes that are to follow.

The macotas being assembled, surround the new *Jagga* and convey him to an appointed place, generally to an open space beneath a tree where have been arranged, on one side, implements of war of every kind, and on the other, spades and other tools employed in agriculture and the arts of peace.

Issuing from the group of courtiers, the new ruler advances to the two piles, and in the midst of profound silence, proceeds to make a selection from one of them. Should he pick up a gun or an assagai the party most favourable to warlike measures utter loud cheers, and put out their tongues and make grimaces at the friends of peace; and the same thing occurs with the other party should the chief select a hoe or spade.

They all then return to the residence, where they remain until special emissaries, despatched for the purpose, have brought back from the senzala of Cambundi

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Catembo an unfortunate wretch intended to be immolated in the ceremony, the prisoner being closely guarded by the macotas of the late *Jagga.*

The day for the performance of the second formality having arrived, the poor prisoner, who has been kept in the interval, securely bound, in the neighbourhood of a stream not far from the *banza,* is cruelly put to death on the arrival of the *cortége,* amid the cries and shouts of the horde of barbarians. The body being then ripped open from the sternum to the pubis, the new Sova places his feet within the still smoking entrails of the victim, and, in the midst of a roar of voices, is conveyed across the river in his *human boat,* and afterwards conducted in triumph to his new residence.

This revolting ceremony is then followed by another no less horrible, called the *discongo* or banquet of the *Quinguri,*[5] where another human sacrifice takes place.

The victim on this occasion is generally furnished from the country of the Minungo by the Sova Muene N'Dundje, and is assassinated hard by the *m'bala;* with him are immolated an ox and a goat, and a leg of each of the three being cooked in a vast pan, the new Sova eats of the dish! And he must partake of it with apparent relish, for any evidence of repugnance on his part would be fatal to his position.

During the time expended by these wretches in their diabolical ceremonies, they endeavour to extort what they can from the inhabitants and neighbouring people, more especially from the traders. They pass round pannikins of the horrible mess, insisting that all shall partake of it under penalty of a fine, in the shape, generally, of *aguardente.* There is always danger, too, in Cassange at that period of being charged with some offence, any pretext

[5] *Quinguri* is apparently the spirit of the former *Jagga.*

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or none sufficing to ensure condemnation. We heard it averred that at the time of the election of a ruler, the possession of a white hen was cause for a serious *mucano*,[6] which the owner had no chance of evading.

The fertility of imagination of the natives in creating horrors is something incredible. One would imagine that they were conceived in a fit of delirium, so foul are they and unnatural. What, for instance, can be more revolting than the last formality demanded of the incoming Sova, and which consists in his being compelled to take into his own mouth and chew the quills of the feathers that have been removed for the purpose from the mouth of his predecessor, then in an advanced state of putrefaction!! This ordeal over he is invested with the *ma-numa*, and at once assumes the direction of the government of the state.[7]

[6] *Mucano*, a payment in the shape of a fine for some infringement of the law.

[7] We take this opportunity of appending certain particulars which, as they relate to the establishment of the Ban-gala in Cassange, may be of some utility hereafter in studying the people of this remote district.

We have already remarked that it was an unanimous opinion in the Quioco, that the branch of the *Jaggas*, deriving their origin from the Lunda, had already taken possession of the lands where we were now sojourning, at the time the N'Dumbas appeared in the south.

On our arrival in the district of the Quembo, we made it our duty to determine the period with the utmost possible nicety.

All our information supported the fact that the Ban-gala invaded the territory shortly before the entry of the Portuguese into Pungo N'Dongo, and in further elucidation of the subject we are enabled, through the kindness of our friend, the enlightened Secretary of the Geographical Society, Sr. Luciano Cordeiro, to add a brief chronological sketch which will help to throw a light upon the conquest of Angola.

In the year 1559 Paulo Dias de Novaes took his first departure for the West Coast; in 1574 he made his second excursion; in 1576 the city of Loanda was founded; in 1577 the town of Columbo rose; 1581 was the date of the conquest of Quissama; in 1583 Massangano made

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The scenes that are now occurring daily in Central Africa are so extraordinary, that as we behold them we inquire of ourselves whether the century in which we live is really the nineteenth or the ninth?

A hideous negro, surrounded by numerous savages, enveloped in rags, with two enormous feathers stuck into his hair, and his body painted with stripes of various colours, seated on a rude stool, within a *libata* enclosed by stakes, many of which are adorned with human skulls, is allowed to dispose at his own sweet will of the lives of hundreds of unfortunates! A mere whim or a fit of ill-temper arising from the night's debauch, aggravated by the fumes of the *cannabis sativa*, will suffice to consign many unhappy wretches to a cruel death. And yet the isolated traveller is bound to conceal his indignation from his utter weakness to supply a remedy, and can only hope, with his whole heart, that the tide of civilization will gradually set on to the dark continent and sweep away these inhuman practices and their authors for ever!

Returning to the objects of the expedition which, as may well be imagined, occupied most of our thoughts, we deemed that as part of the course of the Cuango had been scientifically determined, it was of the utmost importance to continue the great work. From so constantly dwelling

his submission; in 1586 Golungo fell; in 1595 Muxima was founded by Jeronymo de Almeida; in 1621 Queen Jinga N'Bandi, sister of King N'Gola N'Bandi, residing in Pedras Negras, appeared at Loanda; in 1624 occurred the first war with the *Jaggas;* and in 1671 the Portuguese were definitely established in Pedras Negras.

It is therefore clear that the first struggles near Pungo N'Dongo date from 1586, when our countrymen were already in Golungo; and if we allow from fifty to eighty years for the regular installation of the *Jaggas*, we may conclude that the end of the sixteenth century witnessed approximately the conquest of Cassange and the invasion of the Tembos.

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upon the subject, and fixing our eyes upon the vast extent of mountain and plain that was spread open before us, we formed endless theories as to the course of the great river, and imagined its turning in this direction or in that, here intercepted by rapids, there interrupted by cataracts, and everywhere presenting diversity and adventure.

The unknown always exercises a vast influence upon the mind of the true traveller, and Africa, still for the most part an unopened book, is the country of all others to incite his imagination. The sudden changes which beset him at every stage on this vast continent, where his sole safety lies in his own energy and determination, offer certain wild and special attractions which are all absorbing, and would be simply delightful were they not attended by such sacrifices of health and feeling, and surrounded by so many perils that only exceptional strength of body and will can overcome them.

It was under the friendly shade of a couple of sycamores, near our encampment, that we passed whole hours in discussing these and similar questions. Often and often did we meditate upon what should be our next course; what the direction that our steps should follow; and what definite project we should lay down for execution. Long pauses would follow the discussion of these points, during which our eyes in silence would wander from the map upon our knees to the blue mountains that bounded our horizon.

The first attempt made in the month of September with a view to a survey of the territory of Cassange (at the time that part of the expedition was still held prisoner in T'chiquilla) comprised a journey to the Quitamba Caquigungo, and an excursion to the Calandula and *banza* Cambolo; and although not entirely unfruitful, it was

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far from producing the results we expected. This was due in a great measure to a neuralgic fever of a special character, which prostrated us completely; and partly to storms of rain, which proved for the time an utter bar to any progress.

Having, on the occasion referred to, started northwards, we were confined, after a brief ramble, for five whole days in a miserable hut, unable to stir, and suffering day and night such agony of pain that we thought nothing short of a miracle could pull us through.

The cabin in which we had taken refuge let in the water in streams; the bed, that was on the ground and composed of grass, became a perfect sponge; and in the intervals of intense fever, perspiring abundantly, and lying, in the helpless condition described, upon the saturated grass, within a hovel in the heart of the forest; the only sounds that met the ear were the rain incessantly pouring down and the wind in gusts, dashing through the trees and tearing off their weaker branches.

The want of all medical appliances, and of those articles that are deemed indispensable for a regular treatment, places one's life under such circumstances at the mercy of the simple reaction of nature.

But how dreadful are those enforced vigils, when the brain is verging on delirium, the imagination is fired with frightful dreams, and the thought of being separated from one's family and country, of being surrounded only by barbarians, and of sinking to a nameless grave in the midst of one's labours, comes to aggravate the feeling of despondency!

The nature of the disease, though perhaps in some small degree consoling, from its intermittence, as it leaves a door open to hope, nevertheless leaves the patient in a state of nervous prostration, of which he

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becomes too sadly conscious when he is called upon to make any exertion, and for months after his apparent convalescence he finds how much of his energy has been crushed out of him by the trials he has had to pass through.

In all great and extensive enterprises in Central Africa, the truest chance of success lies in the rapidity with which they are performed, a fact that Stanley on many occasions endeavoured to impress upon our minds; and when an European expedition is set on foot, the less time that it remains upon the seaboard, and the sooner it plunges into the interior, the better for its prospects of victory. The debilitating influence of the climate is only too rapidly felt, and any lengthened delay upon the coast will be found later on to have had a powerful effect in weakening the bodily and mental strength of the stoutest explorer.

Having spent several days in anxious inquiries and discussions we at length resolved to adopt the following itinerary:—To cross the Cuango and descend the river with a part of our people, while the other portion made excursions into the districts of Peinde and Luba, joining company again as near as possible to parallel 5°.

Our caravan at this time was composed of sixty persons. Twenty-seven belonged to the countries of Tunda and Celli, seventeen to Benguella, to whom were added ten Lundos; there were also some Bihénos and men from the Songo, together with a few women. The predominating idea was so to dispose of our goods that we might go on with these hands, and dispense with extraneous assistance.

Our calculations were made upon the following basis: that as the journey from Cassange to the point of confluence of the Cuango was about three hundred miles, it

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might be got over without difficulty in three months. Reckoning upon reaching the 5th parallel about March, we should expend upon the trip one hundred pieces of cloth, or on an average twenty-two yards per day, which goods might be conveyed by nine carriers. The two hundred remaining pieces would last until October, and would require eleven more porters. This accounted for twenty-seven men, and an additional thirteen more with beads and other articles would secure us the means of support until the end of the year, at which period we trusted to bring our mission to an end at some point upon the coast. The remainder of the caravan was charged with the transport of trunks, instruments, provisions, and other indispensable articles.

As things, therefore, appeared to be under more favourable auspices, and every one apparently disposed to move, we thought we could not do better than make a start, ere the feeling got cold, for we knew too well that though the long rest and regular food are naturally advantageous to the *physique* of the native, they just as naturally render him indisposed for any kind of work. The women especially form an element always to be dreaded when a camp has to be broken up, constantly in and out the place from the moment the huts are raised, they form attachments and do everything in their power to retain the caravan, and indispose the carriers to resume their labour.

We started finally on the 19th of December with the intent of gaining the river-bank with the utmost speed.

To the west of the encampment the land stretched out in an unbroken plain to the very edge of the stream. At the outset there was little vegetation of any size, but beyond the banks of the Cavunje it reappeared in the shape of gigantic trees with umbrella tops and trunks covered

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with large parasitic plants. The *Ficus elastica*, subdivided below into numerous roots, partly visible to the eye, were mingled in a complicated embrace with the numerous convolvoli which abound in the extensive forest and exhibit their pretty bell-like flowers in every variety of hue.

The first halt eastwards was in the wood; the second in the midst of the dense vegetation that clothed the banks of the river Cavunje, on muddy and spongy soil.

Whilst regaling on our old acquaintance—a very lean chicken and a plate of *infundi*—we discussed the possibility of listening to the murmur of the waters of the river before nightfall, when we were called upon to take

FISH OF THE RIVER CUANGO.
(*Photo. from nature.*)

part in a hunt over the uninviting ground of the neighbourhood of our encampment.

It happened that one of our men whilst engaged in cutting down some grass with a species of sickle, called a *mawim*, accidentally parted the rope that bound our only ox to a neighbouring tree. The animal, finding himself set suddenly free, went off at a hand-gallop and ourselves after him. The beast led us a pretty dance, now down into hollows, then through the thorny underwood, here, there, and everywhere, till our clothes were rent in half a dozen places, our hands and faces torn and bruised, and one of us got a tremendously swollen nose, caused by running full butt against a tree. We wished

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the animal at the very deuce, and were forced to shoot him at last and bring back his carcass to the camp.

As there were a great many wild beasts in the neighbourhood the trail and blood of the ox were quite enough to bring them round us, so we were forced, ere night came, to surround our huts with a strong stockade

A SERENADE OF HOWLINGS.

to prevent our becoming objects of the too close scrutiny of the wolves and hyenas.

If there be any among our readers who should feel a romantic desire to spend a night in a rustic cottage in a forest, we fancy that a sketch of our experience would rather disenchant them; and that if by any possibility they could have been transported thither, long before

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the night was half over they would have wished themselves back between their own comfortable sheets.

Day had scarce departed when we were enlivened by a serenade of howlings and cries of the most frightful character, now in an occasional solo and then in a discordant chorus. The moon's beams, as they made their way through the wonderfully varied shapes of African vegetation, cast strange, weird shadows on the grass; the air was thick with that peculiar musky smell, emitted by most wild animals, and ere a couple of hours had passed over, the moon was obscured by inky clouds, and the rain poured down till everything movable within the hut was floating about!

Pursuing our journey next morning we pushed boldly into the woods through which our path lay, but only to find fresh troubles. The intense heat, joined to the humid atmosphere, constituted a steam bath of the most oppressive kind, that knocked us over most completely. The want of water and of proper food of course had much to do in depriving us of strength. As regards the former, not even a brooklet met our view; and our provisions consisted almost entirely of dried fish!

At four in the afternoon of the 21st of December, being then in the middle of a marsh in Fuche-ia Cacalla, the chiefs of the Portuguese expedition were both on their backs with fever, which was consuming the little fat that was yet left within their bodies.

Very shortly after we had taken up our sick quarters, a caravan, coming from the eastward, with various articles for the fair we had left behind, camped very near us.

It had scarcely done so when one of those stupid disputes, so easily raised in this country, compelled us, in spite of our deplorable condition, to turn out and join

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a council met to decide a *mu-cano*, to which we had involuntarily become liable.

It seemed as if an evil fate were pursuing us, and we did not use the mildest terms in expressing our opinion, a proceeding which partially relieved our feelings if it produced no other effect.

The cause of controversy was the following: the evening before, our faithful bitch Cassai, that has already figured in these pages, became the happy mother of a litter of pups, and she being of an anxious turn of mind, would not allow a stranger to approach her without a protest on her part, not always of the mildest kind. As ill-luck would have it, one of the carriers of the neighbouring caravan took it into his stupid head to go and peep at the dog where she lay, a curiosity that cost him a bite in the leg.

The fellow screamed out, all his companions cried in company, and it was determined to make the whites pay for the *crime*.

While we were discussing the price of the indemnity, and rejecting a most inordinate claim, an ingenuous maiden of the stranger caravan, who had hurt her foot, thought this a good opportunity to obtain a salve, and likewise accused the poor beast of the mischief!

This fresh incident imported into the cause had the effect of tripling the claim and quadrupling the noise, which in the end was too much for our shattered nerves, so we gave it up for the time being, and went to bed again.

The following morning, during the intermittence of the fever, there we were once more—Heaven knows how unwillingly—discussing the matter all over again till we had fixed the amount of the fine, and when we had done it and the reaction came, we again took to our

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beds, had a fresh attack of fever which lasted some days, and was accompanied by delirium, not one of our people having the sense or humanity to put anything within our lips.

This is the native all over. No one is more apathetic or indifferent than he, and a patient under his hands who required care for his salvation, would most certainly slip out of life. On the other hand, it must be said, he is very like the wolf in respect of his own sufferings, and will retire into a corner to die without a complaint or groan.

Thus were passed five whole days, Christmas being one of them, and on the sixth, rousing ourselves like ghosts in aspect, with lustrous eyes, we tottered on as best we could in the direction of the Cuango, which we reached at half-past twelve o'clock on the 27th of December, 1878, in latitude 9° 30′ 30″, and longitude east of Greenwich 18° 14′; the temperature then standing at 77° Fahrenheit.

TOBACCO-BOX.

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CHAPTER XII.

Banza e Lunda—The river. Navigation. Inhabitants and affluents—A tempest—The first roll of the drums and a picture of a little deluge—Semi-circle of demons and a handful of poltroons—The parley and a sudden transformation—The greatest coward of the caravan—Three uninvited visitors—A scorpion sting, and native remedies—Unexpected desertion and a labyrinth of *papyrus*—Ineffectual attempt to reach the river—A dangerous reptile and the snakes of the Cassange—Ornithological fauna—The return march—Fuche-ia Cacalla—The Cavunje—First appearances of scurvy—African mode of life—A quiet afternoon and the Ban-gala caravan—Some notes about the interior—Ransom of a young nigger—The *ma-culo* and its treatment—The mosquitoes again—Cassange in sight.

We reached the margin of the Cuango, as related at the close of the last chapter, in a state of excessive weakness and fatigue. Hard by appeared the residence of the Banza e Lunda, in whose little port we made preparations to cross over to the right bank.

The river, whose birth we had witnessed in the high table-land of Quioco, among simple plantations, had acquired considerable dimensions by the time it reached this spot, measuring from fifty-five to sixty-five yards across, and carrying a considerable volume of water. Unfortunately, it is not navigable here during the rainy season, on account of the velocity of the current, and also because of the falls and rapids beyond the spot where we stood.

Below the Louisa Falls the two worst passages are

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those at N'zamba and Tuaza, fifteen miles to the north of our station, and they are followed by others of scarcely less importance. The left bank, originally inhabited by Ma-quioco and Ma-songo, is now, as already mentioned, the dominion of the Ban-gala. On the right we find the Ma-shinge and the vast tracts of the country of the Peinde extending almost as far as the Cassai. Down to this point the river possesses no considerable affluent, but we shall speak of one a little later on.

The atmosphere became gradually thickened with heavy vapours from the south-east that threatened a storm. The waters of the great tributary of the Congo-Zaire reflected from their dark green surface a broken image of the river bank and of the masses of black cloud as they stole over the heavens. The wind had gone down completely; the heat was suffocating; huge drops of sweat rolled from between the shoulders of our carriers; but the sight of the water seemed to give them courage, and abandoning their loads they all made for the river.

An unnatural quiet reigned over the plain. Not a single native appeared, although numerous senzalas were scattered about, and we began to be somewhat uneasy at our position, for we had most certainly not been unobserved, and it was doubtful whether we should get across the stream without some conflict with the people.

Suddenly there broke upon our ear the monotonous beat of a war-drum, and the men who were busy in preparing the *halket boat* knocked off their work as if struck by paralysis. The strange sound took every spark of animation out of the poltroons, who faintly exclaimed, "We are lost! we are lost!"

The feeling spread swiftly through our little troop,

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where voices were heard recommending flight, and we had to find extra determination and coolness to keep the fellows together. We then turned our attention to the boat, but at the moment down came the threatened storm with a vengeance.

We were in a miserable plight indeed, surrounded by high grass, in the midst of the extensive plain, destitute of trees, with the goods all unshouldered and dispersed, without a ghost of a shelter, lashed by the pitiless tempest. The torrential rain, as it fell, found no outlet, so that we were shortly standing in a huge lake with the water up to our ankles. The impetuous gusts of wind and the reverberation of the thunder-claps imparted a terrible accompaniment to the awful spectacle, made the more weird by the incessant discharges of electricity, the forked lightning describing fantastic zigzags across the darkened sky.

This painful state of things lasted a full hour, and crouching as we were amid the grass we neither saw nor heard what was taking place around us, so overpowering was the roar of the elements.

About four o'clock it began to clear up a little in the south-east, but the circumstance, far from being a relief to us, became a signal for fresh trouble. No sooner had the sun burst through the rain-clouds and shot his level beams across the grass, than we became aware of the presence of a vast semicircle of warriors enclosing us on all sides, except in the direction of the river.

It was a most extraordinary scene, and the black hordes before us, skipping and dancing in the air, brandishing bows and arrows, assagais six feet in length, lazarina guns, and other warlike instruments, and uttering discordant cries, looked like an army of demons. Some of the boldest among them crept stealthily throug

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SURROUNDED BY THE BAN-GALA.

Page 346.

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the high grass, and suddenly appearing within a short distance made motions as if to pick off the leaders of the expedition.

The Ban-gala, it appears, were not alone in this hostile demonstration, for the inhabitants of the Muhungo country, being aroused by the beating of the drums, lined the opposite bank of the river, quite disposed to take part in the promised entertainment.

At this sight our fellows seemed to lose heart altogether; and as to Capulca, the cook, with eyes rolling and hands clasped together, he slunk behind a group, from which began to issue murmurs of accusation most certainly intended for ourselves.

"You cowardly rascal," we exclaimed to our chef; "what do you fear? These people can do nothing."

"*Uh-lu!*" was the exclamation of our fellows in reply.

"See, senhors," said one of them; "they have even got flags!" And he pointed to the opposite bank of the river where the dark line of natives was obscurely visible.

By this time the circle had diminished so that we were within reach of some of their assagais, but as it was impossible to understand from their cries—which had been redoubled since the appearance of the troop on the further bank—what they really meant, we determined to advance in order to have a parley.

In doing so, an arrow, shot by one of the nearest mun-gala, flew over our heads, at which our men, who were apprehensive that we should return it, entreated us warmly not to fire. "Let us try and talk to them, senhors," was the universal advice.

Quisongo, an old petty chief, who had accompanied us from the Bihé, served as interpreter; and going to the front, called out,—

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"*É-camba, ma-camba* (Friend, friends), what harm are we doing? Our only wish is to pass the river, for which we are willing to pay toll."

The apparition of our spokesman, who waved a piece of gingham, arrested the attention of our adversaries. The chorus of cries, to the immense relief of our ears, suddenly ceased, and the opposite party put forward their mouth-piece, who called out,—

"*Ob'eriè?* (Who are you?)"

"*Di t'chimbundo* (I am a Quimbundo)."

"*U-oh-co-Biè?* (Are you from the Bihé?)"

"*Eh-o-ah* (Precisely so)."

"*Ua tund 'api?* (Where do you come from?)"

"*Mo Cassandji* (From Cassange)."

"*Ua oend'api?* (Where are you going to?)"

"*Co Peinde* (To Peinde)."

"*Cá ná bin-delle ca-pondola ocu-pita.* (No; the whites must not pass.)"

At this there was a movement in the troops who spread themselves out towards the bank of the river, thereby completely surrounding us.

Quisongo, advancing nearer, then exclaimed,—

"*Eiè—Enu-i-ongola ocu-popia la soma* (We want to have speech of the Sova)." And then added, "Here is one of the white men who is your friend."

"*Eh-o-ah. Tui-etu.* (Well—be it so.)"

The indispensable present having been prepared in all haste, one of us set off with half a dozen of our band in the direction of the chief's house.

Hostilities were for the time suspended, and as we saw the weather was still very doubtful, we did our best to run up an encampment with the *mangos* and grass we could lay hands on, waiting with resignation for the end of this rather alarming yet ridiculous scene.

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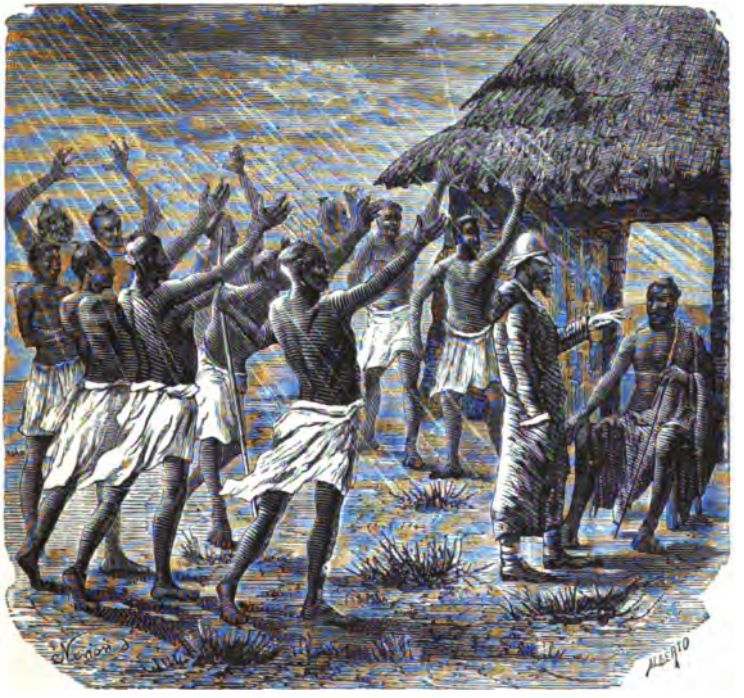
A considerable number of the Ban-gala flocked to the senzala, and ventured little by little to come and talk with us; replying in answer to our queries that there was not the slightest danger if we chose simply to return the way we came; so in a short time they became converted from enemies into mere spectators.

Meanwhile, in the compound of Banza e Lunda, the



WE ENDEAVOURED TO PLEAD OUR CAUSE.

confusion was immense. The Sova, a hideous creature, thin to emaciation and just recovering from a bilious fever from which he had evidently escaped by the "skin of his teeth," was found seated on a low stool at the entrance of a hut, his legs enveloped in a ragged woollen rug, and who presented altogether an indescribable object.

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We endeavoured to plead our cause, in the midst of loud interruptions from the ruler's subjects, and presented him with our gift, which, however, he rejected, saying that he could not allow us to cross the river. At the same time he gave orders to intercept the passage of the white men. He added, with that consummate impudence proper to many of these inland despots, that it was his duty, as a chief, to protect all and every one in his territory, and that if he refused us permission to cross the stream it was only to save us from future dangers.

"The people on the other side," he said, "are utter savages, and you would all be sacrificed."

It was evident that he took us for traders, who might injure the monopoly of his people if he let us loose into territory which the Ban-gala almost exclusively explore. Seeing that further persistency would just then lead to no result, we, for the time, gave it up and retired.

On our return, the atmosphere, again obscured by dense clouds from the south-east, with distant thunder from that quarter, announced in unmistakable terms a nasty night, more particularly as the plain, now partly converted into a marsh, left the road open for the crocodiles! And the worst of it was we could not make up our minds what to do.

At last, we thought the best course was the philosophical one, and to go to sleep upon the matter. But the pestilential air and worry made even this a poor resource, for by nightfall we were both devoured by fever, and groaning against each other. Meanwhile the Ban-gala, tired of looking at us, withdrew, and left us to enjoy our sufferings in peace.

We shall not readily forget that night. Anxiety, cold, fatigue, rain, all seemed in league against us. Within the little hut, wrapped in our dripping coats, sheltering

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our faces from the constant streams of water that poured in at the roof, our limbs powerless, our brain on fire, our eyes racked with pain, suffering a devouring thirst, in a state indeed which cannot be described and only faintly imagined, we eagerly waited for day: and still the rain came down in torrents, and the drums recommenced their horrid tumming! "Capulca!" we cried aloud.

The ugly visage of the cook, adorned as we have elsewhere mentioned with a stiff moustache and pointed chin-tuft, appeared at the hole which did duty for a door-way to our humble mansion, his knees and hands in the mud, waiting for orders.

"Can you make us some cooling drink?"

It was with difficulty we got out the words, and they were scarcely uttered when above our heads burst so fearful a clap of thunder that Capulca dropped flat upon the ground, his face buried in his hands. We thought he had been struck by the electric fluid. But in answer to our inquiries he gave a deep groan, and muttered, "Oh, senhors, I thought the Ban-gala had come back."

We then perceived that the frightened wretch was without his clothes, and shivering under the wretched cloth that barely covered his body, having, it seemed, made a Mun-gala chief a present of the garments in which he took so much pride, to secure his goodwill in case of falling into the power of the enemy.

Never did we behold a man so utterly overcome by fear as this redoubted Don Juan; and in fact no stronger evidence of it could be adduced than this sacrifice of his wardrobe to guard against a problematical danger.

He at length retired, saying that he could not possibly make a fire to prepare the needed refreshment, but as he did so, a fresh incident aroused the whole of the encampment.

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It was ten o'clock, and by the light afforded by a vivid flash of lightning, three strange figures were discovered with their hands upon the goods piled in the vicinity of our hut. Our people, on discovering them, made a rush at the marauders and succeeded in securing two.

They no doubt belonged to the *libata* of the Sova; but whether this were the case or not, it was an unheard-of piece of boldness for a native in Africa to venture to steal by night into the *quilombo* of a stranger.

Notwithstanding the darkness the fellows were dragged before us, and all we could get out of them was, that the Sova had sent them, with his compliments, to fetch the present he had refused some hours before!

The cunning dogs probably fancied that though they had failed in carrying off one of the bales, they might by this plausible story get into their hands the things reserved for Banza e Lunda.

We deemed it best to let them go, and quiet again reigned in the *quilombo*. The drums outside also ceased their infernal din, the fever somewhat subsided, and a refreshing sleep deigned to come to our assistance.

It might have lasted longer but that we were suddenly woke up at two in the morning, by the cries of some one in great pain and continued ejaculations of, "*Ai-oè-ma-mè! ai-oè-ma-mè!*"

On inquiring into the cause, we learned that one of the lads, who was asleep near the goods, had been stung by an immense scorpion, which we afterwards caught alive. The repulsive creature belonged to one of those perfectly black varieties, and was nearly four inches in length.

The poor boy, clutching his wounded arm, rolled over and over on the ground in agony, which he said, was like a hundred needles being driven at once into his flesh. This active pain lasted for half an hour, and was succeeded

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by intense cold and afterwards by inflammation of the wound.

Remedies came down in showers. One recommended bleeding; another searing with a hot iron; a third, an incision and the introduction of powdered charcoal; and a fourth declared that the most effective remedy was to kill the scorpion and lay its smashed body upon the hurt.

The situation, however, was one that did not admit of experiments; so rejecting all the proposed expedients we made two gashes in the form of a cross, and washed the parts repeatedly with ammonia.

The venomous stings of scorpions produce very different effects, though generally they cause a great swelling of the wounded part, accompanied by excruciating pain. Cold is almost always a forerunner of muscular paralysis, which may be limited to a single member or extend to the entire body, as was the case in the present instance, where the patient became benumbed in both arms and legs, a circumstance that compelled us to remain beside the Cuango. It takes generally five or six days for the effects of the poison to wear off.

As may be supposed, we were closely watched during the whole time of our stay. On the 28th of December, at daybreak, various chiefs of the neighbourhood being assembled, we made fresh attempts to persuade them to let us carry out our plans; but finding it impossible to move them, we at length resolved to give up the attempt to pass the river at that spot, and if we could not do otherwise, to return from whence we came.

In fact, there was scarcely any choice left but to take that course; we saw that all further persistence would be useless, and the attempting to use force would have been simple insanity, for besides that it was no part of our mission to enter into a mortal struggle, the provoking

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hostilities might entail the gravest consequences upon our countrymen at the fair.

The camp, therefore, was broken up on the 30th, we having so far modified our plans as to proceed northwards along the river, and try to cross it at a distance from Banza e Lunda.

But now it was our own people who raised objections; and on quitting the ground we discovered, to our immense annoyance, that the cook and seven men had deserted, for fear of our insisting on making the passage of the river!

Excessively put out at this cowardly act on the part of those to whom we had shown great kindness, yet unable to apply any remedy, we selected a tortuous track that we presumed to be the road that skirted the river, and found ourselves after two and a half miles' march in the centre of a rush bed. The most varied gramineous plants, intermingled with a perfect sea of *papyrus* and other plants, completely hid us from each other.

We passed some dreadful hours in this frightful labyrinth, where the stench of sulphurated hydrogen rising from the holes made by each footstep was perfectly suffocating. It was bad enough for those who were in robust health, but for men, weakened by suffering and under the dominion of a low fever, it was all but unbearable. A few of the most courageous made valiant efforts to push their way through, but only rendered the disorder more complete.

It is in moments like these, where one has to contend with such stupendous difficulties, that the explorer can duly appreciate the devotion of many of his African companions. Miserable as they are, without the chance of possessing any share in the glory of having overcome so many dangers and obstacles, they are, nevertheless, the

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first to support and carry out an enterprise, the objects of which they cannot even comprehend. The instruments and books of the chiefs of the expedition always received at their hands the utmost care and solicitude, which were redoubled on occasions like the present where any mischief threatened them.

At length, by dint of immense exertions, making a leap here, a long step there, occasionally sprawling in the mud, often on our backs and sometimes on our faces, using too frequently words "unutterable to ears polite," we got out of our slough of despond by the way we had entered it, to the immense delight of the natives who, with many a hearty laugh, averred that the Ban-gala would never have allowed us to come northward if they had not known we should be forced to give up the attempt as a bad job; and truth to tell we were very much of that opinion ourselves.

The Quembo from the Banza e Lunda to Quitamba Caquipungo, known by the nickname of *imboa* or the "dog," being thus barred against the expedition, to return to Cassange was our sole resource; so making a virtue of necessity, we turned our faces westward, penetrating once more into the forests which clothe the undulating ground of the Quembo.

An unexpected occurrence was very nearly leading to fresh complications. We were just emerging from some thick masses of *papyrus* when a gazelle rose within a few feet of us, and a general discharge from the men's guns brought it down. This being heard by the natives they concluded that we meant fighting, and those horrid drums once more became audible. We did not stop, however, to undeceive them, but securing the game, continued on our way without further interruption. The fatigue proved too much for us in our weakened condition, and

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after three hours' marching we had another attack of fever. Under the shade of a gigantic tree, covered with enormous parasites and creepers, and having bunches of leaves as big as European cabbages, the men set to work to construct a camp, whilst we, lying on the ground, watched their progress, and anxiously waited for its completion to get shelter.

A fresh incident then occurred to arouse us. From a

A GAZELLE ROSE.

hollow in the tree, at some distance from the ground, suddenly issued the head and body of a large snake, which, twisting its tail round a convenient branch, threatened all and sundry in its vicinity.

Ill as we were, we managed to scramble to our feet on hearing the warning cries of the men, who lost no time in putting the reptile to death, fortunately without injury to any of them.

The repulsive creature, upwards of six feet in length,

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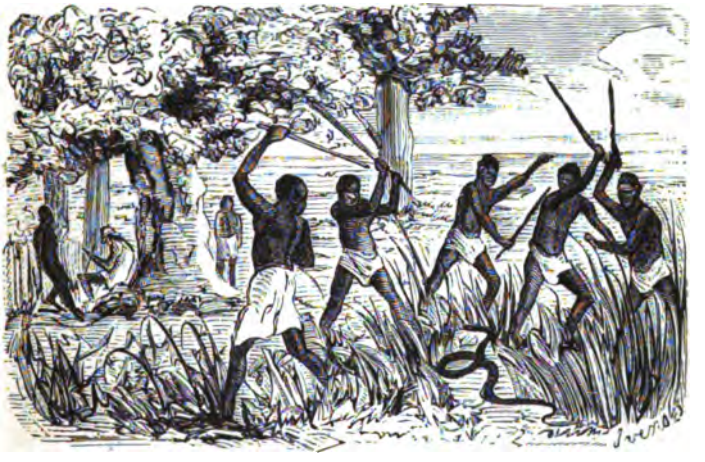
covered with scales and a flat head, somewhat resembled the other we had seen on the banks of the Lu-ando, known by the natives under the name of *mu-zuzo* (*Siminophis bicolor*); this, however, was larger and darker.

We never thoroughly understood the cause of its attacking us. The majority affirmed that the instinct of the animal was to bite, and they cited several examples of a more or less exaggerated nature, according to the imagi-



THE REPTILE WAS PUT TO DEATH.

nation of the narrators. The variety of snakes in this part of the country is great, and among them the *quibolobolo* (*Causus rhombeatus*), the *quilengo-lengo* (*Bucephalus-typus*), the *colombolo* (*Rhagerrhis tritæniatus*), the *buta* (*Echdina arietans*), and others, are reputed to be venomous.

The ornithological fauna possesses here some beautiful representatives, whose delicious notes and trills excite the wonder and admiration of those who listen to them. This is not, however, the case with all the feathered

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tribe. For instance, there are the *quiquecuria* and *quimbimbe* (*Fiscus Capelli,*) with a whistle as sharp and ear-piercing as a fife; the *man-gula* (*Dendrobates namaquus*) or wood-pecker, with a note like the bleating of a goat, and which passes whole hours in driving its long beak into the trunks of the old trees; the *cuiques* (*Pionias Meyerii*), which we also met nearer the equator; the *Sharpia angolensis*, some enormous *olococos* (*Elotarsus*), a few eagles, and others.

Among the beasts infesting the forests there are abundance of wolves, hyenas, jackals with black backs, and panthers, as the course of our narrative has already shown.

The rivers abound with curious fish, including the *bagre*, more than once referred to, which the African Portuguese rarely eat, on the ground that it produces scurvy, but which we, in our obstinacy, considered splendid.

The commencement of the year 1879 found us travelling westward. We passed two senzalas with well-cultivated kitchen-gardens, exhibiting to our delighted eyes a plentiful supply of cabbages, tomatoes, pumpkins, *quiabos*, tobacco, and other familiar plants. They were surrounded by lofty palm-trees (*Hiphœne guinensis*), whence the natives obtain their *mateba* for the manufacture of mats.

At six miles' distance from the point of departure we came, for the third time, upon the Cassanza, now swollen with the heavy rains, and difficult of passage; so that it required some hours of hard work to rig up a temporary bridge with the trunks of trees in the neighbourhood.

Thence crossing a vast plain we penetrated into the suffocating forests we already knew so well, and encamped at the former station, Fuche-ia-Cacalla, a perfect

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hot-bed of infection, and where we naturally enough did not escape fever.

The densest foliage surrounded us in every direction, and made locomotion excessively difficult and annoying; but our men soon found an occupation very much to their mind, which imparted a peculiar liveliness to the scene.

It was observed that two or three hollow trees (*ôcas taculas*) had been converted by some industrious bees into hives, and the whole caravan was soon engaged in routing them out. It was a long and arduous struggle, for no sooner was the axe applied to the roots than out flew the enraged inhabitants, and put the assailants to flight. Again and again was the attack renewed, but always with the same result, until at last fire was had recourse to, and the industrious hordes were compelled to retire to another home and leave the fruits of months of peaceful labour a prey to the gluttonous jaws of the invaders.

Three whole days did the fever keep us prisoners at that spot; and the damp and tempestuous nights contributed to make our condition more critical. The rain came down in avalanches. The thunder-claps were so frequent that it might be said, owing to the echoes, that there was no cessation of the crash and roar. The vivid flashes of lightning, illuminating the forest, produced the weirdest and most fantastic shapes that our heated imaginations exaggerated into monstrosities! It appeared as if colossal demons were standing between the dark trunks of the lofty trees, and pointing with threatening attitude at the caravan, whose chiefs, prostrate from weakness and anxious for the future, knew not what to think. Such tribulations and such impressions cannot easily be conveyed to the minds of our readers.

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At length—it was on the 6th of January—under the protection of Providence, we started on the road to Cassange, shuffling along to the best of our ability at the tail of the caravan.

We then for the first time became conscious of an inconvenience that we record in this place, as being worthy of further investigation; viz., the appearance of ulcers below the knees. During our recent marches eastward, when we came to a halt, we had an intolerable itching in the lower part of the legs, that we rubbed and scratched till we brought blood. The places gradually got worse; threw out small blisters which contained pus, and in the end became veritable ulcers, upon which a lotion of phenic acid, quinine, and camphor produced no effect.

We puzzled long over the cause, not knowing at first to what the visitation was to be attributed, when a circumstance occurred that confirmed our suspicion that it might be the first evidence of scurvy. This was the softening of the gums, which remained intact so long as we were restricted to the country fare, but exhibited grave symptoms when, on our return to the coast, we resumed our customary food, and more especially when we touched alcoholic drinks.

This disease frequently breaks out among Europeans who are deprived of nourishing fare, and almost always produces fatal consequences. The remedy lies in a speedy change of climate and food, joined to moderate exercise.

The organism, weakened by poverty of blood, does not readily perform its functions; the circulation but ill-supplying the extremities does not operate its normal transformations; constant coldness and irritation attack the remote parts; and ulcers, in the end, make their

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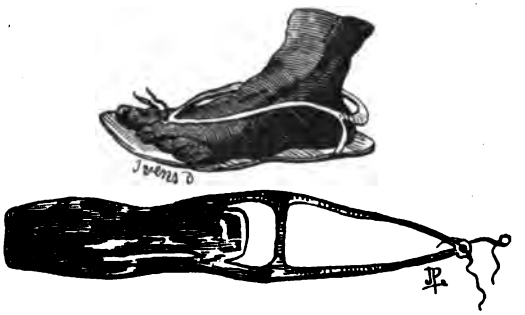
appearance. Even the natives, notwithstanding the protection afforded by their pigment, a perfect isolator of the temperature and mainly of the all-powerful electrical action of those regions (where the nervous system of the European works at *high pressure*), nevertheless suffer from the same causes. A simple scratch on a negro will, more often than not, produce a sore that it takes months to cure, and he is, therefore, very careful not to wound his legs or feet while traversing the rough paths that connect distant senzalas with each other, and he habitually makes use of sandals by way of preservative.

After some hours of marching, performed with caution



NATIVE SANDAL.

and with a view to produce copious perspiration so as to guard off fever, if possible, for that day, we arrived at a piece of open ground that appeared to us convenient as a resting-place, inasmuch as that indispensable requisite, water (without which, except in extreme cases, no day's journey could be held as done), was ready to our hand.

As we are on the point of returning to Cassange, a place of which we have already given a sketch, the moment seems a favourable one to say a few words about our style of living and some of our domestic experiences when on the tramp, and to that end we will beg our readers kindly to transport themselves in imagination

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to Africa, and enter with us a senzala we shall meet upon the road.

The *libata* or village is a favourable specimen of its kind. The stockade by which it is surrounded encloses an ample space containing a couple of dozen habitations, behind which appear the knotted trunks of some sycamores, on which the knife of the idler has carved many a fancy sketch and hieroglyphic.

Round about the exterior of the *libata* are visible the broad leaves of the bananas (torn into numerous strips, and fluttering in the wind), together with plantations of maize, manioc, tobacco, and other products.

A few poles stuck at random about the crops exhibit at their upper extremity certain dirty rags that no doubt do their work of scarecrows as well as any other device invented for such a purpose; while securely fixed to the middle of the same poles are horns of various animals, or split gourds, used for the purpose of frightening away all evil influences, like horse-shoes nailed up on barns in parts of Europe.

In the centre of the village is the residence of the chief, the Sova himself being seated in his usual place, that is to say just without his door, conversing with two of the elders. The remainder of the in-dwellers, composed of natives, of pure and mixed blood, traders and others, are talking in groups about the place.

Near the doors of the huts, or in the spaces between two buildings, are several girls; and close to them a lot of big-bellied boys, most probably munching bits of manioc root.

Further removed, seated near a dilapidated hut, is an ill-starred wretch, his head thrust into an enormous forked log. He is a slave of one of the traders, who has been guilty of some misdemeanour and condemned

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to this barbarous punishment, frequently prolonged for a period of five or six months, during which he cannot move, saving with the assistance of a couple of his fellows!

The watch marks the hour of five. The whole place is in motion, for the time has come to prepare the evening meal. Let us turn to the right, where the first person to catch our eye is a woman, with a pipkin just taken from the fire, which she holds a little tilted

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE FORKED LOG.

at her feet. It contains a gummy substance that she is stirring with a long stick, casting in at intervals small quantities of flour to thicken it.

This is the *infundi*, made with the root of the manioc dug up by the girls in the early morning. On being gathered the tubercle is peeled and slit in the direction of its length. It is then steeped in water for the space of three days, at the end of which ascetic fermentation commences; on being dried, it bears the name of

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bombó, and in this state is put into a mortar and pounded to a flour called *fuba*.

Further on we observe a robust girl closely invested by a couple of pigs which she almost mechanically keeps at bay with her feet to prevent them robbing the contents of a couple of *quindas*. She is rubbing between her hands a white paste, of which she is making little rolls, that she subsequently wraps in large leaves and piles near her.

It is the *quiquanga*, made of the same manioc before it is dry, reduced to paste in the mortar. Its smell is anything but pleasant. If a little pepper be added to the mixture it constitutes an article which the natives highly appreciate and convey to great distances.

The other young woman visible on the left, upon her knees, and with an infant at her back, is the *mu-caje* of some trader. She is now preparing for him rasped manioc-root, a taste for which her lord has acquired on the coast. The tin lying on the ground, riddled with holes made with a nail, originally contained some preserve but is now transformed into a rasper. Upon the roughest surface of this utensil she rasps the root in its fresh state, thus reducing it to a coarse-grained powder, which, after it is well squeezed, is put into small pots and dried, or toasted upon the embers. It is eaten either in *farofia* or in *pirão*. The *farofia* is a simple mixture of the flour with vinegar, oil or water, to which *d'jindungo* (Chili pepper) is added; *pirão* is the same material boiled in water to a paste, and mixed with palm-oil, onions, tomatoes, salt and pepper.

Yonder is a little nigger with a stomach out of all proportion to his size, who has just flown to his mother for protection on our approach, and is clinging round one of her legs. His right hand is holding to his

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mouth the true African lollipop, made by kneading *ginguba* with honey and then rolling it in a leaf.

Every part of the little village displays a group and picture of its own. Here are four or five girls pounding something in a mortar, while another stands near a fireplace. The former are engaged in reducing to powder three important articles, namely, maize, *massambala* (*Sorghum*) and *massango* (*Penisetum typhoideum*), to be turned to different uses, that is to say the making of *jimbolo*, a sort of bread, by mixing with plain water or an egg or two; and *matete*, dumplings, to be smothered in honey. The girls, however, are not now preparing either of these, but the country ale or beer, known by the names of *úalúa*, *quimbombo* or *garapa*, according to the district; or another drink, the *quissangua*.

The former is made by steeping the maize for about three days till it begins to germinate; it is then spread on leaves, dried in the sun, and pounded. It is afterwards boiled in water till it produces a thick scum, and the liquor being run off is flavoured with the juice of manioc root and *luco*, which imparts to it a bitter taste somewhat similar to that of our hop. At first the drink is sweet, but after a time it ferments and becomes intoxicating.

Some of your impatient gentlemen—for there are such, even in an African senzala,—who are little disposed to wait for their drink when they want it, frequently substitute for the former the liquor of which a large panful is there standing to cool. This is *quissangua*, and is made by throwing into boiling water a handful of flour of maize, *massango* or *massambala*, and adding to it some honey. When cool it is strained through a cloth (almost always a dirty one, which imparts to it a *native* flavour), and then drunk!

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There are two other kinds of liquors not here under preparation, viz., the *quingunde*, the confection of which is slow and consists of honey infused in water till it ferments, and *maluvo* or palm wine, that we shall hereafter refer to.

Round about the fire are some of the poorer inhabitants diligently toasting enormous bananas and a variety of other vegetables. Among these we may cite as the most important the yellow *macundi*, a sort of tender bean, which is easily cooked.

A file of well-shaped girls are just passing through the entrance of the senzala, as upright as a corps of grenadiers. The leader wears for only garment a wisp of grass around her body, and that too, has evidently been diminished by an unexpected attack from a hungry goat as she passed him by. The remainder of the troop have dispensed with even so much covering, and content themselves with simply crossing their arms over their breasts; and yet somehow many of them wear a more modest air than we have observed in a fine lady in an European ball-room.

Each carries on her head an enormous basket containing, beside the little two-handled hoe with which she has been working in the fields, a quantity of *ginguba* (*Arachis hypogea*) to be boiled or toasted, and large *inhames* (*Discoreas*) a species of potato, that will help form the meal of the following morning. There will be found also within the basket some fruit of the *Palma christi*, used for medicinal purposes; a few mushrooms, a couple of lengths of sugar cane (*Saccharium*), half a dozen mad-apples (*Solanum melongena*), an *n'jillo* or two (*Solanum sp.*), a handful of jinguengues,[1] some slices of

[1] A red shiny and tough fruit, somewhat like the maranhão (chestnut) in shape, with an acid pulp and black seeds. It is peculiar in being

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pumpkin, and most probably a rat or two and a mole that they have caught in the fields.

The hour of repast has arrived, and drawing near to the group presided over by the chief, we observe the party squatting round their enormous dishes and an immense basket of *infundi*. Before eating they take a mouthful of water and eject it on to their fingers to wash them. The Sova, assuming the lead, dips his hand into the ample bowl on the right, and draws from it a good lump of the gummy substance it contains. This is a confection of *quiabos* (*Abolmoschus esculentos*), which is much appreciated as assisting the digestion of the *infundi*. The second follows his example by attacking the dish on the left, containing a green mess, called *mienguelecas*, made of the leaves of the pumpkin and manioc, mixed with water and palm-oil or ginguba. In places where the large *malvacèa* (*Andansonia digitata*) is to be found, the natives use its leaves for the same purpose, and dress them in the same way. The gourmands attack by preference the third dish, composed of hashed fowl, mixed with shredded manioc after acetic fermentation has commenced. A *churasco*, or slice of toasted meat, completes the banquet.

When it is over their fingers are washed in the manner above described, and they all flock off to the *django* or meeting-house, where the unfailing pipes come into requisition.

There, reader, we will leave them to their tranquil enjoyment and return to ourselves, inhaling the cool breeze which sets in with the departure of the sun, watching the fantastic clouds that form themselves into phantastic shapes upon the golden horizon, listening to the mur-

found attached to the root of a small plant, and is therefore for the most part underground. In the Bihé they call it *uatundo*.

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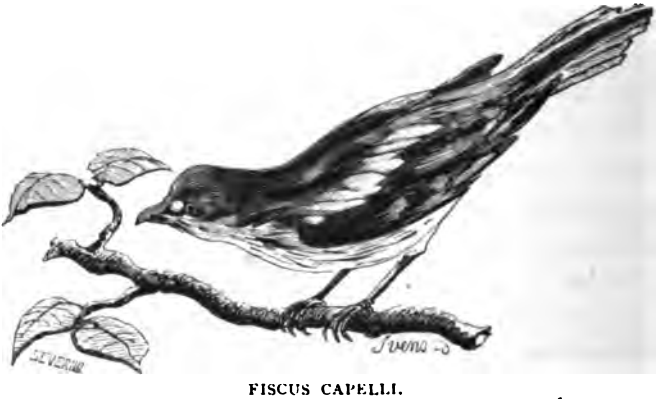
muring of the Cavunje hard by, and soothed by the delightful voices of numerous birds, trilling their evening songs. Our men, seated in groups, were talking in subdued tones of past perils; and all concurred in the opinion that to retreat was the only wise course open to us.

We ourselves did not, however, take the same view. We remembered but too vividly, as we were drawing near to Cassange, the valuable time we had wasted there and feared a still longer detention. We had no pleasant recollection of our miserable dwelling, whose walls with



FISCUS CAPELLI.

their uneven surface presented by the light of the lamp during the long hours of wakefulness, shadows which shaped themselves into weird figures and uncouth monsters, made more hideous to our heated fancy during the period of fever!

While ruminating upon our plans to quit the undesired haven as speedily as possible, and vacillating amid a variety of projects, we were aroused by the sound of distant voices singing in monotonous chorus. It was a caravan arriving from the interior and just issuing from the wood in front of us. We recognized the men at

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once as Ban-gala, by their peculiar head-dresses, many of them surmounted by plumes of feathers.

The filthy condition of the whole crew, and the important loads they carried, proved that they had come from distant parts and were engaged in trade. They bore ivory tusks, balls of india-rubber, rolls of *mabella*, *muchas* of salt, cakes of wax, lumps of gum, packed promiscuously within every kind of *mu-hamba*, and secured by the supple sprays of the palm-tree.

The caravan came to a halt close by us, and no sooner had they piled their goods and procured a little rest and refreshment than we gathered from them all the information they could supply concerning the territory of the Lubuco, situated beyond the Cassai, which they had recently discovered and explored, and where they had done a good trade.

Among other noteworthy things they related that they had come across a people who ate clay and constructed their dwellings under ground, burrowing into the earth like moles. And that in the neighbourhood of these earth-men they had been attacked by certain ferocious dogs, *ma-becos* (*Canis mesomelus?*), and were forced to beat a hasty retreat.

Many other strange and interesting stories were elicited from these travellers; among others they confirmed our suspicion that the quadruman now known in Europe as the *Colobus angolensis*, a skin of which we possessed, is to be found beyond the Peinde and Lunda, and not in the province of Angola, so that in fact it ought rather to be named *Colobus lundensis*. The engraving we present was composed after this skin, and differs somewhat from Peter's *Colobus palliatus* in the arrangement of the hair on the top of the head.

The question of *aguardente* having arisen—a matter

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of considerable interest to our new acquaintance, who had been deprived of it so long—they offered to barter for a bottle of the spirit a little nigger that, with other unfortunates, the men of the caravan had stolen from its mother in the fields.

The unhappy creature was emaciated, scurfy, and full of itch, and had more the appearance of a mummy than a human being. It was a marvel to us how the little fellow and his companions could have got along with the

COLOBUS ANGOLENSIS.

adults on such painful marches as they had been subjected to without dropping by the way. To ransom him under present circumstances was certainly to save his life, and we therefore did not hesitate to purchase the suffering mite of humanity for four yards of cloth and a cup of *aguardente*.

A cruel fate, however, appeared to pursue the poor child, for our men discovered, after the departure of the caravan, that he was suffering from *maculo*. As, on

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examination, there was no doubt of the fact, we set ourselves to the task of endeavouring to cure this terrible disease, unless we wished the little creature to die.

The *maculo*, a malady still frequent enough among the blacks, and which in former times was a perfect scourge in the receiving-houses, where slaves were accustomed to be penned, springs from various causes, the majority of which are pretty well known. One of these is undoubtedly the sudden change of food. Directly the negroes begin to feed in the European fashion, they become a prey to *maculo*, which manifests itself in the shape of permanent dysentery with internal and external ulceration of the anus, and small worms in the sores.

The native treatment of the disease is the most efficacious, and consists of a mixture of the *Chenopodium ambrosioides* (Santa Maria) with gunpowder and strong *aguardente:* of this a paste is made which is introduced into the orifice and renewed every twenty-four hours. At the same time some aromatic or astringent drink is administered to the patient, to soothe the pains in the stomach, such for instance as an infusion of the root of a creeper with white flowers (*Boerhaavia sp.?*), or a decoction of the seeds of the *Anona muricata*, and occasionally tobacco leaves immersed in boiling water and placed upon the abdomen. In about a week the sufferer is relieved, as was the case with our little nigger, who at the present date is walking about in Europe, his head erect, and quite the gentleman!

Night was again upon us. In making up our diary, taking leave of the Ban-gala, and studying how best to treat the *maculo*, the afternoon of twelfth-day or the 6th of January, 1879, slipped past, but we were not allowed to reach midnight without another *diversion!*

About ten o'clock, when all had become quiet, our

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dreaded foes, the mosquitoes, entered the huts in clouds, and took possession of the interior. Then arose that awful din we knew so well, the curses of our followers being met by the sounding of myriad little trumpets, preluding an attack and a defence where no quarter was given. Outside, the sinister howls of the jackals kept up a concert which only terminated with day, and with the first gleams of blessed light we broke up our encampment, and briskly marched off westward.

It was about half-past ten that our vanguard held up their hands, and in delighted accents exclaimed,—

"There is Cassange!"

PENTHETRIA HARTLAMBI.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Cassange in the months of the *quiangala*—The sky, soil, heat, rains, and fever—Serious condition of the chiefs of the expedition and a curious pathological study—Desertions and inconveniences of our stay in Cassange—Petty Sovas and the trials of the traders—Important information and native circumlocution—Under the sycamores, at the old work—A funeral in Cassange—Native therapeutics—The *itambis* and scenes thereat—Opinion of a *quinbanda*—A *jinvunje*—Funeral ceremonies—Indifference of the native to death—The oath or *m'bambu*—The Cassauje-Cambambu and a frightful ordeal—The Lunda, *cabebx*, and *mu-sumba*—The Muropôe and the Yanvo—The heirs and the Lucoquessa—The Muene *cutapa*—Dynasty of the Yanvos—Tributary peoples—Perils attending default of payment—Receptions in the mu-sumba—the natives of the Lunda.

It was indeed the fair. Before us were visible, standing out in bold relief, the ruins of our recent humble encampment; the huts with their thick roofs of grass-thatch, rotten and fetid, a perfect colony for rats where, unrestrained, they performed their acrobatic feats, unmindful of the threatening "shadows on the wall;" surrounded by the same hovels, the same natives, and the same ragged flocks we knew so well.

Yes, there was Cassange; the same dull, depressing, miserable hole, looking more dull and more miserable than ever under the heavy rain which had been soaking the place for days and still continued unremittingly pouring down without a sign of that anxiously desired *quiangala*,[1] never more eagerly looked for than in this present year.

[1] Cessation of the rains during the months of January and February.

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It would have been difficult under such circumstances for the most lovely place to be attractive, but here, where the sky was charged with dense clouds, the earth was converted into mud, the tall grass was weighed down with moisture, and the north-west wind breathed nothing but heated vapour, the depressing effect upon the nerves was overpowering.

In many places the torrential rains, which could find no escape through the stiff clay soil, had formed mimic lakes, half a foot in height, so that we were compelled in moving from one wretched habitation to another to be conveyed pick-a-back, or, as the country phrase had it, a *quimangata* on the shoulders of the natives.

It was no wonder if, with all these wretched surroundings, we should have another bad attack of fever, so bad indeed, that we were completely prostrated, and thought our end was near. Strong evidences of general disorganization, caused doubtless by the exhalations from the marsh in which we had our dwelling, aggravated our morbid condition to such a degree, that we remained whole days in a state of stupor, without being able to take the slightest nourishment.

On this occasion we both of us experienced a sensation so extraordinary that we cannot refrain from putting it on record. During the time we were under the influence of the fever, and particularly when it was at its greatest height, it seemed as if our individuality was composed of two distinct entities. We imagined that another person was lying with us on the same bed, and we were taking note of the progress of the malady in each of these separate beings, so that our lips, in echoing our thought, would murmur, "How that fellow on the right is sweating!" or, as the case might be, "I think our friend on the left is a good deal worse!"

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It could not be considered a complete hallucination of mind, because, on collecting our ideas (though with difficulty), we found ourselves on various occasions muttering,—

"Come, decidedly I must begin to *undouble myself*."

Be it observed, however, that this species of dualism was subjective, inasmuch as, with relation to external objects, we never fancied any such *undoubling* to be necessary.

The recollection of this curious and unnatural state often recurred to our minds when in perfect health, and gave us food for serious meditation with a view, if possible, to explain it.

The fact of the non-existence of delirium, and the being able, with a certain effort, to collect our ideas, proved to us that this tendency, most certainly arising from cerebral anæmia, was due to some cause that is not common to a delirious state; but as the phenomenon was difficult of explanation, we at length gave up attempting to find one, under the apprehension that we should be doubling and undoubling when we were in our right senses.

The very day after our arrival at Cassange we took energetic measures to punish severely the men who had deserted us, for some had turned up again now that we were out of danger; others, however, had fled westward, with the intention of reaching the coast; and among them, three cabindas whom we shortly afterwards discovered at Malange.

If we dreaded a prolonged stay at Cassange on account of the wretchedness and unhealthiness of the place, we feared it quite as much for the demoralizing effect upon our men. They would spend entire hours in playing with an india-rubber ball or *hacca* like a parcel of children, or,

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what was worse, would hang about the fair occasionally pilfering, sometimes getting drunk, and frequently getting into quarrels and rows, which we, as a matter or course, were called upon to settle. The variety of these questions relieved them from the charge of monotony, but did not on that account make them less troublesome to ourselves. One day it was a spike of maize stolen from a dealer, who demanded five yards of cloth as indemnity; another, it was a dispute between a native of the Celli, one of our carriers, and a drunken *banza;* on more than one occasion an *aventure galante* was a subject of complaint; and one evening a fellow came home in a perfect state of nudity, having bartered his garments for *aguardente.!*

In speaking of this place we must not omit to make mention of its petty Sovas, and the scourge the rascals frequently are to the traders. When a Sova has nothing better to do he saunters off to the fair, is liberal in the way of visits, and sponges upon every one of his hosts, eating and drinking to repletion, and then appropriates whatever takes his fancy, in many instances using brute force for the purpose, as we had once occasion to observe with a poor old trader long established there. Indeed, it requires the patience of a saint to put up with the lawless and shameless behaviour of these miserable depôts.

Many days passed in the manner above described; illness, troubles, and annoyances helping to eke out the time. As we had many visitors, we endeavoured, as far as lay in our power, to gather information from their experience; and it was from these conversations that we got together some of the particulars with respect to the Lunda and its monarchy that we present to our readers at the close of this chapter. As we have done on former occasions, we submit the notes with a certain reserve, for it is not the easiest thing to get truthful stories from

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native lips. The negroes have also a habit of dealing in extensive circumlocution and profuse rigmarole, so that it becomes an arduous task to extract the few grains of wheat from the inordinate quantity of chaff which makes up their narratives.

Nor can one ever obtain from them a direct and positive answer. We are convinced that they have an insane desire to waste time, for if you ask them the simplest question to which a yes or no would be the appropriate reply, you get a long digression that deals with almost every subject rather than the one concerned.

Thus, for instance, on our road we once met with a native of whom we inquired whether the path we were pursuing was a short or a long one, trusting of course to receive an immediate answer: instead of that, he clapped his hands and talked for a quarter of an hour by the clock, and when we asked the interpreter what reply he had given to our query, he said, "None at present."

And this was in fact the case; but the orator had given us the history of a lot of his relatives and friends who had travelled along the same path, and many others who might, could, or should do so; he also favoured us with the opinion of his father, mother, and first cousin upon *aguardente;* digressed a little to talk about the great water; hinted at his weakness for tobacco; and finally gave a lengthened account of his deceased spouse and of the malady that had carried her off; and all this flood of information by way of reply to a question whether a road were a long or a short one!

Once again we resumed our former occupation of studying the map of Africa under the shade of the sycamores. The aspect of affairs had in no way changed, the earth and sky wore the same appearance as before, and but for our vivid remembrance of what we had gone

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through during our late excursion, and the physical weakness it had left upon us, we might have doubted whether we had ever changed our place.

We are aroused by a more than usual uproar from the fair, groups of men and women are running about in haste as if in search of something. The men with cloths tucked up around their waists are talking, gesticulating, and pointing with their fingers, the women have set aside their *quindas* and are chattering incessantly as they rush hither and thither, followed by squalling children. Even the traders, with their broad-brimmed straw hats are on the move, so we know that some important event has stirred the population to its depths.

Near us there lately resided an African trader, whom a bilious fever has transported to a better life. An inventory and a liquidation of his effects are about to be made, and, more interesting still for the majority, the *itambi* or funeral rites of the deceased are about to be performed. So runs the world: and the death of a poor mortal is hailed with universal contentment because all hope to eat a morsel—at his expense!

He had been treated by the *binbanda* according to their usual barbarous fashion. When his malady was at its height, they had drenched his body with cold water by means of large grass brooms; they had then dredged him with flour; and these remedies proving ineffectual, they had poured half a pint of *aguardente* down his throat. With what breath these operations had left him, he sent to beg us to come to his aid. We did our best for the dying man, but we had better have left him alone, for many suspected that the dose of tartar emetic we administered to him in his extremity had brought about his death!

And now they were about to perform his funeral,

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always an important ceremony in Africa, and an excuse for prolonged feasts which entail no little expense upon his family.

Among the tribes on the western coast, and chiefly among the Ban-gala, the funeral rites commence the instant the breath is out of the body, by the slaughter of many head of cattle, the consumption of an immense quantity of *aguardente*, *garapa* and other drinks, accompanied by prolonged dances and chanting. The people of the place and from the neighbouring districts who get scent of the affair, surround the house of the deceased, to have their part in the high jinks and festivities. Cattle, sheep, and pigs are sacrificed on the occasion, and divided among the clamouring crowd. Women are engaged in the confection of *infundi* and *garapa* during the brief intervals of a cessation of babble. Drums are beaten and guns fired off to give notice of the opening of the "ball."

For days and nights, as long indeed as meat and drink hold out—are the dances kept up. Men and women frisk and skip in a vast circle amid the beating of drums, the clapping of hands, and the monotonous chant of the bystanders. Others fire off their guns, the barrels of which have been carefully rolled in grass, that the detonation may be louder.

The dancers when tired yield their place to others, while they themselves retire for "refreshments," and return—none the quieter for the liquor they have imbibed.

Meanwhile, the body having been washed with water is shrouded in a long cloth and placed upon a *mu-tala* in the principal compartment of the dwelling. We were among the visitors when the discussion took place as to the cause of death.

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"It was a *jinvunji* (fetish)," was the cry. "Let the *Quinbánda* (the diviner) be called to say who did it."

The family at once sent for the dangerous individual, who on arrival confirmed the general opinion, but that in order to arrive at the truth he must have a goat and a piece of cloth, which were at once given to him.

He then left the hut and ran about like one demented till he was out of sight; returning after the lapse of some hours, he reported,—

"I saw him as he was about to cross the river, and tried to clutch him on the bank, but I was too late, for he made his escape!"

Satisfied with the answer, the relatives of the deceased came in at intervals with cups of *aguardente*, which they poured into the gaping mouth of the corpse, some even adding a morsel of *infundi*, though they had already half-filled the cavity a few minutes before he expired!

The savage tribes of Africa inter their dead either shrouded or entirely naked, but place food and drink by their side, and strew upon the grave, or raise on high upon stakes, the articles the deceased were accustomed to use, and such as indicated their calling.

When the actual day of interment arrives the dances cease. The body, either placed in a coffin or suspended from a pole, is carried, amid a most frightful din and firing off of muskets, to the brink of the grave. On the way thither the wives of the deceased chiefly act as mourners; and other women attend as choristers. The men are, for the most part, more or less in a drunken state, and in a species of frenzy roll themselves on the ground, jump up again, and make frightful grimaces at the assistants.

The body being lowered into the grave, a man furnished with a bottle of *aguardente* descends after it,

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removes the cloth, pours some of the liquor into the mouth of the corpse, rubs the body all over with the spirit, and then places the empty bottle under its head by way of pillow. The grave is then filled in with earth, and the burial party return to pick the bones that are left of the feast, and the funeral ceremony is over.

This is followed by the so-called "liquidation" of his estate, which in Africa means that his wives and relations take possession of whatever they can lay hands on, and, if they are strong enough, keep it, and there is an end of the poor man and his substance.

These funeral rites, in the countries still further removed from the coast, are always rendered more awful by human sacrifices, where the deceased is a person of importance. They immolate and place male or female slaves in the tombs with their respective lords, unless their barbarity, as in some instances, induces them to bury these poor creatures alive after previously breaking their legs! This was the case on the death of the old Sova of Quimbundo, some short time before we arrived at the place, when two unhappy beings, a boy and girl, had their legs fractured and were interred in the vast mausoleum of the hideous chief! Of this fact we were assured by some of the negroes of the place, who had heard strange noises and groans issue from the sepulchre, and which they explained by saying that the Sova was giving audience to the evil spirits, and that no one would dare approach too near under penalty of death! Truly may it be said that many a frightful story is connected with the tombs of the great rulers of the interior!

It is worthy of record, in connexion with these horrid scenes, that the native displays an extreme indifference where human life is concerned, whether in connexion with himself or others. By nature a fatalist, when he is selected

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for sacrifice, he goes resigned to his place of execution without uttering a complaint.

We had occasion, when in Cassange, to witness one of the saddest sacrifices practised among these savages, and did not hear a word of protest from the victim. Although perhaps known to some of our readers, a description of it may not be out of place here on account of the formalities which attended its execution. We refer to the administration of the oath, styled by the Ban-gala, *m'bambu;* by the Ban-bondo, *n'dua;* the Ba-lunda, *muaji;* the Caffres, *muavi;* and by the southern tribes, *n'gace.*

This ceremony, already described by travellers on the African Continent, consists in swallowing powder obtained by triturating the bark of the *Erythroplœum guineense,* mixed with water so as to form a more or less thick paste; and is employed in the decision of disputes, and more especially the fatal accusations of fetishism, the greatest imputation that in Africa can be laid to the charge of the native.

The person accused must defend him or herself under pain of incurring universal odium and interminable persecution; and the sole resource consists in taking the oath; or, as it would have been styled in the middle ages in Europe, undergoing an ordeal.

In the present instance the victim was a poor woman who had for many years lived with a certain individual by the name of N'gola Fuche, to whom she had borne a daughter, who, on arriving at the age of puberty, had become the rival of her mother in the good graces of her own father.

The guilty pair had, with one accord, accused the wife and mother of fetishism, by way of obliging her to take the oath, in which they more readily succeeded as she

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was nothing loath. So the woman was at once incarcerated and kept from all sustenance.

Two days' abstinence being considered sufficient, on the third the unhappy woman, accompanied by a great crowd, was conducted to a certain spot on the vast plain where two roads crossed, that she might be there subjected to the ordeal.

At once appeared upon the scene a wretched mountebank, among the Ban-gala called the Cassanje-Cambambu, a sort of *quinbanda* or diviner, whose duty it was to administer the potion, which may be either fatal or inoffensive, at his own good pleasure, but who generally makes it tally with his own interest.

The patient being seated on a low stool, a wooden vase containing the potion was given to her, with an intimation that she must swallow it. This the poor wretch immediately proceeded to do, although it appeared excessively difficult to go down, notwithstanding the assistance of copious draughts of water.

The Cassanje-Cambambu, bringing forward at the same time a filthy rag he had about him, displayed to the eyes of the on-lookers, some most extraordinary articles, the collection of which only a native's brain could have suggested. There were a parrot's beak, a human tooth, a cocoanut-shell, the neck of a glass bottle, an antelope's horn, twelve short sticks of equal size, and the claw of a panther, together with a little basket with stones in it and a handle, for all the world like an European child's rattle, which latter he placed in the hands of the victim.

A circle was now formed about her, the accusations were made, and the court might be considered sitting.

A strange-looking being (whom we may style, if not a delegate of the public ministry, at least an advocate paid

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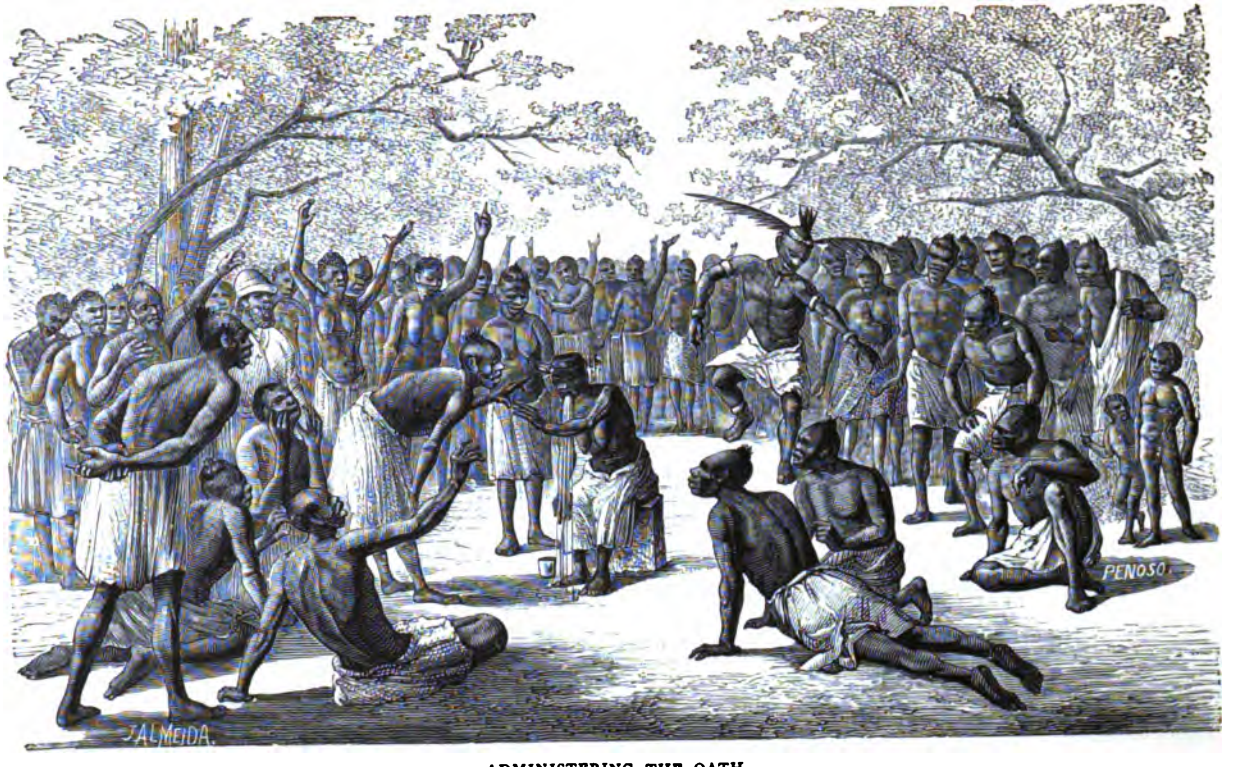

ADMINISTERING THE OATH.

Page 384.

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by the accusers to prosecute), tall and gaunt, with a ferocious aspect, took his place before the wretched woman, and in a long speech, accompanied with much gesticulation and sundry howls, appeared to utter the most extraordinary denunciations, stopping at times to exclaim,—

"It is fetishism."

The public repeated in chorus,—

"*Eh-o-ah!*"

And the victim,—

"*Cá-ná!*"

Then another came up and made a speech, which he addressed for the most part to the first, who answered him in turn; then they both talked at each other and made such an uproar that no one could distinguish a word.

An interruption ensued in the shape of violent vomiting by the patient; and the Cassanje-Cambambu danced about, sweeping the long feathers in his head-dress across the faces of the bystanders, who were now all roaring together.

The miserable impostor then placed in the hands of the accused nine of the little sticks, telling her they were twelve, with the object no doubt of observing whether she made a mistake; and in succession he exhibited the cocoanut-shell, and all the other disgusting articles with a view to her recognizing them.

She obeyed, taking them one by one, and constantly shaking the basket rattle, but in the midst of it she was seized with a nervous convulsion, and fell to the ground with a groan. Her eyes were blood-shot, and appeared to be starting from their orbits, her mouth filled with the mortal poison, her excessive thinness and the contortions of her body gave the unhappy creature a most hideous aspect. They tried to raise her, but her knees

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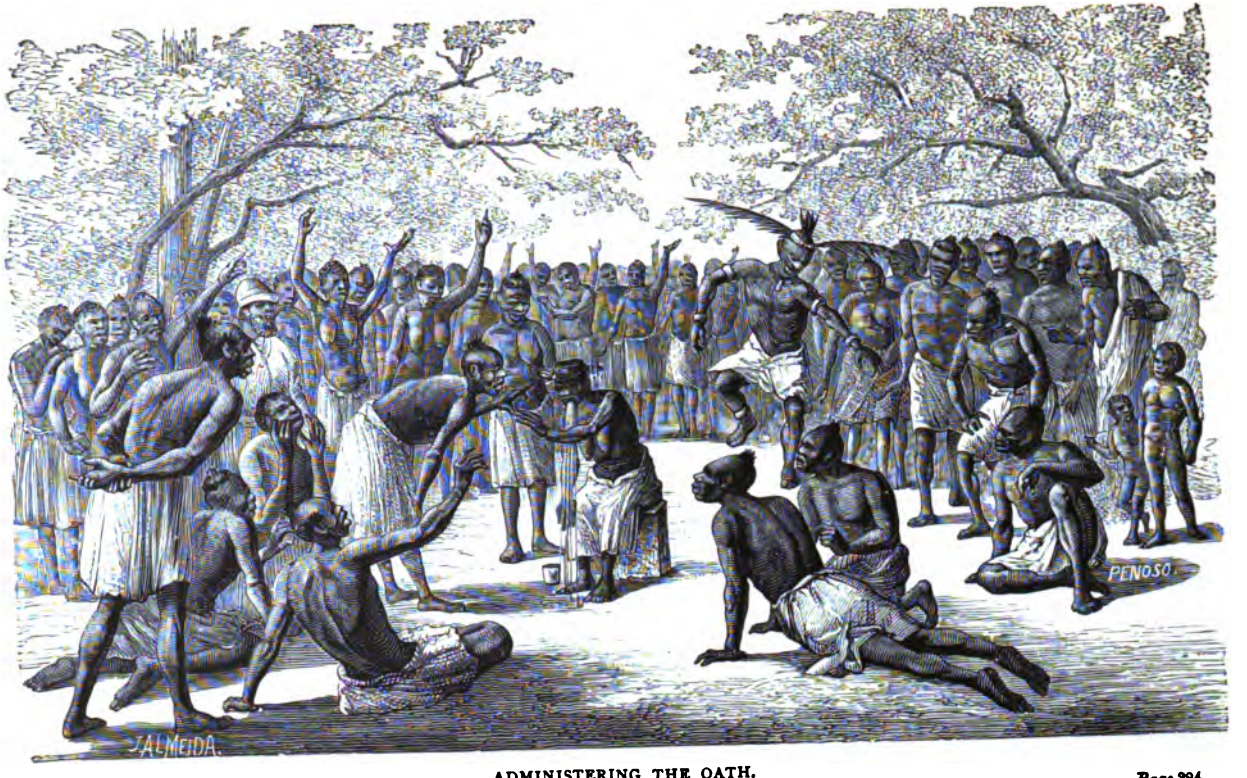

ADMINISTERING THE OATH.

Page 384.

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bent under her; froth burst from her mouth; she made superhuman efforts to rise, but her body became stiffened with spasms and remained rigidly arched.

A wild burst of cries, as of demons rather than of human beings, came from the crowd, and for the time completely deafened us, and when we looked towards the poor, persecuted wretch, we saw that life had fled.

They then dragged her body, which they had stripped naked, into the fields, and casting it into the first hollow place, left it without granting it even sepulture. It mattered, however, but little, for twenty-four hours later only a few scattered bones showed where a human being had lain; the wolves and hyenas had done their work most thoroughly.

The poison administered to her had acted upon the heart, producing paralysis of the limbs. Occasionally, it seems, the stomach also suffers from its application, as the victim, for the most part, vomits blood!

Turning from this wretched spectacle, which requires no comment, we append the few remarks upon the country of the Lunda, to which we alluded a few pages back.

The extensive region which extends in south tropical Africa between parallels 6° and 12°, and meridians 20° and 25°, is known by the name of Lunda,[2] a vast empire which can only be compared with that of U-ganda of M'teça.

Its supreme chief is the *cabeba* Muata Yanvo, whose residence or *mu-sumba* is situated near parallel 8° south, and meridian 23° east. The inhabitants are styled Balunda, and sometimes Ca-lunda, while the tributaries bear special names.

[2] Lunda, Runda, or U-Runda, pronounced indifferently, but the prefix to the last signifies the northern district.

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From the descriptions furnished us, we presume that these people drew their origin from the marshy territory in the north, and took up their quarters in the southern region at rather remote periods. For the rest an attempt at an ethnographic study of any importance which, by linking together the tribes that are scattered over the surface of the African continent, might give a clear idea of them, could only be based on an attentive examination of the languages, or more correctly speaking, the dialects they speak; but even that is far from satisfactory. Still, it would be advisable for future explorers to make a careful study of those idioms, either by collecting and constructing vocabularies, or by attempting directly to converse in them.

Whether we attach importance or not to the legends upon the subject, it is incontestable that in the seventeenth century there existed an empire of the Muropôe which gave origin to the Cazembe with its rulers and vassals, and that such empire endured under the same organization for a century at least; so that we may take for granted that the period of the settlement of the Ba-lunda was prior to the sixteenth century.

The dignity of the Yanvos is hereditary in the collateral line, as is the case with the greater part of the African peoples. The *ca-beba* is looked upon as absolute lord over the lives of his subjects.

The nephew, or heir presumptive, is called Cha-Nama, having a private residence in the Tenga, or Mataba territory, on the left bank of the Cassai, and not far from parallel 9°. The second successor is styled Soana-Molopo, and dwells to the south of the *mu-sumba*, in a place not clearly defined.

There is likewise living in the Lunda, in a special habitation, a female called Lucoquessa, who is asserted

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to be the mother of the first Muata-Yanvo, and has a great influence over the government of the country, inasmuch as her counsels are always carefully weighed. The way in which these women succeed each other in the state is but little known, though it may be presumed that it descends from mother to daughter.

The Muata-Yanvo is surrounded by a numerous court,

THE YANVO IN GALA COSTUME.

(*A drawing composed by the authors, from information collected.*)

among whose chief dignitaries figure the *mutia*, or father of the Yanvo; the *calala*, general-in-chief of the army; the Muene-*cutapa*, the executor of justice, generally an uncle of the Yanvo, and many macotas and *a-cajes* or concubines who reside with the monarch.

The family of the Yanvos constitute a dynasty of no

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great antiquity, that has taken the place of another which reigned in the Lunda for a considerable number of years.

In spite of our best efforts to learn the names of the Yanvos of remote date, we were only enabled to obtain four or five, the first on the list having no special name, whence we surmise that with him the appellation commenced.

The following is the order in which they run :—

1. Muata-Yanvo (Yanvo).
2. Muata-Yanvo (Naoeji).
3. Muata-Yanvo (Moteba).
4. Muata-Yanvo (Cha-Nama), the present ruler.
5. Muata-Yanvo (Ditenda), assassinated.

It is presumable that there were many others in between or even prior to Yanvo, but we failed to procure any further particulars.

When the Yanvo is invested with his authority he is bound to erect a new dwelling for himself, as he can never remain in that of his deceased predecessor; and very frequently he shifts his place of residence entirely.

The spot selected for such a purpose is upon high ground, without vegetation, saving the stiff *capim* or grass, between the course of the river Garanhi, an affluent of the Quifanjimbo, which runs round it almost from south-east to north-west, and that of the river Lu-iza, presumably an affluent also of the Garanhi. There stands the ancient *mu-sumba* of Cauenda, that belonged to the Muata-Yanvo Moteba, to Cazangaralla, to Quimana, and Quizumene, whose property it now is, and in its vicinity are the tombs of the Yanvos on the further bank of the Garanhi.

Ordinarily these residences are composed of a rectangular palisade, which shuts them in completely; the enclosures vary in size up to 1640 yards each side, and

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contain in the centre the habitation of the chief, with two circular walls and a corridor between, spanned by a vast cupola.

All round and along the palisade are the houses that constitute the harem, where all the ruler's wives are lodged.

When the time arrives for him to change his dwelling, he calls his chief men together, in accordance with special custom: advises them of his intentions, and transmits orders to his slaves, who set out at once in search of timber for the new house, the plan of which is given them, and return laden with the trees they have cut down for the purpose.

The material being thus got together, the royal residence is erected in a single night by the light of torches, so that when day appears it is already completed.

At a short distance from the *mu-sumba* are established vast markets, true bazaars containing straight lanes or streets where flour of various kinds, ginguba, palm-oil, fresh and dried meat, massambala, salt, tobacco, *maluvo* (palm wine), *mabellas*, and other articles, are displayed, and are bartered for merchandise, such as blue and red baize, cottons, printed calico, large white and small red beads, powder, arms, and bracelets.

The extent of this great monarch's territory may be estimated by the distances to which it extends in every direction. For instance, at a fortnight's journey northwards, we come upon his tributary, Sova Mutombo Muculi; at ten days' march, to the north-east, upon the Sova Caembo Muculo; at fifteen days, to the south-south-west, on the people occupying the Samba wilds; to the south-west, on the Sovas Muata Campanjili and Cabaje Mutomba on the banks of the river Suele; to the south-south-east, on the Cazembe Caquinhata, on the

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other side of the Lu-alaba, near its bank, and at three or four days from its source; to the south and south-east, on the M'boellas and Macosas, where his *quilolos* are established; to the west, south-west, and west, on the Macuba, inhabiting the right bank of the Cassai; and the Ma-tabas on the left bank; to the west-north-west on Caunda, and to the north-west, at about a month's journey upon the territory of the Muene Canhica. Besides this last-mentioned Sova, he has for his subjects the Cachellangues more northward, and he has pushed his *quilolos* westward as far as Quimbando, the extreme point of his dominions.

The whole of the foregoing are the tributaries of the supreme chief, and are bound to pay him an impost, which they send by special caravans.

A default in making such payment is deemed so grave a matter that on more than one occasion the defaulter has had to pay for his negligence with his head. Disposing as he does of the lives of his subjects at his own good pleasure, a fit of suspicion or ill-temper will suffice to instigate the powerful *cabeba* to make a wholesale sacrifice.

We heard numerous stories of acts of tyranny committed under such circumstances, as well as in the struggles with some of his recalcitrant tributaries. A war of extermination set on foot by the reigning Yanvo against the people among whom he lived from his earliest years is of comparatively recent date. It appears to have been carried on with the utmost rigour and cruelty, and ere it was brought to a close, many of the villages of those who had most contributed to procure his supremacy, were utterly destroyed together with their inhabitants. Not even his more immediate successor escaped his fury. Ditenda Soano-Malopo, the nephew of Muata-

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Yanvo Moteba of whose possessions he was the heir, a man who bore a good character for uprightness, and whose memory is still cherished in the Lunda, is presumed to have fallen a victim to the premeditated treachery of Yanvo Cha-nama, and to have been put to death by his order. Numerous examples of the kind were reported to us, but those we have already cited will suffice to show the irresponsible power of this terrible ruler.

The method employed by the *cabeba* to punish his

AN INHABITANT OF THE LUNDA.

subjects is worthy, from its singular nature, to have a word of record here.

Whenever a tributary Sova fails to pay his tribute for the space of two years, and the Yanvo determines on that account to deprive him of his states and head together, he sends emissaries to the Muene-*cutapa*, who at once makes his appearance at the *mu-sumba*. The chief then gives orders to this official to set out at once for the senzala of the Sova in question, often at sixty or

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seventy leagues' distance, and bring back his head, indicating at the same time his successor.

The Muene-*cutapa*, with a huge *mucoali* pendent from his shoulder, immediately sets out and travels from senzala to senzala across the Lunda territory. The terror which his appearance creates in every village he enters, may readily be conceived; for though the inhabitants are fully aware of his errand, they are ignorant of the victim upon whose neck the axe is to fall.

During the time he remains in any senzala, the greatest favours are heaped upon him, and intense is the joy when, after regaling him to his heart's content, the people see him strap the fatal axe upon his shoulder and march onwards to his goal. And thus many days are passed, feasting here, sleeping there, until he arrives at his destination and seeks the residence of the defaulting Sova. The *mucoali* being placed upon the ground, the ambassador accuses the chief in a set speech, finishing off with the presentation of the order for the Sova's head. It is stated that it is the rarest occurrence for any opposition to be shown, but this is the less remarkable when we consider that not a soul among his people would raise a hand in his defence.

The termination of this embassy is not the least extraordinary part of it.

At the close of the Muene-*cutapa's* speech he announces that the execution will take place on the following morning unless the victim should choose to avail himself of his last right; which consists, however incredible it may appear, of his being allowed a three days' respite, wherein to eat, drink, dance, and generally make merry with his family!

The Yanvo almost always receives his court and visitors in the *mu-sumba*, in a species of enclosed yard

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contiguous to his residence. Five or six lions' skins stitched together at the ends with the tails outside form the carpet of the days of great gala. In the centre is a small bench on which the ruler sits, and displayed in front and at the sides are elephants' tusks.

The chief himself, on these occasions, is tricked out in the most singular fashion. He wears on his head a species of cap, adorned at the sides with four small ox-horns, two behind and two before, inlaid with red beads and a couple of marabout feathers; just above the elbows are large armlets embroidered with beads, and several strings of beads are round the neck; in his right hand he holds the celebrated *lucano* (insignie of his rank) a sort of bracelet, woven of human tendons, and without which the Muata-Yanvo is incapable of holding sway in the Lunda; he has on a coat of scarlet baize, and his legs from the knee to the ankle are encased in *cassungo*, having at the lower part several bangles of plaited grass mounted with copper; his body is anointed with palm-oil, and he wears one or two rings upon his fingers. In such guise, upon days of high reception, appears the man who at the present time exercises despotic sway over a territory of 19,600 square leagues, and from 300,000 to 400,000 human souls.

Seated on his capacious wooden stool, enveloped either in the tawdry manner described or in slovenly rags, surrounded by a horde of worthless and corrupt courtiers (his macotas), who spend their time in fawning upon their chief, pandering to his most iniquitous desires, keeping him company in his bouts of drunkenness, smoking tobacco out of long pipes or inhaling *liamba* from *a-topas*, the Yanvo may be seen daily, at one time subject to attacks of fury caused by his debaucheries, and at another, in a state of stupid lethargy and in-

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sensibility—a frightful object at every stage and under all circumstances.

The natives of the Lunda are tractable, but not docile. Tall, slender, well-developed, many of them furnished with a little beard, accustomed to long journeys over their extensive territory, fond of the chase, and having full faith in the greatness of their ruler; they have acquired a certain superiority over the neighbouring peoples, easily recognized by the way in which others speak of them, and by their repugnance or fear to venture within their country.

Their most important commercial dealings have been with the Portuguese on the western coast, effected through the Ban-gala, the Ma-quioco and Bihénos. They have also done good business with the markets of Bihé and Cassange. At the present time, however, the trade has become more difficult, inasmuch as none of these three peoples can appear in the Lunda; so that of late their dealings have been confined to the Quimbundo only.

Ivory constitutes their chief staple, in the shape of rhinoceros' horns and the teeth of other animals. But the Lunda possesses besides, abundance of *mabellas* and palm-oil; in the southern part of the territory, on the banks of the Cassai, india-rubber is plentiful, being obtained from the Itengo and Caboluma forests, under parallel 10°.

One of the main causes of the decay of trade is the short-sightedness of Muata-Yanvo in virtually closing his territory to the stranger; and in cases where the trader obtains permission to do any business, he is obliged to put up with extortions of the most onerous character, and return to his own land by the same road by which he entered the inhospitable country. It is no uncommon thing for this ruler to levy black mail upon

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the peaceful trader to the extent of one-half of his goods, on the plea of barter for products which are never forthcoming. And, unfortunately, resistance to this shameless robbery only tends to make matters worse and put the despoiled merchant in imminent peril; so that it is not surprising if commerce, so shackled, should languish and pass away.

The foregoing is a brief *résumé* of the particulars we were able to collect in regard to the Lunda, a country but little visited and less spoken of by travellers. The interest which a territory so vast and curious is likely to excite in the minds of inquirers will most probably be gratified by the appearance of a new work upon the subject by the illustrious German explorer, Dr. Buchner, who will be enabled to furnish important and detailed information.

And now that fresh plans are being revolved in our minds, and "pastures new" await us beyond the territory where we are at present detained, we will bring this volume to a close ere the patience of our readers is exhausted, as we wish them kindly to bear us company in the adventures that are yet in store.

CASSAI, OUR FAITHFUL COMPANION.

END OF VOL. I.

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